# BRITANNIA and EVE

JUNE
1941

GEORGE SLOCOMBE
ARTHUR MILLS

I. A. R. WYLIE
JANE GORDON

F. MATANIA, R.I.

1/3

COMPLETE HOME AND FASHION SECTIONS

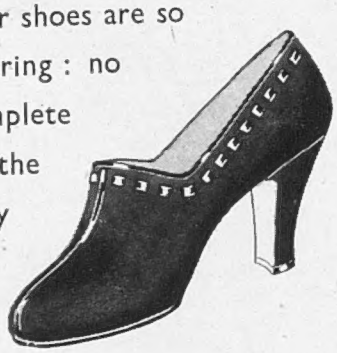
*Healthy, happy feet in*

# NORVIC

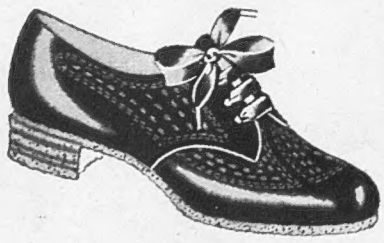
Trade Mark

**NORVIC** *Sandal type shoe, with elastic side. In black, brown, blue and wine suede* **29/9.**
*(Including Purchase Tax.)*

One of the secrets of perfect fitness is a pair of healthy feet . . . Smart women—women who are on their feet from morning till evening but who manage to look fresh and young—are women who insist on NORVIC shoes. No other shoes are so elegant yet so hardwearing : no other shoes give such complete comfort right round the clock. Healthy, happy feet belong to NORVIC wearers.



**NORVIC** *Court Shoe in black suede, with patent interlacing. Also in brown, blue or wine,* **24/9.**
*(Including Purchase Tax.)*



**NORVIC** *Sunshine Holiday Shoe with crepe sole. In blue, black, ice, wine or brown,* **16/11.**
*(Including Purchase Tax.)*

***All Norvic Shoes for Men and Women are made the Braced Foot-Fitting Way***

*Charming coloured booklet of styles sent post free.*

**THE NORVIC SHOE CO. LTD. NORWICH**



# *Let's talk about* FOOD

*FIRST a word about the new National Wheatmeal Bread. It is nice and it is nourishing and it costs no more than white bread. Wheatmeal Bread is invaluable in times like these, when it is not always easy to get in other foods the vital nutrients and other elements essential to health, and which Wheatmeal Bread plentifully supplies.*

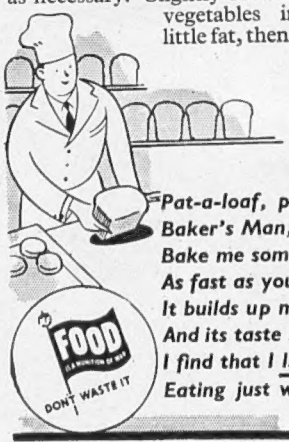
## QUESTIONS YOU ASKED

***I find difficulty in providing hot meals for my evacuee foster-children, who are at school all day, taking packed dinners, while my family return for their chief meal at midday.***

A good way is to start supper with soup, varying the flavour to suit the children's fancy. A hearty vegetable soup, chock-a-block with carrots, potatoes, and other vegetables in season, thickened with oatmeal, is a good meal in itself. Make it in quantity when convenient and heat up as necessary. Slightly brown the vegetables in a little fat, then add stock or water and seasoning, and cook gently.

***Can you give me some advice on foods for the expectant mother?***

A *most* important food, for your own health and the development of the coming child, is milk. Although there is some restriction on ordinary household supplies of milk, there is no cut in the quantities allowed under the National Milk Scheme for expectant and nursing mothers and children under 5 years of age. Ask your local food office for particulars. Other foods you should have are butter or margarine (equal in health protection), oatmeal, wheatmeal bread, carrots, potatoes, greens, raw salads. Fish is good too ; especially herring and sardines, if they agree with you. Your meat ration is ample as long as you have plenty of milk.




***Pat-a-loaf, pat-a-loaf***
***Baker's Man,***
***Bake me some Wheatmeal***
***As fast as you can :***
***It builds up my health***
***And its taste is so good,***
***I find that I like***
***Eating just what I should.***

* * *

**FOOD FACTS** in the newspapers and Kitchen Front Wireless Talks every weekday morning at 8.15, contain many seasonable hints and recipes which you will find both interesting and helpful.

*Issued by The Ministry of Food.* (S.11)

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# BRITANNIA and EVE

**VOL. 22, No. 6 JUNE, 1941**


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by *Heade*

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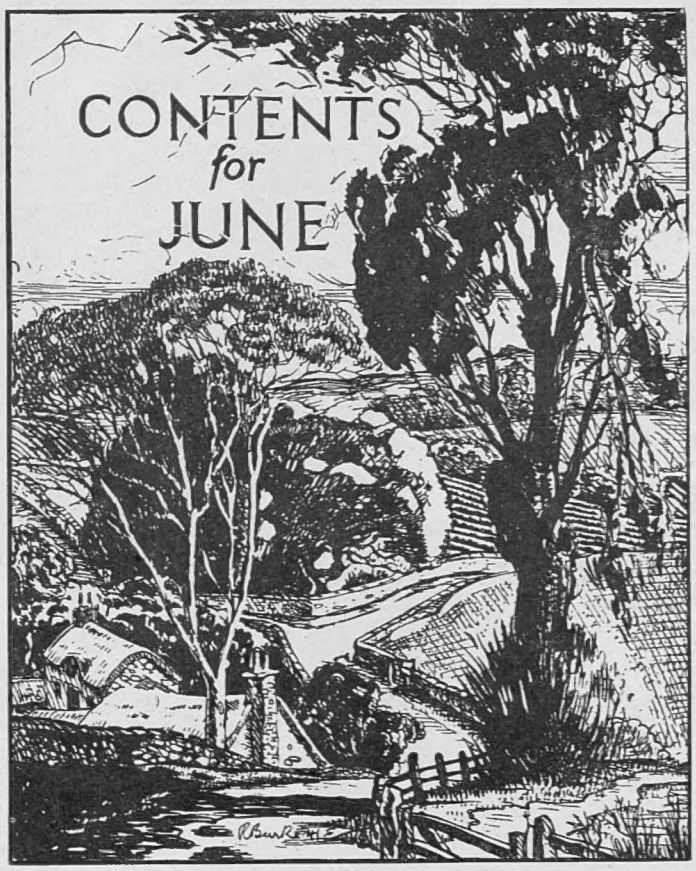


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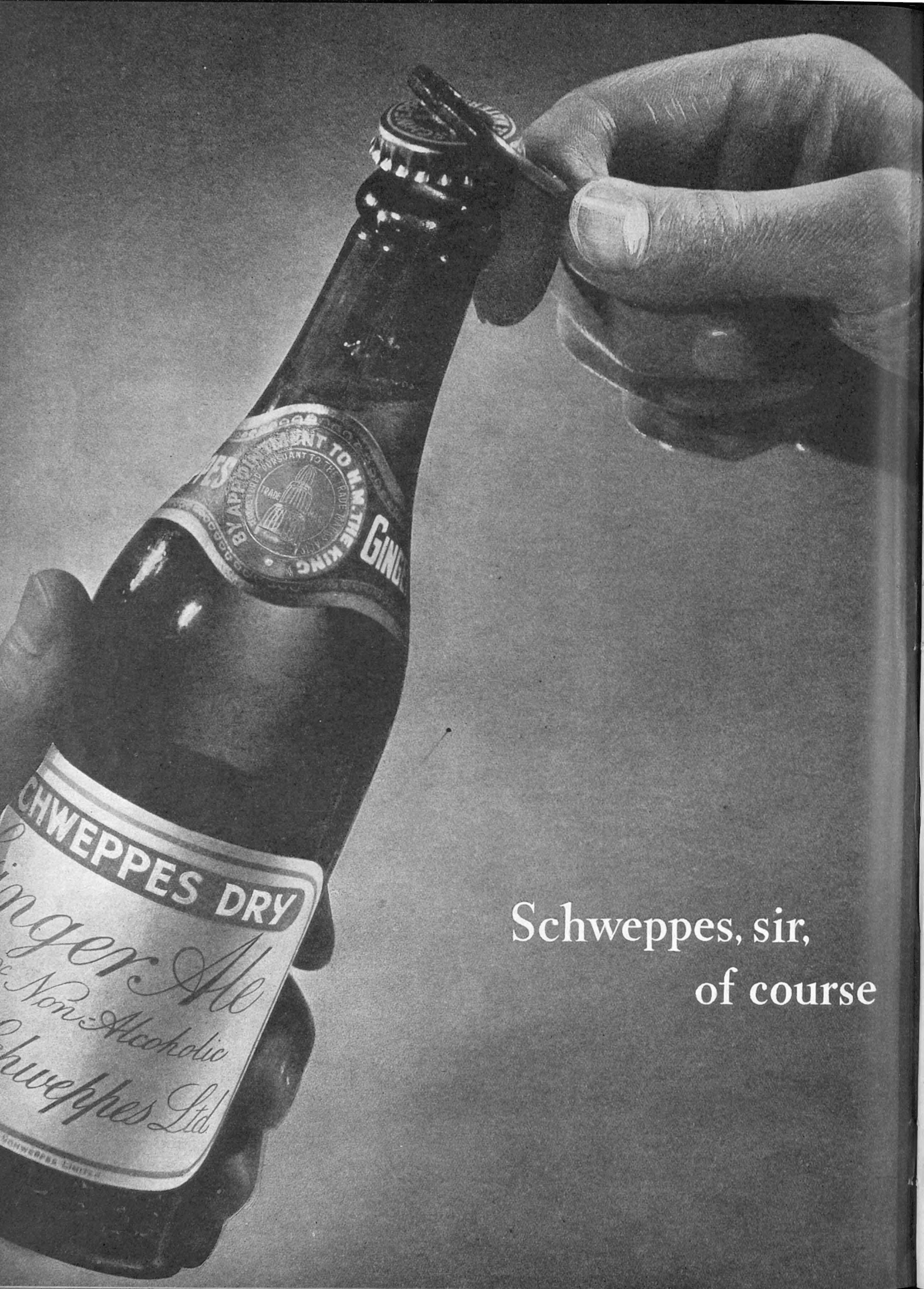
**The Inland Postage for this issue is 3½d.**

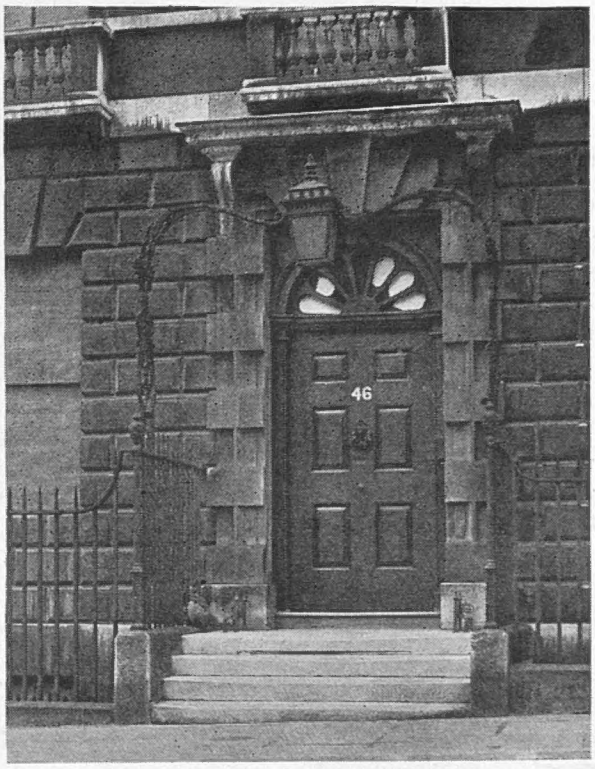

CHWEPPES DRY
Non-Alcoholic
Schweppes, sir,
of course

# BRITISH HISTORY IN STONE

## No. 6

## *Lord Clive of Plassey*

*Chief Founder of the British Empire in India*




NO. 46 BERKELEY SQUARE, THE HOUSE IN WHICH LORD CLIVE DIED

ABOUT noon on November 22, 1774, a young visitor to the house went into Lord Clive's drawing-room. The great statesman and adventurer had for months past been in physical agony, victim of an internal complaint. His only relief was in constantly increasing doses of laudanum.

"Lord Clive," she said, "I cannot find a good pen; will you cut me one?"

"To be sure," he smiled. "To be sure."

He moved towards the window and, taking a penknife from his waistcoat pocket, mended the quill and gave it back to the girl. Shortly afterwards a servant entered the room. Clive was lying dead. He had killed himself with the penknife.

Such was the dismal end of a man who gave to England her Indian Empire.

"From Clive's first visit to India," wrote Macaulay, "dates the renown of English arms in the East; from his second, dates the political ascendancy of the English in that country; from his third, dates the purity of the administration of our Eastern Empire."

Clive's first visit to India had been in 1743, when he was eighteen. He had been born near Market Drayton, Shropshire, and was a wayward lad at school, like so many talented men in history. "His fighting, to which he is out of measure addicted, gives his temper a fierceness and imperiousness," wrote the uncle who was his guardian. So he was got out of England by the securing of a factor's post with the East India Company, at that time a trading corporation of modest proportions. It rented a number of trading posts in India, through which it operated its government monopoly, a few square miles around each post being guarded by a somewhat ragged band of mercenary troops. Its servants looked more to trading on their own account (with the graft entailed) than to the salaries paid them by the company, which, months away in London, recognised the inevitability of that fact in assessing the salaries.

India was at that time bursting like a ripe fruit for commercial nations to catch. The Great Mogul had been dead half a century, and the country was breaking-up into quarrelling provinces, differing widely in religion and outlook. Two European nations were contesting the right to do the catching; England and France.

TO young Europeans, especially from northern climates, India was then a fair sample of hell for most of the year. Only the toughest lasted. Food and drink were treated as they were in Georgian England when young Clive arrived. The heat was paralysing. Yet into this exotic atmosphere Clive slipped with ease. There was an Oriental cast to his mind, perhaps helped by his strain of Irish ancestry. He remedied his lack of book learning during the lazy days, and when the War of Austrian Succession struck India like a delayed-action bomb he was ready for fighting again, and left the desk for the sword of an Ensign in the company's forces.

His fighting luck was out. News came that the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle had been signed. But soon afterwards French influence promoted more trouble, which ended in the siege of the citadel of Arcot, an immortal exploit which won Clive instant fame. His forces were weak, but his strategy strong. He displayed, besides, one of the strongest weapons in the Englishman's armoury: fair treatment to natives. For which he was well rewarded by their loyalty.

Clive won military renown in a country woefully deficient at the time in military genius. But that mattered little. He had swept the field before him, and so astute a judge as Pitt realised his worth. In 1753 he returned home something of a hero, with a commission as lieutenant-colonel in the Army proper.

Clive's second visit to India was in 1756. Things were going badly again. There was soon to be the horror of the "Black Hole of Calcutta" to be avenged. And soon Clive met and defeated at Plassey the forces of (*Continued on page* 61)

# "The Cabinet

WITHIN a few months of the outbreak of war I was sitting in the room of a Cabinet Minister in the House of Commons, a man I knew well enough to ask what happened at the last Cabinet meeting held before the fateful eleven o'clock on the morning of September 3, 1939.

Of course I knew he would not tell me details of the actual discussions or decisions. All I wanted was an impression of the scene, the appearance of the members, and the general set-up.

"As far as I can recall," said my friend the minister, "there was nothing exceptional. No, nothing out of the way."

I must confess that this reply rather staggered me until I recalled that a painter during the last war who wished to record the final Cabinet meeting before August 4, 1914, had the same difficulty. Nobody could remember the scene!

Since then I have learned that the Cabinet room is a place where dramatic decisions are made in the atmosphere of a family council. That is not to suggest for a moment that rows do not take place within those strictly guarded walls. They do, just as when son Alfred wants to marry Eileen and mamma objects and papa is all for it.

But generally the Cabinet works in a peaceful way their wonders to perform on the populace.

By accident or design Cabinet meetings normally, as the official statements issued after them tell, are held round about eleven in the morning, so that the sun seeps through the windows full on the face of the Prime Minister. Due to the vagaries of the weather this is the only faltering spot-light that falls on the dogged face of Mr. Churchill.

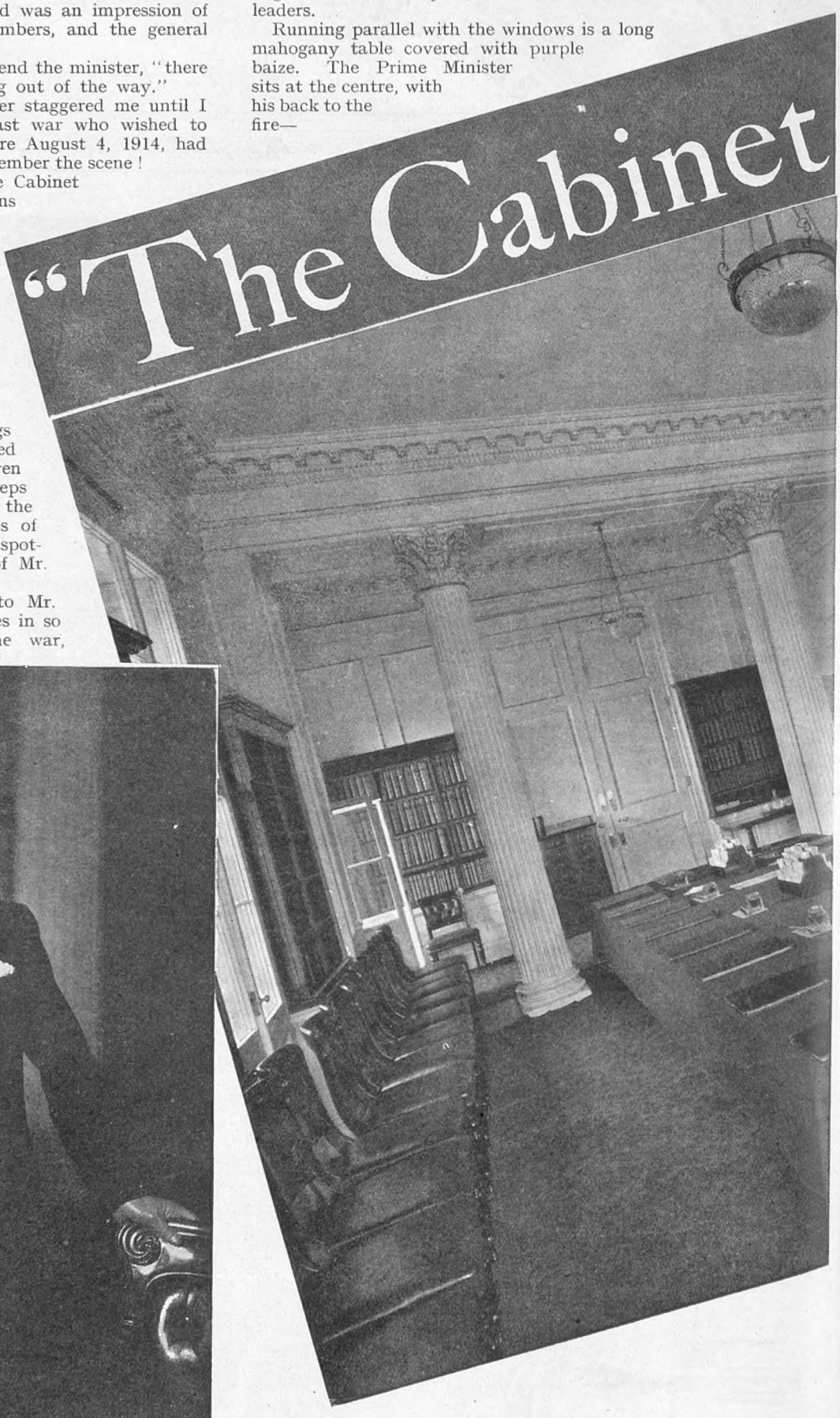
The scene, of course, is familiar to Mr. Churchill. He has held so many offices in so many Governments. Only since the war, however, has he had the honour to preside over meetings of the Cabinet.

The Cabinet room is oblong in shape with one of the long sides given over to tall windows, and the other to bookshelves, chiefly about the proceedings in Parliament. It is in no sense a gentleman's library, but the reference books of a nation's leaders.

Running parallel with the windows is a long mahogany table covered with purple baize. The Prime Minister sits at the centre, with his back to the fire—

(*Photograph by Walter Stoneham*)

A new portrait of the Prime Minister, the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill, P.C., taken in the Cabinet Room at No. 10 Downing Street



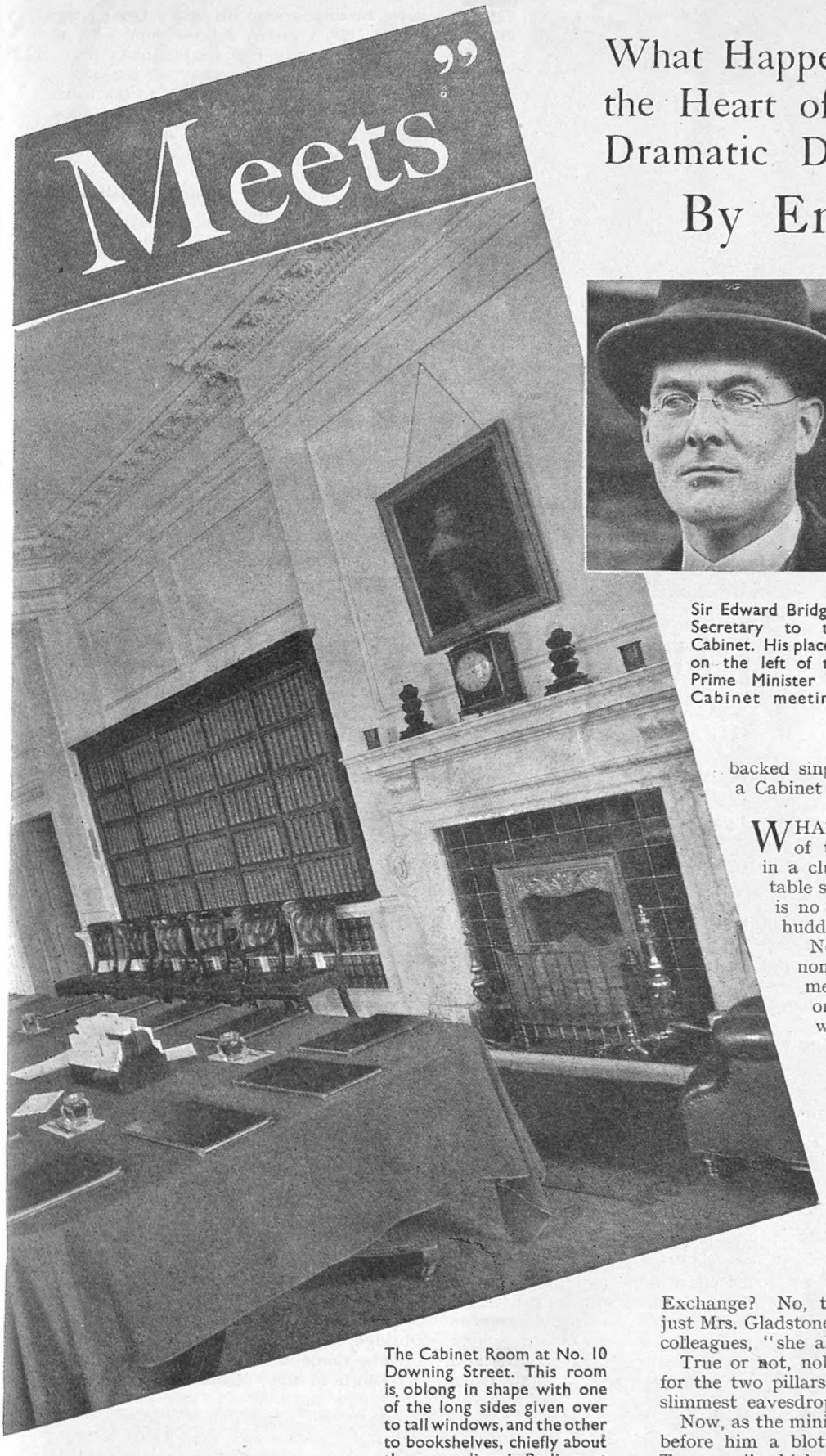
a fire which must have overheated many a choleric Prime Minister already made hot under the collar by the vagaries of his colleagues.

The fire itself is surrounded by a marble mantelpiece, and on the shelf are two black vases that look more like top hats turned upside down than any work of art has a right to.

# "Meets"

## What Happens in the Room in the Heart of the Empire where Dramatic Decisions are made

## By Emrys Jones



The Cabinet Room at No. 10 Downing Street. This room is oblong in shape with one of the long sides given over to tall windows, and the other to bookshelves, chiefly about the proceedings in Parliament

Sir Edward Bridges, Secretary to the Cabinet. His place is on the left of the Prime Minister at Cabinet meetings

In common with most of the ministers' rooms in and about Whitehall, this very heart of the Empire is businesslike rather than ornate. The walls are white painted, the floor covered with a crimson carpet.

Passing by 10 Downing Street the observant may note, when the door is open, another door in line with it. Walk across the red-carpeted hall to that door, turn the knob, and you are inside the Cabinet room, the home of the best-kept secrets in the world.

The formation of the small War Cabinet has altered the common procedure in the Cabinet, but more or less the same rules apply to-day as to the larger Cabinet meetings of peace time. Usually, as I say, the Prime Minister sits at the centre of the table. Then the places go from right to left around the table in order of the precedence taken by custom of their offices.

There is some argument about the order of precedence of ministers. I think the hat-pegs in the hall outside the Cabinet room settle the matter. The hat-pegs clearly start in order of precedence, and the first half-dozen are in this order—the Lord Chancellor, the Lord President of the Council, the Lord Privy Seal, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Foreign Secretary, the Home Secretary.

Since the Cabinet meets in the Prime Minister's house, his title, which would of course head the list otherwise, does not appear.

The least important minister, however, does not sit on the Prime Minister's left, for that space is reserved for Sir Edward Bridges, who is not a member of the Cabinet but its secretary. All sit on straight-backed single chairs, not arm-chairs, so the chances of a Cabinet Minister snatching a nap there are remote.

WHAT happens in wartime? Said a member of the present War Cabinet to me: "We sit in a cluster round Winston. At either end of the table sit the representatives of the Services. There is no question of precedence. We just go into a huddle."

Normally, apart from the secretary, no other non-member of the Cabinet attends Cabinet meetings. There has been, as far as I know, only one exception to this necessary rule. He was tall, sandy-haired Mr. A. J. Sylvester, Mr. Lloyd George's secretary, who was once called in to take shorthand notes of the proceedings.

Did a woman non-member of the Cabinet ever attend? Well, there is the delightful story of one of Gladstone's Cabinet meetings which, in his time, were held in the Foreign Office. Ministers present are supposed to have heard a rustling behind the curtains.

A foreign agent? An adventurous speculator hoping to hear information that would make his fortune on the Exchange? No, they are assured by the Grand Old Man—just Mrs. Gladstone! "It's all right," he says to his astonished colleagues, "she always listens!"

True or not, nobody can hide in the present Cabinet room, for the two pillars in the room are too slender to conceal the slimmest eavesdropper.

Now, as the ministers take their places each finds on the table before him a blotting pad stamped "The First Lord of the Treasury," which is, of course, the official title of the Prime Minister. This may interest those critics who for many years have been complaining about the growing strength of the Prime Minister's rank within the Cabinet circle.

In front of the Prime Minister on the table is a telephone, electric bells, a stationery cabinet, a book trough holding various works of reference. An energetic Prime Minister like Mr. Churchill will use the telephone to summon an official or the minister of one of the departments not represented in the War Cabinet, instead of sending a formal messenger. The electric bell brings in his secretary whose office is right next door to the Cabinet room. The chief private secretary is Mr. Eric Seal..

The meeting opens without formality. Mr. Churchill states the business to be discussed. Perhaps (*Continued on page* 60)

The ship leaps ahead like a hound on the scent of a crafty fox

# Destroyer Duty

## A vivid description of the work of these convoy protectors

### By Edward Cranston

THE dream suddenly becomes reality. The thing which is shaking one's shoulder refuses to fade into oblivion, and with an unpleasant return to consciousness, one realises that it is four o'clock in the morning, and that the ship is due to sail in half an hour's time. Everything outside the bunk is cold and grey and depressing. Even one's clothes —a shirt, two polo sweaters, woollen leggings, uniform coat and trousers all piled high on a chair—produce no sense of future warmth. One decides to keep on pyjamas; it is easier that way. Once dressed there is the comforting feeling that one's clothes will remain where they are for the next week at least. A few months ago one would have been horrified at such an unclean prospect.

On deck it is still quite dark, but there are already men moving about getting the ship ready for sea. They swear softly as they bump into shell racks and wires in the blackness. On the bridge a small cluster of men are standing round the compass. A little to one side the navigator bends over his chart table and makes quick decisive marks with his pencil and parallel ruler. The captain appears on the bridge, his face only just visible between a Balaclava and an enormous scarf wound twice round his neck. One of the group salutes him. It is the first lieutenant.

"All ready for sea, sir."

The captain nods and walks to the front of the bridge. Leaning over the glass screen he cups his hands and shouts a question into the darkness.

"Ready on the foc'sle?"

The answer comes at once, carried back to him on the wind.

"Aye aye, sir."

A small shaded light winks up at the bridge from somewhere in the middle of the ship. The navigator sees it and reports to the captain.

The destroyer's captain (*left*) enjoys a chat with the navigator on the bridge

"Chief's all ready, sir."

"Thank you—tell them to obey."

The navigator shouts: "Obey telegraphs" in the direction of the light which flashes again in reply. Once more the captain leans forward over the screen. His strong voice carries well beyond the destroyer's foc'sle.

"Let go forward."

There is a brief swishing sound and then the cry: "All gone forward."

The navigator, glancing at the bridge clock, notes with quiet satisfaction that it is exactly the half hour. A few brief orders down one of the many voice-pipes, and the ship is beginning to nose her way out of harbour towards the open sea and a new day. Somewhere miles away a piece of paper, about the size of a visiting card, is moved from a board bearing the inscription "In harbour" and carefully pinned to another headed "At sea." A destroyer has sailed.

As usual it is bitterly cold. On the bridge the navigator pulls on a pair of heavy fleece-lined gloves.

Down in the (*Continued on page 74*)

In the stokers' mess. A member of the crew entertains his companions. He was a member of a dance band during peace time

(*Right*) Some members of the H.A. guns' crew enjoying a smoke during a short period of relaxation

# COURIER

## The Return Journey is Hazardous

## By Arthur Mills

THE two men were sitting side by side on high red leather stools in the bar of the Grand Hotel, Estoril; one was the German vice-consul; the other had arrived in Lisbon by air that afternoon. The second man was a plump fellow of medium height, brown skinned, coarse featured, broad shouldered and deep chested. He had reached Portugal from New York by way of South America, flying from Rio to Dakar and so to Spain; he was a professional spy of some repute, specialising in courier work, and relied on as an agent who always got through.

At the moment he had just given the consul a report on the South American situation. The report, which he had carried in his head, was based on details gathered by subsidiary German agents distributed throughout the western hemisphere. The news he brought about North America was bad.

"It is the alliance with the Japs that has worked them up," Hans Hagel said.

"It was the Fuehrer's decision to make an alliance with Japan; he knows what is best for Germany," the consul said.

"And the Americans think they know what is best for the United States," Hagel answered; "they are a formidable people."

The consul leaned forward and took an olive from a dish; as he chewed he looked round the room. He had picked a stool at the end of the bar, on which he had placed himself sideways with his back to the wall; from this position he could observe when any one came within hearing distance and also watch when the barman approached near enough to listen.

Hagel also took an olive; he knew well enough that being with the German consul caused him to be noticed, for the fashionable hotel at the Estoril, fifteen miles outside Lisbon, had taken the place of the luxury hotels in Stockholm, Rotterdam and Geneva, as an international spy centre.

Hagel had come to the hotel as part of his front as a well-to-do coffee broker from Brazil; if he had gone to a small hotel in Lisbon and met the consul furtively he might have been questioned by the police and put across the border. He carried nothing that could incriminate him; either in his baggage or his pockets. In Portugal he was safe from everything except assassination, which was a constant danger for people like himself, as the frequent liquidation of unconvicted spies in neutral countries made clear. But the consul told him that so far there was no murdering being done.

"Here, it is like it used to be at Geneva and the Hague," the consul said, "as long as foreigners behave themselves they are allowed to work in peace." He looked round the hotel bar again. "After all, the tourist trade is dead and if they told the intelligence organisations to go, they would have to close."

*HAGEL'S excitement increased as he turned the pages. The diary of this prominent British subject would be worth having*

Hagel's eyes, set deep in his plump tanned face, stared at the brass rail in front of him. "Where do I go from here?" he asked.

The consul took another olive; as he munched he thought he was lucky to have a routine appointment in a safe country; Hagel's job must be a fearful strain; not that Hagel showed any sign that it was; the fat impassive man sitting by his side looked calm enough. Maybe he would not be so serene when he knew what his next assignment was. It was easy to work in neutral countries where the punishment for espionage was a fine or, at worst, imprisonment.

"There is a job for you in London," the consul said. "I gather it is important, for they told me to wait until you arrived and send you on it. You have the reputation of being able to get through." He watched Hagel's face.

Hagel took another olive. "When do I start?"

"To-morrow, if you can be ready."

"How do I get there?"

"By air mail."

"Will they allow me on the plane?"

"Yes; I can arrange for you to take the place of the new commercial attaché from one of the South American republics; he is passing through Lisbon on his way to England."

"Which one?" Hagel asked.

The consul named the South American state.

"I know him, Pedro Diaz," Hagel said. "I don't look like him; also his own people will come to the airport to see him off and more of them may meet him when he arrives; all South Americans make a ceremony of the arrival and departure of officials."

"I've thought of that," the consul said, "but we can get over it because Diaz is not known to the Portuguese airport officials; all you have to do is to climb into his seat and show the passport and papers I will hand to you. The plan should succeed; we have not tried the air line before; it is when you use the same method a second time that danger arises."

"His own people will be there to see him off, I tell you," Hagel spoke irritably; he was very careful when making plans for one of his journeys.

The consul shook his head. "They will not see him off. Would you like to know why?"

"I would," Hagel said.

The consul explained his plan. Hagel listened. "In that case they will cable London that Diaz has not left," he said, "and, when I get out with his papers at the British airport I shall be arrested."

"We've got someone in the cable office who will take care of that; the cable won't arrive before you do."

Hagel appeared more assured when he heard this. "What do I do when I get to London?" he asked.

"You go to a call box and ring up Grosvenor 3457. Shall I write it down for you?"

"You needn't; and then?"

"You will be told what to do."

Hagel lit a cigarette. "How do I get out?"

The consul explained the plan that had been made to get the agent away. Hagel listened, and his face became grim.

"Another new method," he remarked.

"Quite," the consul agreed.

"Who do I see in London?" Hagel asked.

The consul shrugged. "I have no idea; my orders were to meet you, arrange for you to go on to London and give you a telephone number. You are sure you won't forget it?"

"Is it likely! Three, four, five and then a seven . . . Grosvenor, name of ducal family. You forget I lived in England for six years."

"That's another thing," the consul said, "suppose you are recognised?"

"Have you ever tried to recognise a man who has put on four stone, has a dark complexion instead of a fair one, and is wearing glasses," Hagel asked. "The only way you could do it would be by putting your hand across the lower part of the face of an old photograph."

"How did you get so fat?" the consul asked.

"I'm one of those people that can fatten; I got the tan sunbathing."

The consul took another olive. "I suppose a successful spy must be able to alter his appearance?"

"The spies that were executed in the last war were the ones that didn't," Hagel said, "but the alteration should be natural; wigs and beards attract attention."

The consul called over the barman. "What's it going to be?" he asked Hagel.

"Manzanilla; it's good here."

"You know this place?"

"Of course I do," Hagel said. "Shall we dice for the drinks?" He reached for a leather box and shook it. "I wish I

*He hurried over to the spot and set to work unpacking the container*

knew who I 'm to contact in London. That telephone number may have been bombed by the time I get there, then what do I do ? " Hagel threw the dice : " Four kings."

The consul frowned as he picked up the dice ; he looked round the room again before he spoke. " They have not told me much, but I think your contact will be a woman."

Hagel swore. " I told the Chief I would not work with women."

" You told the Chief ! "

" Well, I said I 'd rather deal with men. How do you know it is a woman ? "

The consul threw the dice : " Two pairs." He took a piece of money from his pocket and put it on the counter ; when the barman had taken the money and gone to serve another customer, the consul said : " I 'm not told things there is no need for me to know. I get word that you are arriving in Portugal from South America, and that you will be able to tell me something about conditions over there ; they also tell me you will be required to go on to England and that I am to arrange your journey. They don't say why you are to go to England ; they simply give me a telephone number for you to ring up when you arrive."

" How do you know that telephone number belongs to a woman ? " Hagel persisted.

" Because I had to give it to someone else a few days ago—a neutral Embassy messenger who works for us. When he got back I asked him if he had met the people he wanted to meet ; it was just a routine question to make sure that my part of the machine was functioning. The diplomat was a Latin ; you know the way they cannot keep quiet about their love-affairs ; he blew a kiss with his finger-tips and said : " Charming, I assure you ; send me on another journey soon." I knew then that the telephone number I had given him had led to his meeting some woman." The consul paused. " You are more likely than I am to know who she is."

Hagel said : " Did he give you a description of her ; they generally do."

The consul sniggered : " He said she was a film actress—a blonde Apollo, but completely a woman all the same ; those were his words."

## *Illustrated by W. Smithson-Broadhead*

Hagel finished his manzanilla. A blonde Apollo ! slim, lithe, fair-haired ; a film actress ; he knew now whom he was to meet. So they had sent Irma to London ! Hagel did not tell the consul what he knew, for no agent talks about another agent except to his immediate chief. He called to the barman to pour two more glasses of sherry.

" This fellow Pedro Diaz, whose place I am taking in the 'plane, how is that being done ? " Hagel asked.

" A drive in a car has been arranged ; he will be missing until after you have left."

Hagel drank some sherry. " You are certain the cable saying that his departure has been delayed will not reach England until I am clear of the British airport ? "

" Quite certain."

Hagel was not easy in his mind, for it seemed to him that some of Pedro Diaz's colleagues might still come to meet him at the British airport. However, that was a contingency he would have to deal with if it arose. He said : " All right ; you had better give me my travelling documents before you leave here ; I shan't be seeing you again."

The consul pointed to a folded newspaper he had laid on the bar ; Hagel understood. Again he was not pleased ; if they were being watched, the fact that he picked up a newspaper which the German vice-consul left behind would be noticed. " You had better give me the stuff in the lavatory," he said ; " don't pass anything unless we are alone."

" You are a bit jumpy, aren't you ? " the consul said.

Hagel said nothing. What could this little office rat know of the risks of a courier's work ?

HAGEL was not met at the British airport ; he was pleased about this, though he had a plan ready if the contingency arose. Later, standing in a call-box outside a London station, he dialled GRO 3457 ; he heard the intermittent buzz denoting that the number was being rung. " That is a start, anyway," he thought. A moment later a woman's voice said : " Hullo ! " (*Contd. on p.* 51)

# These Men Form—

FROM his Berlin control-station, the dark Nibelung dwarf who runs Hitler's hydra-headed propaganda machine pulls out his loudest organ-stop, and millions of ears the world over hear a shrill, screaming hate-hymn against " the Churchill gang."

A vague, suggestive, enigmatical term.

It would be easy to write about " the Cliveden clique " or " the Duff-Cooper set." One could approach with confidence the Roosevelt circle, the Stalin ring, the Ciano crowd, the Pétain-Darlan group; even the Konoye team. As for the Nazi mob, they present no difficulties, starting with Hitler, Goering, Himmler, Ribbentrop, Goebbels, Hess, and tailing off to Ley, Funk, Rosenberg, and the Führer's military shadow, Keitel. They form a complete picture. But so do most integrated revolutionary groups. Churchill's, however, is not a revolutionary group. Who, precisely, constitute the " Churchill gang "—the hard core of the war against Nazi-ism—of the Goebbels phrase?

I put the question to a group of men who should know. Their answers were varied. One said: " The whole Government—no potential Lavals there." Another said: " The War Cabinet, obviously "—but he thought there were only four members (there are eight), and he wasn't sure who they were. A third laughed: " The British people. They put Churchill in: the party politicians didn't." A fourth grew subtle, and argued that an article on the " gang " should be confined to Churchill's intimates and his family, and include Mrs. Churchill, and Brenden Bracken, his confidential man, and even son-in-law Vic Oliver, if only for comic relief. A fifth asked what I was going to do about the lantern-jawed Halifax, most certainly a gang member, interpreting the gang as those bent on the Nazi's blood; and a sixth urged me not to neglect the poet-diplomat, Sir Robert Vansittart, who regards Hitler as merely a symptom, the primary cause being the historical Teutonic fury.

But, having 3000, and not 30,000 or 300,000 words, I pick the British leader's chief aides, on whom he chiefly depends; and that without asking whether this one is on *en famille* dining terms with him, or that one is the recipient of his secret thoughts, or a third is in the gang more for reasons of political party balance than because Churchill personally wants him.

So far, Churchill has acclaimed genius—that dubious quality!—in only one: the gnomish little Canadian firecracker of a man, Max Aitken, first Baron Beaverbrook, who has functioned as yeast in the dough of British life for the last thirty years, and even as aircraft production man—a new Minister in a new Ministry—sat with Churchill in the inner War Cabinet (thereby annoying not a few who sit outside).

You either like Beaverbrook, or you don't. I like him. He has great courtesy, normally; no pomposities, ever; lapses of judgment, occasionally (but not in business; never, never in business); intermittent spasms of ill-health; the courage of a fighting-cock; a passion for people; and an aversion (not uncommon in very rich men) to talking or thinking about death.

ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET SIR DUDLEY POUND, CHIEF OF THE NAVAL STAFF

His career is, of course, well known, although his whole, true saga, done by an objective biographer, with full knowledge of his subject, has yet to appear. His secret lies in a brain of immense analytical and constructive power, geared to a nervous system capable of developing enormous energy.

This power-unit its owner was using to win startling personal victories in miniature *blitzkriegs*, long before Hitler got his stripe as a lance-corporal in the Second Bavarian Infantry Regiment. The Beaverbrook " *blitz* " campaigns in the realms of finance, the Press, politics,

SIR KINGSLEY WOOD, CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER

CAPT. DAVID MARGESSON, SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR

AIR-CHIEF-MARSHAL SIR CHARLES PORTAL, CHIEF OF AIR STAFF

# "CHURCHILL'S GANG"

## *Some Personal Stories of the Team backing up the Prime Minister*

## *By* C. Patrick Thompson

LORD BEAVERBROOK, MINISTER OF STATE

MR. ANTHONY EDEN, SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS

MR. A. V. ALEXANDER, FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY

(*Left*) MR. ERNEST BEVIN, MINISTER OF LABOUR

(*Right*) GENERAL SIR JOHN DILL, CHIEF OF THE IMPERIAL GENERAL STAFF

and, latterly, production of war-planes, are classics.

Born sixty-two years ago at Newcastle, New Brunswick, youngest of a poor Scots-Canadian Presbyterian pastor's large brood, he left the local board-school pretty young, knowing the Bible by heart, and determined to fight the good fight—for the advancement of Max Aitken. He succeeded so well that by thirty he was a millionaire. At thirty-nine, after eight years in England, he was a Baron and a Cabinet Minister. Then he turned to a failing paper, which he had bought for £17,000 and was losing £40,000 a year on, and in ten years built it into the powerful and profitable engine we now know as the "Beaverbrook Press."

Life has changed for him, but he himself hasn't changed in essentials. Soon after the war began, I went to see him at his town stronghold, Stornoway House, looking on the Park between the Ritz and St. James's Palace, and he looked as if he hadn't moved since the first time I met him there. He seemed to be wearing the same easy dark suit, he made the same gesture of pulling the divan closer for me, he lay relaxed in the corner of the same big old leather chair which seemed to need new springs and padding, he made the same old inevitable arm-reach for the 'phone as we talked, his luminous grey eyes had the same gleam of power, and he came out and stood in exactly the same spot in the hall waiting until his man helped me on with my coat to shake hands and say good-bye. Was he older? He was ten years older, and his asthma had been bothering him badly. He was a grandfather, and his "young men," middle-aged, called him "the old man."

He knows how to conserve his energy, but a year as aircraft production Minister tired him. He shuttled between his Ministry on Thames-side and his Leatherhead country home. He would breakfast in bed, dictating, 'phoning, reading all the time. His big black car sped him to town. His day had no spare minute. He had his War Cabinet and general Cabinet and committee meetings, besides his departmental routine.

Home by nine, he would go into a huddle with his technical experts, 'phoned one or two of his newspaper executives, put 'phone calls through to New York or Washington. His sleep was short. He was working against time, and he has never under-estimated time when he has a *blitz* under way.

As Minister of State he will have wider tasks, but less rush. The aircraft episode was the last of his personal *blitzes*: now he has graduated as an elder statesman.

Sir Kingsley Wood, Churchill's money man—short, sturdy, bespectacled, with a ready smile but a solid jaw,

(Continued on page 62)

*For a moment he stared at the tele-printed strip as if it meant nothing for him*

THE wireless, as usual, was on at full blast, and the news was just coming to an end as the mess steward came in with the familiar buff envelope.

The announcer's voice went monotonously on, but no one was listening now. A group of twenty or more officers of the Bomber Command had gathered round while one of their number tore open the envelope, which they knew to contain the state of availability of aircraft and operational orders. Heads were peering over shoulders. Some of the taller ones at the back on tiptoe, others not so fortunate were trying to lever themselves up for a view by the shoulders of those immediately in front. Then, just as suddenly, the crowd dispersed and each went back to his chair or sofa. The wireless continued, but no one appeared to listen, small groups discussing the latest "shop" at the tops of their voices, glasses of beer in hand.

A young officer near the fireplace closed his book with a snap. "Why the hell can't someone turn that ruddy thing off?"

No one bothered to answer this, but just at that moment two youngsters pushed open the swing-doors and strolled into the mess. They had been off for the afternoon and to an early show at a cinema.

Handley, he who had just spoken, looked up with a smile. "Hullo, Tommy! Good show? Come and have a bite. I'm going to turn in afterwards."

"Righte-o. Press that bell, will you? I want some cigarettes. Damn the moon, anyway! Not a sausage in the sky."

From which the initiated would understand that Tommy Harris had seen the operational orders; that he and Handley were detailed for a moonlight reconnaissance; that there was a full moon; and that, at the moment, at any rate, there was a clear sky with little sign of cloud which could afford them welcome cover.

As a matter of fact, there were three aircraft detailed for this task, which had become almost a matter of routine on moonlight nights. One by one the officers concerned got up and left the mess to take an early supper and snatch a few hours' sleep before they were all due to meet again in the

# The Raft

## A Drama of the Air and Sea

By Hugh Boulton

operations room to take their final orders from the controller, and receive a cheery word of encouragement from the station commander who always made a point of being present when the night patrols went off. No one knew how he ever got any sleep. He never seemed to tire. Always a word of kindly chaff or cheer.

TEN hours later two crews were reporting back to the operations room. The room was a blaze of hard, bright light. The station commander was there as usual, although it was now between four and five o'clock in the morning. He and the controller and an intelligence officer were leaning over the high counter that separated them from the crews who had entered by another door through the traffic room. They were still in flying kit—long clumsy garments, but warm and comfortable enough when you were sitting down. One of the pilots, a bright-faced lad, with an infectious smile, was reaching down into the long pocket of his overall kit beneath the knee—conveniently placed when seated in the cockpit—and pulled out a packet of cigarettes.

The station commander flicked a lighter.

"Thank you, sir."

"Now, Handley, what happened? Let's have your story."

"Well, sir, there wasn't a thing until we were near the coast when we could see ahead the beginnings of two layers of cloud. The lower layer was only about seven-tenths but I thought it might increase and I wasn't particularly anxious to fly below it so I used a bit of boost to get there quicker. The others kept formation all right and we could see all we wanted to through gaps. Couldn't make out why they didn't poop up at us though. Not a thing. Blackout was perfect of course, but we know all the spots by now, sir, and the moon was throwing them up in sharp relief. I was just starting to wheel to port when my rear gunner opened fire. I hadn't seen a thing up till then, but a couple of bullets came up through the floor and I thought it best to turn sharply to see where the firing was coming from. We still kept formation but as we circled we saw them all right. Three of them there were, sir. Messerschmitts. They must have been wheeling around under that bottom layer of cloud and that's why the A.A. were so quiet. I saw Boy Harris get in a good burst with his front gun and saw Jerry going down looking pretty sick. I dived a bit and found another on my port bow and kept her there so that my rear gunner could let loose. He certainly did. He gave two long bursts and I could see the tracers going plumb in. But I think they must have been a little behind the pilot's seat as they didn't seem to make any effect. I thought I'd let him keep on at it and continued to wheel to port, keeping her pretty well in view, when a burst of tracers went through my starboard wing from above. I put her down then and took avoiding action below the clouds, as I guessed by that time that another crowd had been waiting for us in that upper layer and had dived on us. He hadn't got us with that first burst and would have to pull out of his dive and that gave us our chance. We were still together then, sir."

"Yes. And then what happened?"

Handley took a luxurious puff at his cigarette. "Well, sir, I think Jimmy can tell you more about what happened then."

Jimmy was a Canadian. A tall, thin, lanky chap. Good looking, with disarmingly frank eyes and with a deep bass voice that earned him the sobriquet "Foghorn."

"What did you do, Jimmy. Boom at them?"

Jimmy spoke with his low, deep drawl. "No sir. I just kept following Handley. And to tell you the truth I was darn glad to see him make the clouds. I didn't like the look of it. You see, sir, we never saw the bunch above us, but I guess they must all have dived together as I got a burst through the fuselage. Just missed my wireless operator and put my front gun out of action. They must have zoomed up as Handley says, because we never saw a darn thing. I saw Boy Harris get his kite, sir, and I thought he was all right. He was a bit out of formation, but only a little way behind when we made for the clouds, but they were thicker than I expected and we came out about eight hundred feet up. They let us have it then, sir. The searchlights seemed to come on all at once and they seemed to let loose the whole works. There was hell a-popping. I saw Handley head up into the clouds banking to port, and of course I followed and was darn glad, too, as I guessed he was heading back home. Darned if I can figure out what happened to Boy Harris. From the moment he dived into that belt of cloud I never saw him again, sir."

"What happened then, Handley?"

"Well, sir, there's nothing more I can add. We hung around a bit when we got above the clouds but he never showed up. You didn't get any wireless signal, sir?"

*Illustrated by Edward Osmond*

"Not a thing."

There was a pause. Then the station commander spoke again.

"Come on, intelligence. Make out your report on this quickly now and let these chaps get back to bed. You two get back and have some sleep and report again at ten o'clock."

The two pilots saluted and their crews went out. The station commander went home to mix himself a drink and snatch a couple of hours' sleep. The intelligence officer busied himself with his report. The controller started getting out the papers and necessary instructions for the next crews who were due to report to the operations room at five-thirty.

IT was a thoroughly busy day, but no more so than usual when the weather was fine, and Harris liked it like this. Nothing bored him more as controller in a coastal command operations room than a "dud" watch.

D. J. Harris (D.J. to his friends) was forty-five years old and had been but little over eighteen when the last war had burst upon the world. Having got a commission straight from his school O.T.C., he had seen service in France before the end of 1914, as the Mons Star he now wore showed. But that he had two other ribbons ahead of that proved that he had seen considerable service. The facts were, that in January, 1915, he had got a "blighty" and after a short period of convalescence had transferred to the R.F.C. as an observer, seeing France the following year for the third time, as pilot. After six months of what he describes as peace time war he had become a flight commander, and by November, 1916, was grumbling because he was back again in England. But not for long, for by August he was out once more; this time with a new type of fighter plane. The squadron acquitted itself splendidly but the Hun was threatening to take the offensive in the air at that time and the casualties had been heavy, and before the year was out he had found himself a squadron commander, but commanding a flying personnel different almost to a man to the cheerful crowd of youngsters who had comprised it at the start.

He still describes those days as the happiest of his life and despite the fact that in reality they covered but a very short period, they appear to him now to have been a life apart but one that lives for ever in his mind. All the beastliness and horror, the loss of friends, forgotten. Only the memory of comradeship remains.

Yes, this was something that had been given to him—a gift that couldn't fade. A youngster with all the others, younger even than most, chance had made him their leader. Shy by nature, he had yet sensed their respect and had experienced many times their loyalty. Few of those lads had survived the war, but they still lived for him in that sharp-cut cameo always vivid in his mind.

D.J. had said he hadn't the service mentality. Actually he would have made a fine soldier. But when the war ended, so few of his friends were left that, although he couldn't define his true feelings then, he felt he wanted to get away from it all. When hostilities ceased it was as if the loss of all those young lads, his friends, had only then become an accepted fact. The full sense of his loneliness became a reality. Something he felt he could touch. Even then the full awareness that he had lived a life, and it was finished, was forced upon him with extreme intensity and, although he had no plans, his one idea was "get out, get out—and start again."

March, 1919, saw him once more a civilian. He had a little money of his own and was fortunate enough to be taken on by a firm of tea merchants whose senior partner had been a friend of his father's and he was glad enough to immerse himself in his work. But he was moody this first year and the sense of aloneness didn't leave him till nine months later he met Jean. Jean to whom he felt impelled to pour out all the loneliness of his soul. Who understood intuitively the full meaning of those years he'd lived—that life apart as he now looked on it, and he felt that she did too. He never had to talk to her about it again. He felt she knew and understood and respected those friends of his—as he did. Jean was the perfect companion. Now he knew the new life had started. The following year their son was born.

D.J. did well in the business and by 1936 was admitted into partnership. The boy did well at school and the companionship between the three was something very wonderful and precious. Being an only child the boy was, perhaps, naturally, a bit old for his age and this was enhanced by the fact that D.J. never talked down to him. When the boy spoke about his future the father explained the kind of life entailed by the various professions. He touched upon the services, the various types of business, and the chances each might give him. He wanted to keep the boy with a completely open mind. Except when the lad had asked him he hardly ever spoke of his flying life, and it had come to him, therefore, with something of a shock when Tom had sprung it on him one day, with his mind fully made up, that he wanted to go (*Continued on page* 66)

*THE pilot decided to drop four more flares, a hundred yards from each corner of the raft*

# Facing Up To Fame

## Hollywood's New Stars and how Luck came their way in Films

A LINE of new faces is weaving its way across the screens of the world; Facing up to Fame. Each year brings its new crop of names and personalities; this year, more than ever, the big studios are offering for our entertainment a list of new names that should leave a permanent imprint in our memory and our affections.

We are asked to look at Martha Scott, James Stevenson, Laraine Day, Victor Mature, Diana Lewis, Dennis Morgan, Betty Grable, Stirling Hayden, Gene Tierney, George Sanders, Mary Martin, Dan Dailey Junior, Susanna Foster, Dean Jagger, Brenda Marshall, Betty Brewer, Rita Hayworth, Douglas McPhail, Betty Field, Thomas Mitchell, Kathleen Grayson. Some of them we have seen before, and remember for the kind of performances that make an audience say: "That's somebody I'd like to see again. Must make a note of the name." Others are very new to the film game, facing their chance of fame with heads held high and hope in their hearts.

Martha Scott came to Hollywood from Broadway, by one of those strange miracles that so seldom happen. She was picked to play the same part in the screen version of *Our Town* that she created on the stage in New York. It is less than a year since film audiences first saw the girl with the lovely, gentle smile, huge brown eyes and turned-up nose. When *Our Town* hit the screen, critics marvelled that this "natural" film actress should have been hiding her talent and her beauty behind the footlights of a mere Broadway success. What, they wanted to know, is Broadway anyway—when there are the wide-open spaces of Hollywood waiting to hand out fame and fortune to the right people? Martha Scott was, but definitely, one of those right people.

So Martha, following the reviews of *Our Town*, found herself, to her intense surprise, playing the feminine lead opposite Cary Grant, in *The Howards of Virginia*. She did have a small stroke of unexpected luck over that part. It was originally intended for Joan Fontaine; but Miss Fontaine became so ill that an operation was necessary; and so up stepped Miss Scott into the vacant shoes. And wonderfully well she fitted them (or they fitted her), too. She has recently finished an even finer performance than her first and second screen efforts, in *Cheers for Miss Bishop*; in it she gives a really moving, beautiful piece of acting. Martha Scott is a little frightened of Hollywood, and what it is doing for her. One of the things that bothers her most is the fact that she is

(*Continued on page 72*)

By Margaret Chute

1 MARTHA SCOTT LEFT BROADWAY FOR HOLLYWOOD LESS THAN A YEAR AGO.

2 GENE TIERNEY ENTERED FILMS VIA THE THEATRE AND GETS A GREAT PART IN *TOBACCO ROAD*.

3 DIANA LEWIS COMES FROM A THEATRICAL FAMILY. MARRIED WILLIAM POWELL LAST YEAR.

4 VICTOR MATURE MADE A HIT IN HIS FIRST SCREEN PERFORMANCE IN *THE HOUSEKEEPER'S DAUGHTER*.

5 DENNIS MORGAN FOUND ROAD TO STARDOM VIA *KITTY FOYLE*.

6 LARAINE DAY WHO STEPPED INTO STARDOM VIA THE "KILDARE" FILMS.

7 JAMES STEVENSON WHO JUMPED TO FILM FAME FOR HIS REMARKABLE PERFORMANCE IN *THE LETTER*.

# Six Days

ENTRY INTO CZECHOSLOVAKIA

THE RUSSO-GERMAN NON-AGGRESSION PACT

IN a fast-changing world, dates rapidly come to mean nothing. Already August the Fourth, 1914, which to many of us means the end of the world we had known, is almost forgotten by a younger generation, and even part of an elder, now at grips with another and more strenuous crisis. How faint, far off and other-worldly seem now to us the great dates of the nineteenth century, which crowded our history books and filled the minds of the Victorians! The Crimean War, the Franco-Prussian War, the Indian Mutiny, the accession of Queen Victoria, the American Civil War—they belong already to the limbo of "1066 and All That."

If of all the tremendous events of the early years of last century, we remember most vividly the campaigns of Napoleon, the great army concentrated at Boulogne, the great struggle between an almost solitary Britain and a blockaded continent dominated by the dictator, it is because we see in that great contest of wills the forerunner of the battle in which we are engaged to-day. The rest of world history has for us momentarily disappeared from view. We can only think of its high peaks, emerging like islands from a sea of oblivion—and such are the earlier efforts to invade our island, to destroy our prosperity, to end our independence.

While, therefore, there is time to look back, while we can still keep a measure of perspective, let us look clearly at the staggering events of the past two years which have changed the face of Europe, made all our history books out of date, and falsified all our maps. Out of the host of happenings which have made scare headlines in the newspapers since Hitler came to power, six seem to me of particular significance. When the history of this great conflict comes to be written, they cannot fail to be seized on by posterity as key dates in the battle of Europe. Let us consider what happened on these six days that shook the world.

*The First Day—March 15, 1939*

The Ides of March. In Berlin, a drugged old man, filled with strychnine to keep his heart from failing and his hand from refusing its office, had just placed his faltering signature on the document that surrendered the liberties of what remained of

*Outstanding Events Past Two Years which Changed the Face of*

THE INVASION OF NORWAY

THE GERMAN OCCUPATION OF PARIS

# *that* Shook *the* World

## *of the have Europe*

By GEORGE SLOCOMBE

the once free and prosperous Republic of Czechoslovakia. Over Prague, as dawn broke, flew the ominous squadrons of Nazi bombing planes. Scarcely was the ink of President Hacha's signature dry before the Panzer divisions of Hitler, which for weeks past had been concentrated on all the roads leading from Germany and former Austria to Prague, were on the march. A few hours later Hitler himself made a triumphal entry into the ancient capital of Bohemia, and slept in the palace of Hradcany, a jewel of Renaissance art on the hill above the city, in which the kings of old Bohemia and at least one emperor of the Holy Roman Empire had slept.

Thus fell to Hitler, by treachery, intrigue, bluff and coercion, without a blow being struck or a shot fired, the great mountain bastion of which Bismarck had said: "He who possesses Bohemia possesses Europe."

When the Czechs were in Hitler's power, he made no further pretext of establishing an independent Slovakia. Both sections of the old republic were brutally annexed, and only the wild, sparsely populated and as yet unwanted province of Ruthenia was left as a bribe to Hungary.

The invasion of Prague stripped the last scales from the eyes of the appeasers in Britain, if not in France. It revealed Hitler as a liar and a cheat. It revealed the statesmen of the western democracies as well-meaning dupes. It not only brought the outbreak of war nearer. It made war between Germany and Britain inevitable, From March 15, 1939, therefore, dates the period of Britain's awakening. Our long and tragically delayed decision to rearm can be traced to that illusion-shattering day.

### *The Second Day—August 23, 1939*

The scene shifts from Prague to Moscow. The swastika flag, hurriedly manufactured for the occasion, flies with the Soviet red flag over the dusty administration buildings of Moscow's airport. A Soviet military band, borrowing the scores of the unfamiliar music from the German Embassy, plays the Horst Wessel song and "Deutschland über Alles." A big black Junkers passenger plane lands and out steps, smiling, well-groomed, the Nazi Foreign Minister, Von Ribbentrop. From other planes emerge stout, spectacled, clean-shaven, bejowled experts from the Wilhelmstrasse. The Nazis are greeted by a delegation of Soviet officials, headed by stiff, unsmiling, myopic Comrade Molotoff, Soviet Commissar for Foreign Affairs.

That evening a dinner is given by the German Ambassador in Moscow, Von Schulenburg, and just before midnight the whole party assembles at the Kremlin, where in Stalin's room with its walls hung with dingy red silk brocade and its big picture of Karl Marx, Ribbentrop and Molotoff place their signatures on the German–Russian Pact of Non-Aggression.

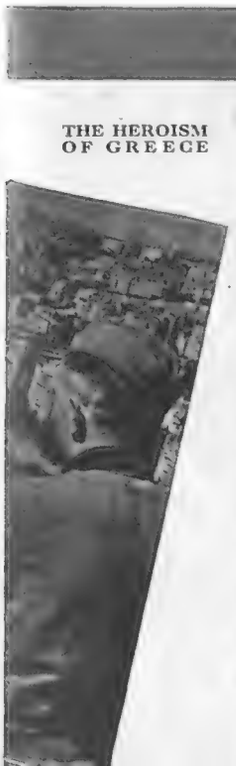
This time the world is shaken indeed. The rape of Prague had horrified it, but nothing in that invasion seemed incredible or abnormal, out of the reckoning. The German–Russian pact, on the contrary, seemed to tear up the visible world by its foundations. It was a monstrous alliance, a fusion between fire and water, between incompatibles, the very culmination of cynicism.

It shocked two very different political communities in all countries, the people who believed in the Bolsheviks and the people who did not believe in them. It bewildered the democracies who had counted upon the support of Stalin against Hitler. It opened the rear of Poland to invasion. It not only made the war inevitable, but in German as well as in Russian eyes—in the world's eyes no less—it seemed to make Hitler's victory inevitable. However in this, fortunately, it failed.

### *The Third Day—April 9, 1940*

All the winter there had been a lull on the western front. The British and French armies still sat behind their prepared defence positions. The air war had not yet begun in earnest. There had been naval sinkings on both sides, and the *Graf Spee* lay wrecked at the entrance to Montevideo harbour. The *Altmark* episode, in a Norwegian fjord, had cheered a British public bored and disquieted by months of apparent inactivity.

Then came the evidence of the heavy traffic in ore from the Swedish iron mines from Narvik to the ports of Germany, conducted by vessels which hugged the protection of Norwegian territorial waters. The news of the British mining of a vast area in the North Sea had scarcely been (*Continued on page* 58)



THE HEROISM OF GREECE

THE ATTACK AT TARANTO

# "Who Goes

THE young man in the shabby polo coat glanced at his wrist watch. What he saw startled him. He must have slept or passed out for a bit. They should be seeing the lights of the Hamburg aerodrome and he couldn't even see the wing light nearest him. But he could see faces in the fog. They kept on forming and dissolving and reforming like faces in a bad dream. The face of the passport officer was the worst. "Malcolm Seaford," the blue uniformed fool had read aloud and glanced up. It had been hard work not to punch that look out of his eyes.

He remembered passing over the English coast. He hadn't seen much of it. You might have thought the fog was doing its bit, "blacking out" for the old country. "So long!" he had whispered to her in farewell—"and to hell with you!" He'd even turned thumbs down—a silly thing to have done. Luckily there was only one other passenger in the plane—an elderly woman in black who sat across the narrow aisle, facing him. She'd seen him make an ass of himself. But her expression had been without comment or recognition. She was looking at him now, smiling faintly. She must have been a beauty once. Even now she could make a young man wonder about her and feel a little awed—he didn't know by what. A German probably. Otherwise she wouldn't be along—not at this date.

"I suppose we're lost," she said. She spoke in English, and he knew then that she was English. The knowledge made him stiffen with distrust and hostility. On the other hand it was five years since any one had spoken to him like that—naturally, as though he were human.

"We're marking time," he said. "When we find a break we'll come down. You needn't be frightened."

"I'm not," she said. "At my age there is nothing more to fear."

"The pilot's in touch with the landing field," he went on. He explained the system of communication. He was a bit boastful with his knowledge. Without knowing why he wanted to impress her.

"You were in the air force, weren't you?" she inquired.

# There?"

## *Old Frontiers are Gone. The Will to Good and the Will to Evil is all that now Divides*

By I. A. R. Wylie

He checked, gasping a little, as though she'd hit him over the heart. His nerves were all jangled anyway. It was this being shut in. It made him think of a prison cell. Five years. He'd been just twenty when they'd turned that key in the lock for the first time.

"Yes," he said.

"I thought I recognised you—and then I saw you . . ."

*OTTO glanced at them. "Queer. What do you know about them? She used to be one of our people and was considered a smart girl"*

She imitated his gesture with her small gloved hands. "Then I was certain."

"I suppose you expect me to be ashamed," he said. "Well—I'm not. See? I don't owe any one anything—except kicks." He jerked his thumb over his shoulder. "That's not my country. Just being born in a place doesn't mean anything any more. That's just superstition. I belong where a man is a cog in a machine that works. . . ." He broke off, sneering. "You're English—the old-fashioned sort. You don't understand——"

She shrugged faintly.

"According to old-fashioned ideas I'm German. I married a German. I have two grown German sons."

"Then you're going back there—for keeps?"

The corners of her fine mouth quivered with a faint irony.

"If the petrol holds out long enough."

*"I HEARD someone talking—a man's voice . . ." Malcolm knew that she waited. It was for him to answer*

*Illustrated by Jack M. Faulks*

"War will be declared in a day or two," he said. "This was the last plane—"

"You got out just in time, didn't you?—to fight on your side——"

"Your sons will be fighting too . . ."

She nodded gravely.

"Yes—each of them for his own country." She saw him glance again at his watch. "How long can we stay up?" she asked.

"I don't know exactly. Maybe half an hour. Then we'll have to take a chance."

"It won't be a very good one, will it?"

"You don't seem to care much."

"You do, don't you?"

"Why not? I've everything to live for—now."

"There was a girl, wasn't there? I saw her picture too. They found it, as I remember, and published it. But she escaped——"

"Yes. I was a fool to keep it. But she was too smart for them. She's waiting for me. We're to be married——"

"She was quite beautiful. You must have loved her terribly—to do what you did for her."

His thin white face darkened.

"It wasn't for her. She and I stood for the same things. We were both through with the old humbug. Freedom!" He laughed jeeringly. "Freedom to starve and rot! We were free of it——"

"You and my eldest son talk the same language——"

"What about the other boy?"

"Franz? I don't know." She looked down at her folded hands. "It is two years since I have seen him."

"You said he was fighting for his country too."

"I think he is," she said with her pale composure.

The plane's angle had changed. The stewardess left her seat and came over and adjusted their belts. She smiled with professional cheerfulness. But there was a tense look in her eyes. "We'll be in in a few minutes now," she said.

They slid down steeply through the yellow fog. It reached to within a few hundred feet of the earth and only at the last minute the sudden flash of a revolving light assured them that the pilot had reckoned accurately. The young man unclasped his fists. The palms were wet. He grinned shamefacedly.

"Seems I wanted to live a lot, doesn't it? I properly had the wind up."

"You're only a boy really. It's natural . . ." She leaned across the aisle. "Here is my card. I fancy we have nearly died together. It made us friends. We were able to talk together just like friends."

"I talked too much."

"Why not? We had so little time."

He glanced at the card. "Baronin von Adelsheim," he read aloud. "Thanks. Reckon you know my name."

"Malcolm Seaford——"

". . . late of His Majesty's Royal Air Force," he amended with a false swagger.

The aeroplane bumped gently. He stood up to let her pass. He knew a bit of German. Frieda had taught him. He swaggered with it too.

"Auf wiedersehen, Baronin!"

"Auf wiedersehen!"

THERE were only a few people waiting in the landing field. A tall man in uniform greeted the old woman. He clicked his heels and kissed her on both cheeks. Then he took her authoritatively by the arm.

"You must have had a rough trip, mother. I would have phoned you. But there was no time to spare. Es geht los! A crazy trip to have made——"

"An old woman has her fancies, Otto It was a journey of farewell."

"Sentimentalists aisel! Well, you're safe anyway. Who are you looking at?"

"That man—that girl."

He glanced over his shoulder.

"Queer. What do you know about them? She used to be one of our people. A smart girl. But she's finished now. He finished her. Made a mess of things. She was nearly caught. But she got that engine muffling device out of him first. They gave him five years for it. Now I suppose he expects us to give him the Iron Cross."

"Won't you?"

He laughed.

"My dear mother! We go slowly with such things. And a traitor, you know, is still a traitor."

People in the (*Continued on page 52*)

# Old Tales Re-told

## OLYMPIAS—*Wife of Philip of Macedonia and Mother of Alexander the Great*

*Written and Illustrated by*

F. Matania, R.I.

PAGAN people of ancient times were fond of attributing divine qualities to their popular heroes. They linked them up, often in the most fantastic way, with their various gods and goddesses. Thus legends grew up around them, generally posthumously, or during the time the heroes were actively pursuing their glorious careers.

Among the few exceptions to this rule, Alexander the Great occupies first place. In his case the most extraordinary rumours *preceded* his birth, and the actual event itself may well be described as the strangest in recorded history.

By the time the reader has reached the end of this narrative, he or she will probably feel that the whole thing has been taken from one of the Greek tragedies of Aeschylus. But it is entirely a record of fact—made possible by the religious fanaticism of the people concerned.

The story opens in a most picturesque setting—that of the little island of Samothrace, in the year 358 B.C. An enchanting place of lofty rocks baked brown by the sun and covered by a luxurious growth of olives, pines, bay trees, aromatic shrubs and wild flowers. Like the island of Capri, it was practically without a harbour, and the precipitous cliffs culminated in a central peak some 5000 feet above the level of the blue Ægean Sea. On this peak stood a temple, the principal centre of worship of the Cabiri, wherein they performed the mysteries of their cult. It was surrounded by several small towns, which had been built to accommodate the constant stream of visitors from the coast of Thrace. The principal divinities worshipped there were Apollo, Dionysius, Orpheus, Zeus and Ammon.

In honour of these gods two kinds of ceremonies were performed, one public, one secret. To the latter only the initiates were admitted, and they were sworn to the strictest secrecy. It was well known, however, that these secret rites consisted of wild excesses. To some of them men only were admitted, having been initiated while still in their twenties; to the others, youths and maidens were admitted jointly; to yet others, only women.

It was during one of these secret ceremonies that the eye of the young King Philip of Macedonia fell on the girl Olympias. She was performing, in the solitary light of the sacred flame before the temple, a religious dance of ecstasy and passion. Her audience was completely carried away. Her supple body swayed and twisted as though it were boneless, hung about with snakes and garlands. . . .

This girl was a princess, the orphan daughter of Neoptolemos, King of Epirus, who descended from Neoptelemos, son of Achilles. The meeting between these two young people was the prelude to a strange and fateful romance.

Philip was twenty-four years old, strong, athletic, full of ambition and a bold and skilful soldier. He had also great gifts of eloquence, and was so proud of his Hellenic education that he never missed an opportunity

*It was during one of these secret ceremonies that the eye of the young King Philip of Macedonia fell on the girl Olympias. She was performing, in the solitary light of the sacred flame before the temple, a religious dance of ecstasy and passion*

*One night when he entered the Queen's chamber, he was greeted by the presence of the repulsive reptile sliding freely about the room*

of displaying his knowledge and his unbounded admiration for Greek learning and culture. At the same time, he was quite unscrupulous, seldom hesitating to choose the crooked path—despite all religious teaching—if he considered it the shortest to his goal. He was in that phase of life when a young man is most under the spell of feminine charm, flitting from flower to flower like a bee, often passing through violent infatuations which he mistook for love. A strong and forceful character altogether.

Not less strong a personality was Olympias, also a strange mixture of human weaknesses and dauntless energies. She was younger than he, and outstandingly beautiful. Whether she was by nature and vocation a true mystic, or whether her emotions found a mere outlet in religion, is immaterial. The fact is that she was saturated with paganism—and pagan gods were far from immune from human desires, passions and incontinence. Plutarch says of her that "she had a violent nature, excessive both in her hatred and in her love."

This wildness of spirit, that could rise to any heights, enchanted Philip, and he decided to send a request of marriage to her uncle, who was the King of Epirus. The request being readily granted, great preparations for the nuptials were immediately begun.

As the event approached, the excitable Olympias plunged ever more fervently into her mystic invocations, this time to the gods of fecundity. Sumptuous celebrations and sacrifices were made to the gods Zeus of Dodona, and Min-Ammon. She lived night and day in an imaginary world, feeling the immediate presence of the gods. On the eve of her marriage, she had a frightful dream. Famous soothsayers were called in to explain it. She dreamed that a thunderbolt had struck her body with tremendous impact; that she then felt as though on fire internally, and then that a flame leapt out of her which rose up and up into the sky, assuming monstrous proportions. At a certain point it spread out in every direction, but when reaching the horizon it became extinguished.

While magicians and astrologers pondered the significance of so strange a dream, the marriage ceremony was taking place at the royal palace with unprecedented splendour. Philip was proverbial for his extravagance. Throughout his life, he never knew how much he possessed, or how much he spent.

The meaning of figures was foreign to him and economy was a word unknown.

The second night after the marriage had been consummated, another dream came to upset the serenity of the young couple; but this time it came to King Philip. According to Plutarch, he dreamed that he sealed up the body of his bride, using a seal which left the imprint of a lion's head.

This second dream seemed to facilitate the explanation of the first. The famous soothsayer, Aristander of Telmessos, concluded that a thunderbolt, the attribute of Zeus, had struck the queen because the god wished to have a part in the royal marriage by producing within her body something that would spread and invade all the earth. As for the sealing, Aristander remarked that no one would put a seal on something which was empty; therefore there was no doubt that the young queen had already conceived an heir who would have the heart of a lion.

*Alexander pointed a scornful finger at the man prone on the ground in a pool of wine, and said: "This is the man who wants to stride from Europe into Asia, and is incapable of passing from one table to another"*

Such explanations served to increase the happiness of the royal couple, and for a while things went calmly and smoothly.

Then occurred a dreadful incident which proved to be the herald of discord in the highest degree.

Philip had never noticed that Olympias was accustomed to keep in her apartment a large tame snake which she treated with elaborate care, the reptile being sacred to the god Ammon.

One night when he entered the Queen's chamber, he was greeted by the presence of the repulsive reptile sliding freely about the room.

To Philip's stupefaction, the Queen showed great resentment at his intrusion. Complete faith in pagan theology admitted the probability of the most extraordinary miracles of incarnation. Had not Danae, Leda and other mortal women been mothers of semi-divinities through the metamorphosis of Jupiter? Philip remained rather perplexed. It was common knowledge that if any pagan deity so much as breathed on a mortal woman, that was sufficient for her to

become the mother of a semi-divine being.

It was usual for human husbands to consider such interference by divine rivals as a great privilege; but Philip was different. Not knowing what to think, he entrusted his faithful friend, Chaeron of Megalopolis, with the delicate task of consulting the Oracle of Delphi. The pronouncement brought back was as follows: Philip must honour Ammon above all other gods, and he must expect to be punished for having dared to look upon his wife while she was in communion with the deity. Seldom had the Oracle expressed itself in such definite terms. Olympias was almost beside herself with ecstasy and jubilation.

Philip, despite the Oracle, refused to be convinced. He repeatedly insisted that he had his own reasons for disbelieving that the child to be born was his own. The royal couple maintained an appearance of outward calm. But the felicity of their wedded life had ceased. Philip regarded his wife as a sinister and uncanny being, and could hardly believe that she was the same woman who, but a short time ago, had given him so much happiness. The estrangement was rapid and disastrous. He found relief by drinking and plunging into orgies of excess with any woman he could lay his hands on. Olympias, on the other hand, exulted in her purity and condemned her husband with violent ferocity. Alternating between fits of rage and periods of religious ecstasy, she regarded herself as having been privileged beyond all women.

At last, glad of any pretext to escape from surroundings which had become intolerable, King Philip left Pella, his capital, and rejoined his army. Camp life, military exercises and hunting were what he needed to purge his soul of the nightmare he had passed through.

IT was in October of the year 356 B.C. that he received news of the birth of a son, who had been named Alexander. The boy had come into the world in the midst of a terrible storm of lightning and thunder, accompanied by torrential rain. Many other circumstances seemed to point to the unusual destiny of the newborn prince.

For the next two years Philip paid only brief and occasional visits to his home; while Olympias lavished every care and attention on her beautiful little son. Time, the great healer, had combined with foreign travel to produce a more equable frame of mind in the king; and when he returned to Pella he found Olympias made still more beautiful by the bloom of maternity. For a while their relationship became once more a happy one.

It was during this period that a second child was conceived, bringing with it the promise of total obliteration of the troubles produced by the first. This time there was no question of divine interference. A daughter was born and given the name of Cleopatra. In the long run, however, not even this happy event proved to be of any lasting value. Wherever the poison of jealousy has once infected the human mind, it permeates everything and is perpetually liable to find an outlet—even on completely different grounds. The passing of years widened again the gulf between the members of this unhappy royal family; this time it was a case of mother and children against the father.

Alexander's education was a further source of controversy. Olympias wished to make the boy an ascetic. Philip, on the other hand, wanted him to follow the paternal example and take up a life of soldiering and pleasure, the only one fit for a man—according to his way of thinking. Olympias won the day, however; and Alexander grew up so pure in mind and body that when he reached the age (*Continued on p. 59*)

*When the time came, the victim was held aloft—an innocent baby. High above the head of the officiating priest he was held for one long moment, and then thrown into the flames*

# The Homer Pigeon

*In an open boat, miles from land, their hope of deliverance —a slender blue-grey bird*

## By C. T. Stoneham

THE mate observed that Henry's only baggage was a small wicker basket. The steward lay on his side with this under his elbow; a protective attitude. He watched with lack-lustre eyes the slow heave of the sea and the red globe of the sun slipping down into it.

There were eighteen of them in the boat and they had been adrift now for three hours. The *Norman Hall* had carried thirty as crew, but these were all that survived. There was little talk among them; the sky had an angry brooding look of storm and each man knew his chances unhopeful.

The *Norman Hall* had been sunk two hundred miles from the Lizard. Engine trouble had lost her from the convoy; a German aircraft had found her. The first salvo of bombs wrecked wireless cabin and bridge. When the German departed the ship was a blazing hulk, with the remains of the crew afloat in the one undamaged boat. The mate pretended cheerfulness. He knew it was going to blow hard from the north-east, that for several days visibility might be much restricted, with corresponding unlikelihood of their being found. But it was his task to provide optimism. He chose the steward for ally because the little cockney, though a self-confessed martyr to dyspepsia and domestic infelicity, had a dry and irrepressible wit.

"Got some beer in the basket, Henry?"

"No, Mr. Wharton," replied the little man impressively. "I've got something more precious than that; something that'll likely be the saving of us. It's Joey."

"Joey?" The mate looked puzzled.

"'Is pet pigeon, sir," explained a seaman. "'E thinks the world of it."

Wharton laughed. "Well, Joey won't get very fat on this trip. There's nothing for him to eat, and in the finish I expect we'll eat him. Provisions will be mighty short by the time we make land."

"Eat him, sir!" Henry was shocked. "He's a homer."

"What's that?" The mate sat up straight, suddenly; his eyes were eager.

"My brother-in-law breeds 'em—allus been a fancier, he 'as. This time ashore I stayed with him at his 'ome in Hackney, and when I was coming away 'e said: 'Times is uncertain, Henry, and you may cop a packet. I'm going to give you Joey. If you want to send me a message Joey will bring it. I believe 'e'd bring it from South America; 'e's the gamest bird I ever owned.' 'E showed me how to look after 'im, and so I've got 'im here, and was waiting a chance to ask your advice, sir."

"But this is amazing," said the mate a trifle breathlessly. "This bird can carry news of our position. I know where the ship was when she sank and I can reckon probable drift and sail, more or less."

"Just what I was thinking, sir," observed Henry complacently.

He drew from his pocket a tiny metal cylinder. "You put the message in here and it clips on 'is leg, see?"

Wharton had taken out his notebook and was already at work. The men talked together excitedly. "Bloomin' marvels, they are; find their way 'ome from anywheres." "We used 'em in the last war. When we took a trench——" "It's going to blow hard, ah'm thinkin'. Mebbe he'll no get there, just a wee burd in all that pother."

The steward, fumbling in the basket, produced the pigeon, holding it tenderly in both hands. They scrambled over each other to look. It was a very ordinary pigeon, mottled grey and blue; its round eyes blinked foolishly at them.

*HENRY set the pigeon down on a thwart. Waving his hand at the horizon, he said: "It's all yours, chum"*

"You wouldn't think 'e could go like a bullet strite 'ome, would you?"

"For God's sake take care, man; don't let him go."

The mate looked up sharply from his writing. "Give the bird some biscuit crumbs and water, steward. It's water they need mostly on these flights, I believe."

Someone produced a tobacco tin; Joey was put back in the basket with water and food. He could be heard busying himself with it.

"There," said the mate with a sigh of satisfaction, "that ought to do the trick."

On a flimsy piece of paper in microscopic writing he had told the story of their plight and stated their approximate position.

Henry peered into the basket. Crooning unintelligibly, he again brought forth the pigeon, who stared about him more stupidly than before. Henry held the bird while the loaded cylinder was clipped into place, then he set it down on a thwart. Waving his hand at the horizon, he said humorously: "It's all yours, chum."

Joey did not seem interested. He waddled slowly along the thwart, pecking desultorily at the scoured wood, and then stared owlishly at the faces surrounding him. The men watched with silent intentness.

A fireman swore luridly. "'E ain't no good. 'E couldn't find 'is way from 'Arrow to 'Ighgate."

Henry was terribly disappointed. "Perhaps I'd better shoo 'im." He made pushing motions with his hands, crying: "Shoo! Fly away!" Joey appeared surprised, and waddled away from him.

"Aw, wring 'is bloomin' neck," said the fireman disgustedly.

"Whist, man!" cried the second engineer. "Dinna ye see the burd is preparing himself?"

With toes turned in and chest expanded, Joey stretched to his full height. He looked up at the sky and his eyes suddenly lost their dull, stupid expression, becoming keen and eager with visions. He extended his wings, and the men noticed how long and tapering they were, reminding some of the grace and power of a racing yacht's sails. Then, with a leap and a clatter, he was off, climbing like a shell from a gun-muzzle straight into the fiery west. A lone voice raised a feeble cheer; the rest were silent, following the bird with dazzled eyes.

"'E's going wrong," whispered one man.

"Not a bit of it—he knows!" said the mate confidently.

The pigeon had gained height, now he turned, describing a wide circle about the boat. Intent upon his flight, this appeared to them wonderfully swift and effortless. His wings flickered rapidly, then closed, and with the momentum gained he shot through the air, turning on one side and the other like a hawking swallow.

"The bloomin' fool," groaned the fireman. "Why don't 'e go?"

"Man," said a Scots voice, "does it no make ye feel sma' and helpless to watch yon creature? He has the power we sadly lack—freedom to go where he wills, ye ken."

Joey had risen high. He broke his circle and headed away to the north-east. Straining eyes watched him dwindle to a speck in the overclouding sky.

"That course should lead him like a ruled line to London," declared the mate solemnly. He stared wide-eyed into the empty distance. "God speed you, Joey!" From this emotional lapse he emerged brisk and efficient again. "Now get that mast stepped and bend on the sail. We'll do what we can."

WHEN darkness fell the wind rose to gale force. The boat rode at a sea-anchor; it kept shipping water and must be baled out. Every one was wet, and the wind sharp as a wolf's tooth. Once Henry paused in the work to say softly to the second: "'E's heading right into the storm. Think 'e'll make it?"

"God knows," replied the Scot gloomily. "The creatures have wonderful endurance, I've heard."

In every man's mind was the vision of that slender blue-grey bird, their hope of deliverance, battling hour by hour through the howling, forbidding darkness.

*Illustrated*

Joey was flying strongly into the teeth of the gale. It was like a huge invisible hand pressing him back. Sudden gusts checked him; he dropped through holes and swung wildly up on enormous screaming squalls. His long wings worked with steady power, there was something joyous in their action, the bird seemed dancing a wild exultant measure in the arms of the raging storm.

Joey was going home. He knew just where it was and he was going straight to it. It was a picture in his mind; it drew him like a magnet, though it should be half the world away.

After midnight it began to snow. The pressure of the wind eased a little; through the blinding smother the pigeon maintained direction by that miraculous sense which man long since has lost. He did not fear the elements, but at one moment a great roaring object went by him in the dark, shaking his heart with dread, causing him to swerve wildly away from a danger already passed. It was a "Hudson" of the Coastal Command, late home from patrol.

Dawn broke grey and desolate. The snow clouds had passed and the wind moderated. Far below the sea was streaked with rushing white lines. Ahead stark cliffs defended a land of bright green fields and little hills crowned with fir woods. Joey

*THESE creatures, huge as trees, whirled and raced all about him, terrific rattlings came from them at intervals*

*by S. Tresilian*

was happy, the worst part of his journey was already over.

High above the cliffs, a speck against grey cloud, a bird wheeled slowly, riding the air like a gull. But Joey did not mistake it. He had never seen a peregrine falcon, but knew this watcher for one of the fierce banditry of the skyways.

The falcon had seen him and was coming on a long slant at great speed. Joey laboured on desperately, trying to gain the land where some refuge might be expected. As the falcon came over him he began to zig-zag from side to side, but always flew towards the land. The manœuvre was futile, the hawk with his superior speed followed every twist and turn. He closed and stooped, shutting his wings to fall like a stone. It was rough weather for that work, but his only means of attack.

Helped by an eddy of the wind Joey made a last desperate turn. He felt the enemy strike a glancing blow and pass, falling far below. The falcon had missed binding to his quarry but he swept up again, his long wings driving him like a bullet in the wake of the pigeon.

Joey had crossed the cliffs and was flying down to a wood on the crest of a ridge. He reached it and flashed low between the trees, turning among the branches with incredible skill. All pigeons are woodland birds and Joey was quite confident while travelling at arrow-speed through that encumbered place.

He emerged from the far side of the wood and skimmed down into a valley, flying thirty feet above ground. There was no sign of the falcon, he had shaken it off. But it left its mark, Joey's back was bruised and there were three oozing punctures in his side. In the valley was a white farm-house and a pond wherein ducks were fishing. At sight of water the pigeon's beak opened and he faltered in his flight. His thirst was severe and he would have given much to alight and slake it, but a man crossing the yard scared him. He skimmed round some trees and in an instant the farm and the temptation were behind.

In a sunken lane two boys walked, each carrying a shot-gun. They were hunting wood pigeons which ate the farmers' seed. The weary, storm-driven homer came over the hill and passed close above them.

Had Joey been fresh and strong he would never have made that mistake, but deathly weariness blunted his senses, his eyes were dull and ineffective, his stamina, already so much depleted from the battle with the night's gale, ebbed from the holes made by the falcon's talons.

Two shots sounded. Joey felt a blow on one foot and a sharp pang in his breast. He flew on with speed redoubled.

"Gaw, they don't 'arf take some killing," cried one of the boys. "I 'it un, 'cos I seen feathers fly."

A little tuft of soft grey plumage came floating slowly down.

A big city lay spread below, rows upon rows of houses. The little speck that was a homer pigeon bringing news from the wild Atlantic passed unregarded overhead, where men listened to the wireless reports of ships sinking.

On the horizon black objects appeared approaching at great speed.

The wailing uproar of sirens rose weirdly out of the gulf, filling Joey with alarm. He shaped his course higher and increased his pace, though the effort caused anguish.

The strange gigantic birds came rushing on; the air was churned by a terrible roaring noise. These creatures, huge as trees, whirled and raced all about him, terrific rattlings came from them at intervals. Joey had (*Continued on page 76*

# Wet or Fine

## Some Barometer Predictions and Weather Proverbs

By Alan Hess

THESE days and nights—when our very lives may depend upon the state of the weather from hour to hour, some rough guide to the weather-wisdom of our ancestors would seem to be opportune.

If we are to believe the testimony of our grandparents, our breakfast coffee provides a reliable barometer, for they maintained stoutly that when the bubbles collect in the centre of the cup, fine weather may be expected; when they spread out, forming a ring round the side of the cup, rain is in the offing; while changeable conditions are indicated when the bubbles separate all over the top of the coffee.

Further homely testimony they said, is provided by soap, they contended that when one's soap exudes moisture, rain inevitably follows shortly.

According to the grandparents of those same Victorians, yet another "home-made" barometer is to be found in an open grate.

Thus, rain will follow when the coal burns with a thick white ash; whereas an unusually brightly burning fire indicates clear, cold, or frosty weather. Damp and fog are hanging about when the fire glows dully. Also it is said that when a piece of burnt paper flies up the chimney, it is a portent of fine weather.

One infallible sign of rain within half an hour is when the wind swirls a scurry of dust and leaves and paper along the pavements, forming little whirlwinds.

Your cat, too, is responsive to impending changes in the weather. Rain is coming when a cat scratches at a smooth, shiny surface, or when it sits with its back to the fire.

To strike a more modern note, for a moment, has it ever occurred to you that your *car* can give you an unerring indication of the weather to come?

If your car jibs more than usually at starting up in the morning, the chances are that the weather has changed overnight from a dry frost to an ominous humidity, causing condensation on the distributor or sparking-plug points. Rain will probably follow. When, however, it starts up unusually gamely, the existing weather may be assumed to be "set in," for either the easy start has been promoted by crisp dryness which has prevailed for some time without change, or it has been assisted by a fairly long-established humidity which promotes better atomisation in the carburettor.

Should you live in the country, an accurate indication of the day's weather prospects is afforded by the behaviour of the beasts of the field.

When cows herd together, standing under the trees, rain is on the way; but if they sit down in long grass, the barometer is set fair.

Of course, we've all quoted axioms such as :

"Red sky at night—
Shepherd's delight;
Red sky at morning,
Shepherd's warning."

A more attractive version of the same proverb is the Shropshire :

"Evening grey and morning red
Make the shepherd hang his head.
Evening red and morning grey—
Two sure signs of one fine day."

This thought is but one example of a host of equally hackneyed beliefs. Nevertheless, they are generally surprisingly accurate.

Less frequently quoted, perhaps, but no less dependable is the ancient proverb :

"Long foretold,
Long last.
Short notice,
Soon past."

It is well known that a "soft" west wind generally brings rain, but it is not so universally realised that when rain comes on an east wind, it has come to stay. Hence the old Dorsetshire saying :

"Rain from the east,
Two days at least."

Naturally, since our weather comes from the sky, our ancestors looked to the changing heavens to provide them with advance information about it.

The behaviour of the various astral bodies was noted with great care, and dogmatic conclusions drawn from it.

A halo round the sun or moon invariably foretells a reversal of the prevailing weather. The greater the size of the ring, the sooner the change will take place.

Indeed, we may learn much of impending changes in the weather from studying the moon. Our grandparents knew, for instance, that—

"If red the moon's face be,
Of wind and water speaketh she."

The same belief has also been expressed, more poetically, in the couplet :

"If on her cheek you see the maiden's blush,
The ruddy moon foreshows that winds will rush."

The condition of the moon at its time of rising is usually eloquent of the weather to be expected during the ensuing twenty-four hours.

Thus, when the moon rises red and appears large, rain is predicted within twelve hours. Rain is also foretold when the *full* moon rises pale.

When the moon rises low, warm weather is in store; and when high, cold weather.

Rain or squally weather is to be expected when (*Continued on page 71*)

# ON DUTY —AND OFF

I WONDER if the queer assortment of general knowledge we have acquired lately will be in any way useful to us after the war. Perhaps the fact that you are able to discuss with assured intelligence such subjects as blast, the antics of incendiaries and the intricacies of Government forms will prove an asset at the post-war dinner table, but I doubt it. Meantime, our outlook on life is being broadened by problems ranging from hairpins to bomb damage, rations to fire-spotting, and shoe leather to nerve strain. One can only hope that all this is going to make us nicer in the end, though I must admit I see no reason why it should.

London life has taught us a lot about air raids and, to my mind, one of the most interesting aspects is the difference in one's outlook when on and off duty. When I am in uniform and walking on duty during a raid I am careful to wear my tin hat. I walk very quickly for fear that I will get chipped by a bit of glass or something and that sister will give me hell because I have been careless enough to turn from a nurse into a casualty, but off duty, when my hair is properly set, although I carry my tin hat, nothing will induce me to put it on my head. When I have to walk home from dinner or supper I enjoy sightseeing. If you dine out or dance in London these days be careful not to wear open-toed shoes because should you have to walk home through blitzed streets your feet will be cut to ribbons if your toes or heels are exposed to the glass which is strewn about the pavements. So when you are buying shoes for evening wear, just keep this in mind and play for safety.

**ON DUTY**

Nothing is more restful after you have been on duty through a lot of raids than to dine out on your off duty evenings at a restaurant with a dance band. Good (Continued on page 78)

THE Worshipful Company of London Shopkeepers are really splendid fellows. They refuse to be blitzed out of business. Their shops can be blown inside out one night and forty-eight hours later their doors will be open and their window displays on show again.

The whole atmosphere in any shop which has been blitzed is, "pay no attention if you notice anything unusual." One famous Piccadilly store which had been very much blown about, had to switch its confectionery department hind side before when the doors were reopened because the back of the shop was really out of commission. In order to distract the attention of the customers from the shortage of chocolates there was a most excellent display of new chocolate boxes covered in coarse canvas, addressed and stamped like a parcel. Instead of actual addresses there were light-hearted bits of philosophy, such as "Never argue with your wife's judgment. She must be right. Look who she married." And "Many a peach has a heart of stone," "The newest skirts make a girl look slim and a man look round" and so on. One can only hope that the news reels sent over to the United States include plenty of pictures of our blitzed shops working again.

—By Jane Gordon—

WAR has made us take everything so much for granted that most of us have failed to appreciate one of the few really pleasant things that has happened and this is the intense interest in us taken by American women. Of course we know about Bundles for Britain and whenever we come across the work of this organisation or read about it we register gratitude. But very few of us have the imagination to visualise American women working for us in much the same way that the women here worked in the last war for those at the front. It is not as if American women were working for their own kith and kin. Of course they can see news reels of our towns blazing, churches wrecked, hospitals bombed and homes flattened out; but the fact remains that they are putting in all this work for strangers who live in strange towns thousands of miles away When you stop to think of it this is a very comforting thought.

**OFF DUTY**

Clare Boothe, who specialises in women, has told us what American women think of war in general and us in particular, and one gathers that they dislike the idea of war more than somewhat, but take a good view of us; and I must say that this appears to tally with the views expressed in all the letters I get from my American friends and relations. I had the fun of meeting Clare Boothe herself when she was over here. She joined us for supper one night and the three of us sat up talking until the early hours of the morning. Never having met her before I expected her to be as tough and disagreeably brilliant as her characters in *The Women*. It happened to be Dunkirk week and I was in no mood for wisecracking Americans. Well, she wasn't. She had just come from a blitzy time in Holland and Belgium and although she was as interesting and amusing as could be, (Continued on page 78)

A pair of drivers of the A.T.S. at the job of wheel-changing

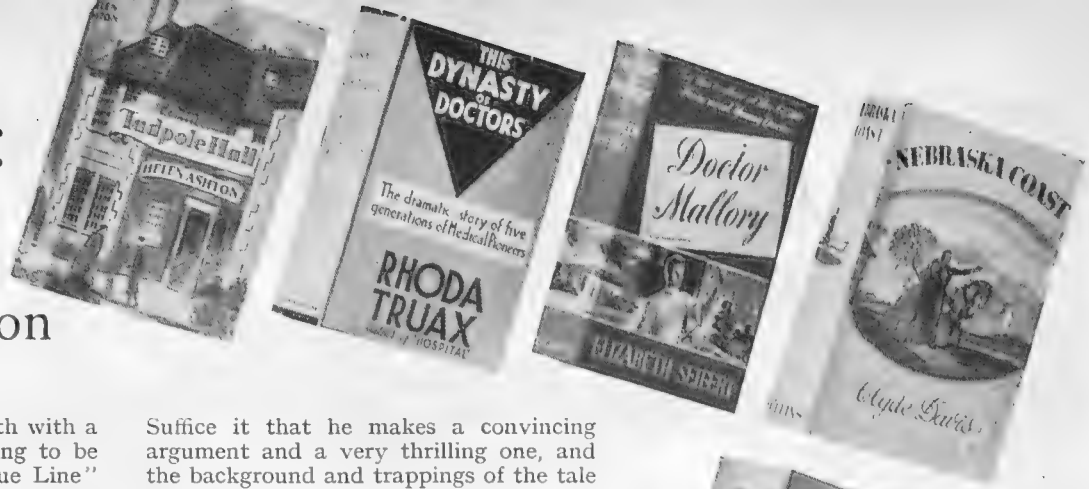
(*Left*) Dispatch rider "Wren" Talbot, daughter of Captain A. G. Talbot, D.S.O., R.N. Her mother is serving as an officer in the "Wrens"

(*Right*) An A.T.S. girl at the kinetheodolite station somewhere in the north of England

# BOOKS:

*Reviewed by*

Noel Thompson




LET us start off this month with a book which is surely going to be a winner, "The Thin Blue Line" (Hutchinson, 5s.) by Charles Graves. It does not matter what Charles Graves writes about, you will always learn something new, and this book, his first in novel form, is no exception. He has taken seven young men who joined the R.A.F. in October, 1939 as his heroes, and taken them up to date in their careers in the Fighter Aircraft and Bomber Command (though one was unfortunately killed by enemy action a week before the book was published).

His facts are true, his heroes genuine. The Air Ministry allowed him free scope to study their training, to inspect reports, to hear lectures, to mix with them and hear from their own lips their own feelings of their first solo flights, their first night solos, their first fights and crashes. The result is a truthful account with all the background as well based on fact, and a racy story it makes. The wonderful story of Al. Rupert and the Professor alone is worth 5s. and a lot more, while Henry's flight to bomb Venice is a classic yarn. Beryl and the Fatigue Case will open some people's eyes to the effect of the strain of the Battle of Britain, to which the figures he gives in an introduction will prove the clamp.

As I say, six of the seven heroes are still going strong, and this is obviously an invitation to say that there must be a sequel to this book.

DENNIS WHEATLEY gets his thrills in the world of imagination and he has drawn heavily on his rich account in "Strange Conflict" (Hutchinson, 9s.). Our friends the Duke, Rex Van Ryn, Simon Aron, Richard Eaton and Princess Marie Lou are together again, this time trying to discover how the Germans know the movements of our convoys on the Atlantic. The answer is Black Magic, on which the author is such an expert.

Although I have discussed the question with him this is not the time or place to reveal his real views on the subject. Suffice it that he makes a convincing argument and a very thrilling one, and the background and trappings of the tale must be read to be believed, and preferably not just before going to sleep. Worse things can happen to you in the astral than in the physical.

WITH a shudder of regret we leave the metaphysical and come to the solid basis of the medical in "The Dynasty of Doctors" (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.) by Rhoda Truax. This is a story of five generations, Jacob, Roger, Josh, Jack and Bill, coming up to date from what seems like the dim and distant days of operations with hack saws, when aseptic surgery was unknown, when bleeding was the almost universal cure. It is a powerful story as generation succeeds generation and marvel succeeds marvel of science, with Maria, who becomes a woman doctor, working with the famous Joseph Lister. In fact there are many scenes of important events woven into this tale, in which Freud too plays his part. He should, in fact, be called in to explain why each generation develops so late, makes love so sweetly, and then fails to marry really happily, though possibly successfully.

For strangely enough "Dr. Mallory" (Collins, 8s.) might have come from one of these generations, though Elizabeth Seifert's hero has more charm than any of them. But he is not unlike in character, is also an American who studies in Europe before settling down, and also nearly makes a mess of his marriage venture. He, too, has the urge to discover, but no family influence to help him. His is a struggle from the age of fourteen, a struggle that would have broken most boys or young men, but by sheer will power he wins through, and also by that charm which wins friends without his knowing it. His love for Ellen Conte is well portrayed and survives the very smell of iodine and ether, of lint and bandages (*Continued on page* 68)

## A *Royal Biography*

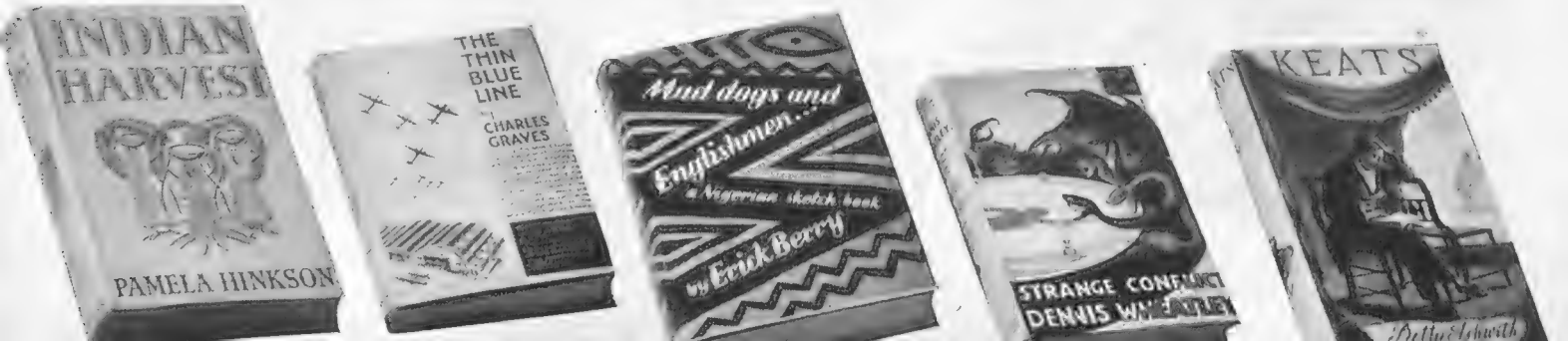
THERE are some short-sighted people who argue that the reign of King George V was not an important one, that the monarchy was losing its power. How they can maintain this in face of the fact that the period covered twenty-five vital years of change and of tremendously important events, and at the end the throne and the peoples of the Empire were never closer together than in the Christmas broadcasts, I have never understood. I welcome, therefore, John Gore's "King George V. A Personal Memoir" (John Murray, 18s.) which should silence those arguments for ever.

John Gore is a veteran journalist of dignity and standing, and he has made a very fine job of this book. He had the assistance of Queen Mary and all the Royal Family in its preparation, and he has approached his task wisely. To a very large extent he has let King George V tell the story in his own words, taken direct from the full diaries which he kept. He has included letters which the king wrote from his boyhood to his old age, and the result is a steady building up of a picture which lives. He was late in coming to the throne and always regretted that he had not learned more and had more training. This book reveals, however, the great influence he had on politics and the nation, supported and helped throughout his reign, as he himself mentions again and again, by Queen Mary.

But this is no mere academic biography. The human side, the details of Windsor, Sandringham and Balmoral, his life in the Navy, his yachtsmanship and especially his shooting, are all fully dealt with together with his family life, not from court gossip, but again from the king's diaries. His shooting—when at High Barn in 1913 he got thirty-nine out of thirty-nine high and fast birds—is naturally fully dealt with for it played such a prominent part as his main relaxation and in his part as a country gentleman, a counter to the terrific strain which this book shows he put upon his health and strength.

No dramatic words are needed to heighten the last picture of his final illness at Sandringham, when the whole world was waiting for the inevitable.

This is a book to buy, to read, and to keep always on your favourite bookshelf.



# I ADOPTED A BABY

**By Mary Jackson**

From the day I married I planned to have a baby at some suitable future date. At first it was to be at the end of the first year, when we had stabilised our home and position; then we had to wait until my husband's father who was very ill and lived with us during his illness and convalescence, recovered; after that it was a case of waiting to see if war broke out—and it did.

For me this ended all thought of having a baby of my own—at least for the time being. I know many will disagree with me—my husband did at first—but I considered it unfair to try and bring a new life into the world in the present difficult and dangerous conditions.

There were still lots of babies being born into the world, into places far more dangerous than our semi-country home, and after a while we decided to take some baby who was not wanted in its birth-place, and rear it as our own. We had started with the idea of an evacuee but finalised on the idea of adoption because we did not want to become attached to a child and then have it taken away from us.

We decided on a very young baby, one that would learn to recognise our home as the only home it knew. The majority of adopters, I found out afterwards, want very young babies if possible; and the mothers also prefer to part with the babies as soon after birth as possible, rather than have time to become attached to the child; it works well for all parties.

We argued about the question of telling the child the truth about its birth, or letting it live in complete ignorance.

This question is very mportant when you get a young baby, because then complete deception is possible. I know of two cases in which partial deception proved unwise. One mother, I suppose, told her adopted son the truth about his birth at a very rebellious period in his life (most children go through such a time in their teens) and he became completely wayward, thankless, and in his awful feeling of sudden aloneness, behaved very badly. The other mother had adopted a girl and had brought her up as her own by birth; but while the girl believed sincerely that she was the daughter of the house, every one else, including her young friends, knew the truth. Eventually it was spitefully revealed to her by a girl of her own age and then verified by her mother.

We decided that we would not tell our baby a word about the adoption, partly because it would cause ill-feeling if we had a family of our own later, partly because I wanted to feel, to believe, that the baby really was mine. We were determined to carry out the deception to the utmost ends, and to let as few of our friends and relatives as possible know the truth. If we could get one sufficiently young I would go for a long holiday to my mother's Devon home and return, after a suitable period, complete with baby.

I approached an Adoption Society.

There are several very good societies who try and help humanity by placing unwanted babies in homes that need and will love them. Before the war, I was told, baby boys were in great demand, but since the war girls were more popular. Yet more boys were being born. My heart went out to the baby boys—and as I had always wanted my eldest child to be a boy, I decided on a boy.

After my investigations I came home with full particulars for my husband. We had to have all manner of guarantors, and guardians in case we were killed before the child reached manhood, medical and clerical guarantees that our home was a fit place for the baby. On the other hand, the baby would have a good medical test. The mother would have undergone a blood test, tests for the more insidious and inherited diseases, and we would be told the life history of the parents. We would have to visit a home to choose our baby from the ones that had been gathered for selection, and would see photographs of the mother and perhaps the father. Some societies even let you see the parents without letting the parents know they are being seen.

We did not see Peter's parents, we saw him, and that was quite enough. From the first moment that I held the gurgling bundle of dimples (Continued on page 71)

# It's Your Headache

Some people suffer from headaches, others never have them. No doctor can tell you why.

There have been cases of sunstroke where victims have run temperatures of 104 degrees and 106 degrees without ever experiencing the really stupendous headache which accompanies sunstroke, a headache due to swollen blood-vessels and damage to the tip end of the spinal cord. There is a well-known Rugby player who has twice been carried from the field unconscious with a broken nose. On coming to and being patched up he has never had a headache from it, not from the dislocated bone, splayed tissues, bruise, or other sound causes. Yet this man has only to travel from one station to another in a crowded train to be prostrated with headache.

"That's nerves," you say. "Crowds affect some people like it." True. And nerves jump the pace of the blood-stream, bringing a throb to temples. Witness the skull-cracking pain which comes from trying to balance the family budget these days. That's worry as well as nerves. Worry precipitates acid into the blood-flow besides sending a rush of blood to the head. Hence disharmony in circulation. Disharmony entails strain. Strain is at the root of every headache. So, be thankful that you have a head that registers strain and warns you of something either organically or functionally amiss.

A headache is an alarm bell: the words "organically amiss" stand for injury—either by infection, chill or blow—to one of the major organs, such as liver or kidneys; "functionally amiss" implies interference with the duties of your organs, such as indigestion from rushing, eye-strain, or the headache that comes from wearing high heels and having the balance of your stance upset. Never dismiss a headache as just a nothing, diagnose it.

A bilious headache is one of the most easily recognised: accentuated by nausea, it descends like a pall, and black spots dance before the eyes. Do not suppress it with aspirin. If you do, you may succeed in banishing the head, but you will be ill for days. Bed is your remedy, but you will spoon of bicarbonate of soda in a wineglass of water to help relieve dizziness and sickness, a suitable evacuant—cascara—followed by a cup of hot weak tea half an hour later; then wait till the scourge is over.

Bilious or liver headaches always envelop the head, as do headaches that precede severe chills—chills being liver complaints.

A kidney headache is to the front of the head, as though the forehead and all that lay behind it had suddenly become hyper-sensitised; other symptoms will probably be present, in which case a tablet of hexamine—to be had from any chemist —until the doctor comes, will probably ease suffering and do no harm. Fever headaches are much the same, but not so acute, and a soaring sensation is present according to the extent of the temperature. 'Flu is usually foreshadowed by a head encased in iron.

A neuralgic head is another that is clearly defined. Perhaps "neuralgic forehead" would be the more accurate term. Neuralgia is purely inflamed nerve, some people are susceptible to it from draught, but the really crippling neuralgia is the surest indication of overwork and nervous strain.

It generally strikes across one side of the forehead like a whip, sometimes it goes through the eye. Immediate rest is necessary in a darkened room. Take two powdered aspirins in a little water; very weak tea ten minutes after; honey, if you can get it, an hour later. Don't attempt to work, keep resting. Neuralgia is an urgent alarm-bell. Headache from eye-strain will never be sharp enough to cause you to cease work, yet it is essential that it should not be overlooked. Eye-strain springs from a number of causes, but the most probable lies in one eye being stronger than the other, and a struggle going on between the two to find some point at which there can be equality of sight or focus. This will lead to the stretching of a muscle in one eye; damage that can never be undone, and resulting short-sightedness. When this occurs the headache vanishes. Many are the medical students who have telescoped six years' work into four, only to find that when they have taken their degrees, future practise and lifework is seriously handicapped by a short-sightedness that has come upon them because they disregarded early premonitory headaches.

Eye strain headache is indefinite, like a cloud behind the mid-forehead, or it may float just below your crown, a pain sitting on your brain. If you notice it while at work, twice consecutively, have your eyes tested.

Similarly indefinite but persistent headaches may denote anæmia—when

(Continued on page 57)

# Four WISE Women

**follow these precautionary routines. They buy little, as only little can be bought, but what they buy is good. They are never fobbed off by unnamed substitutes. They make certain of obtaining what they require by placing an order for it beforehand, with their chemist. He then cites it on his beauty quota from the manufacturer.**

**By CHRYSIS**

**HOUSE-WIFE.** Long ago she discovered that the secret of remaining young, poised and attractive lay in wiping out the day's trivialities for an hour, during which she revived her essential personality.

She did this literally, by means of a bath, taken well before the evening meal. Hot water relaxes, stimulates, frees the mind.

Cleansing cream was slipped on while her pores were opening in steam. Thus it did twice the work on half the amount before it was removed by a closely-milled, super-fatted soap. Alternatively, she applied a light mask to dry on while she soaked, and peel off while she dried.

Then—bed and sleep. Sometimes the chin was lifted by a strap that tied off above the head, or, if she felt specially tired, the face was patted with skin-food before a square of fine silk-knit—cut from old underwear—was drenched with witch-hazel and firmly fixed over it, held in place under the chin-band. This re-contoured and drew out every trace of fatigue. Before closing her eyes she told herself to wake in twenty minutes, and did so automatically, completely revived.

**SERVICE-WOMAN.** Her appearance was in danger of becoming regimented. Shoulders shoot forward and tails shoot out under the weight of a Service gas-mask and tin helmet and this stance persists in mufti.

To correct it, whenever she unloaded, she pressed head, shoulders, lower back and heels against the wall. Then, having carefully dropped her shoulders, she tried to make her middle-back touch the wall: failed, but the effort drew in the abdomen, brought the spine into alignment, and assured the perfect posture.

Next she checked face-shine and listless hair due to cap-pressure upon temples. Shine cropped out on the forehead above the nose, went to nostrils, thence to chin crevice, travelling by subcutaneous glands. This was arrested by using Creme Simon M.A.T. Foundation by day. The initials stand for Matt, Active, Tonic: the ingredients combine with the skin secretions to prevent grease from forming. At night a special lotion emptied the congested glands. Hair was vitalised and scooped up curl by curl with a hard-bristled brush dipped in bay rum: if very greasy, the tonic was half bay rum, half Eau de Cologne. Lastly, a drastic change of hair style and gay colours brought back her own personality whenever she forsook uniform.

**LAND-GIRL.** Swiftly she reduced her beauty requirements to those that were at hand. Methylated spirits was sprinkled on bandages of wet towelling wound across swollen wrists, calves, forearms, ankles. It reduced distention like magic, eased burning, aching feet, and cured them if they were kept raised overnight on a pillow.

Whey from curdled milk and buttermilk was poured lavishly upon sun-burns, covering the face or affected areas whenever possible with a muslin soaked in the same liquid, letting the whole dry on. This prevented blistering. The ugly, deep brown of weals was removed later by cucumber rind, wiped across. Cucumber juice, a tablespoonful worked into an ounce of zinc ointment, applied three nights a week, cleared face, neck and arms to a mellow gold, preserved by Pond's Cold Cream in the interval.

Thus, with the constant aid of a nail-brush, she harnessed the glow of country life to the fastidious grooming required by the town. For she had to escape once a week, to music, people, conversation, shows.

**BUSINESS-WOMAN.** Lack of fresh air has always been her beauty problem. So she seized every chance on summer evenings of getting into the sun. A freshening-up always came first: a hot, damp towel was rapidly passed over face, neck, and shoulders, round and down to the waist; a touch of methylated spirits was then rubbed between the shoulders.

She stepped into a foot-bath containing a handful of common or Epsom salts, and then, whenever possible, slid between sheets for an eye-rest under herbal sachets; they renewed her sight of the world.

If time did not permit this doze, she sat before the mirror, and with the third finger of either hand, pressed up along the sides of the nose over and out on the eyebrow bone. The fourth fingers were then dipped in the finest eye-cream and feather-flicked from the nose out under the eyes. This double movement smoothed out the creases without stretching the skin, invigorated, helped re-set her focus, too. All day long she had served; now it was her turn to be served.

She used a good powder base to conceal any blemishes—Gladys Cooper's skin-food foundation, which also keeps the skin moist. And she sweetened the breath by passing Eau de Cologne over the gums.

# FASHIONS

By JEAN BURNUP
Editor Women's Department

Women have settled down to the idea of substitutes with an ease and agility born of long practice in the art of adjusting themselves. It is as if pure straws, pure crepes and satins, woollens, linens, silk stockings never had been. Anything real, from the rich past, is cosseted and treasured like heirloom lace. Meanwhile, women are discovering that rayon stockings wash and wear like anything, and really look presentable. They are observing a new chic in their fabric hats—shirting, tartan, voile, pique—which team with blouses, gloves or handbags. Felt handbags and gloves, loudly stitched, and not too tricky to make at home, have the new elegance. So have the hand-knit, deep pill-boxes worn back of the head. If you have never made a hat before, try this easy one: Tie a turban round the head, stitch together so that the top hair is covered, add a lining if you're thorough, place on top a large, gaudy bunch of flowers. This is a flatterer for almost any face. At some stores you can still buy lace-like black and coloured gloves—they are really machined cotton—for as little as three and six.

# STITUTES

1. Jaunty jacket and skirt in a black and white check wool-and-cotton mixture which resists creasing. **52/6**

2. Artificial spot crepe jumper-suit with a gored skirt, a tucked, finely-fitting jacket-bodice, a separate pique collar. White spots on pink, navy, turquoise or red grounds. **69/6**

3. Navy and white artificial crepe, which gives full value to the striped design. The long front panel joins the skirt in gathered fullness, the waistband ties at back. **29/11**

4. Horrockses' Royalin, a linen substitute, in many attractive flower designs. The piping on the shirt bodice gives a bolero look. **9/11**

5. Another variation of the classic shirtmaker dress, in sheer rayon with interesting yoke and pocket detail, a wide skirt. In many good colours. **37/6**

6. Buttercup yellow near-linen, hardly to be told from the real thing, in a smartly casual button-through shirt frock. **39/11**

7. This spotted pseudo crepe looks just like real tie-silk. The smocked yoke, the tight ribs, the frilled pocket tops make it a charmer. White spots on larkspur blue and cowslip yellow. **79/6**

*Write to the Editor, Women's Department, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, W.C.1, for names of the shops where these frocks (or similar types and values) can be obtained.*

## 1 Materials

5 oz. Copley's 3-ply Excelsior wool; No. 9 needles and No. 4 or 5 needles (these last are just for casting-on); press studs.

### Measurements

Round bust, 34 ins.; length, 19 ins.; sleeve seam, 5 ins.

### Tension

8 sts. and 10 rows to 1 in.

### The Pattern

**1st row.**—P. 2 (k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1) into the next st. * P. 1, p. 2 tog., wl. rd., p. 2 (k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1) into next st. Repeat from * to end of row, ending p. 2.

**2nd row.**—K. 2. * P. 8, k. 5; repeat from * to end of row, ending k. 2.

**3rd row.**—P. 2. * K. 8, p. 1, p. 2 tog., wl. rd., p. 2. Repeat from * to end, ending p. 2. **4th row.**—As 2nd. **5th row.**—As 3rd. **6th row.**—As 2nd. **7th row.**—As 3rd. **8th row.**—As 2nd. **9th row.**—P. 2. * K. 8, pass 7th st. over the 8th, then 6th over 8th, then 5th over 8th, and so on, until there is only 8th st. left in this group of 8 k. sts. P. 1, p. 2 tog., wl. rd., p. 2. Repeat from * to end, ending p. 2.

**10th row.**—K. 2. * P. 1, k. 5. Repeat from * to end.

**11th row.**—P. 1, p. 2 tog., wl. rd., p. 2 (k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1) into next st. Repeat from *, ending p. 2.

**12th row.**—* K. 5, p. 8. Repeat from * to end. **13th row.**—* P. 1, p. 2 tog., wl. rd., p. 2, k. 8. Repeat from * to end.

(Continued on page 70)

## 2 Materials

6 oz. Bairnswear Lambswool 3-ply in green; 2 oz. of the same wool in white; 6 buttons; tape for lining straps; Nos. 10 and 12 needles.

### Measurements (Jersey)

Round chest, 26 ins.; length, 16½ ins.; sleeve seam, 11 ins.

### Sun Suit

Width all round at widest part, 24 ins.; length, 10 ins.

### Tension

8 sts. and 10 rows to 1 in.

**Note.**—Wind white wool in 4 balls.

### The Jersey

**Back.**—With No. 10 needles, cast on 104 sts. Work the following rib: **1st row.**—* P. 2, k. 4. Repeat from *, ending p. 2. **2nd row.**—* K. 2, p. 4. Repeat from *, ending p. 2.

Repeat these 2 rows until there are 11½ ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 81 sts. (1 extra dec. at side). Now with K. 4 side of work facing (right side), work stocking st., starting K. for 2 rows. Work first row of spots as follows: k. 3 green, 3 white, 21 green, 3 white, 21 green, 3 white, 21 green, 3 white, 3 green, twisting wools at change of colour to avoid gaps.

**2nd row.**—P. 2 green, 5 white, 19 green, 5 white, 19 green, 5 white, 19 green, 5 white, 2 green. **3rd row.**—K. Colours as 2nd row. **4th row.**—P. 1 green, 7 white, 17 green, 7 white, 17 green, 7 white, 17 green, 7 white, 1 green. **5th row.**—K. colours as 4th row. **6th row.**—P. as 2nd. **7th row.**—K. colours as 2nd. **8th row.**—P. colours as 1st row. Break off white wools. Work 6 rows green stocking st.

Now work 2nd line of spots: **1st row.**—K. 15 green, 3 white, 21 green, 3 white, 21 green, 3 white, 15 green. Work these 3 spots in same manner as the previous four, then work 6 rows green stocking st. Now work 4 spots as first line, then continue in green stocking st. until armholes are 5½ ins. round curve. Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows, leaving 32 sts. Change to No. 12 needles and white wool, and work 6 rows p. 2, k. 4 rib. Cast off.

(Continued on page 70)

**ABBREVIATIONS**

k.=knit ; p.=purl ; st.=stitch or stitches ; tog.=together ; beg.=beginning ; inc.=increase ; dec.=decrease ; ins.=inches ; pat.=pattern ; m.=make ; s.=slip ; wl. rd.=wool round needle (making one) ; wl. fwd.=wool forward

# DIMPLES IN WOOL

**A brand-new and fascinating pattern, but no beginner need fear complications—it's easy. Make it in white or pastel.**

# KNOCKING SPOTS OFF

**Any sun-pants your four-year-old has had before. And there's a manly sweater for cold winds.**

# STARRING STRIPES

**These look grand in confectionery colours, with the ribbed and cable-stitched body in bright navy.**

## 3 Materials

5 oz. 3-ply wool ; 1 oz. each of 3 contrasting colours ; 4 buttons ; Nos. 9 and 12 needles.

## Measurements

Length from shoulder, 19½ ins. ; across underarm, 16½ ins.; sleeve length from shoulder, 11 ins.

## Tension

7 sts. and 10 rows to 1 in.

## Back and Front Alike

With main coloured wool, and No. 9 pins, cast on 114 sts. Work in the following pat. :

**1st row.**—* P. 2, k. 2, p. 2, k. 3. Repeat from * to last 6 sts. P. 2, k. 2, p. 2.

**2nd row.**—* K. 2, p. 2, k. 2, p. 3. Repeat from * to last 6 sts. K. 2, p. 2, k. 2.

**3rd row.**—* P. 2, k. 2, p. 2, knit into the 3rd st. on left-hand pin. Then k. the 1st and 2nd sts. on left-hand pin. Repeat from * to the last 6 sts., p. 2, k. 2, p. 2.

**4th row.**—As 2nd. **5th row.**—As 1st. **6th row.**—As 2nd. (These 6 rows make the main pat.)

Continue in pat. until work measures 3 ins. from the beg. Change to No. 12 pins and work 2 ins. Change to No. 9 pins and continue until 12½ ins. from the beg.

## Shape the Armholes

Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 6 rows. Continue now in stocking st. (1 row k., 1 row p.) on the remaining 90 sts. Working in the following stripes : ** 2 rows candy pink, 4 rows lime green, 2 rows candy pink, 2 rows main colour, 6 rows violet, 2 rows main colour, 2 rows candy pink, 4 rows lime green **. Repeat from ** to ** once. Then 2 rows candy pink, 2 rows main colour, 4 rows violet. Cast off.

## The Sleeves

With No. 12 pins and main colour wool, cast on 87 sts. Work 1 in. main pat. Change to No. 9 pins, and continue until 5½ ins. from the beg.

## Shape the Top

Cast off 3 at the beg. of the next 6 rows. Now continue in stocking st. and stripes as for the yoke, at the same time decreasing 1 st. each end of every k. row until 27 sts. remain. Cast off.

## The Neck Ribbing

With No. 12 pins and main colour wool, cast on 84 sts. Rib 1½ ins., k. 1, p. 1, dec. 1 st. each end of the 3rd row and every row following. Make another exactly the same.

## To Make Up

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew all seams, sew in sleeves, arranging fullness at the top. Sew the ribbing to neck. Leaving the sides open, on which work 2 button loops on each side of the front of neck. Sew on buttons at the opposite sides.

# You're

**1.** If there is a skin problem worse than acne, I should like to know it. For some time I have been trying to conceal it beneath a heavy make-up, but this is worse than useless and probably bad for my skin. Can you tell me of a reliable cure? Also if anybody makes a good medicated foundation. Do you know a beauty specialist, not prohibitively expensive, who guarantees to cure acne?

**2.** I work hard at the office all day and do one night's canteening a week. So I have very little time—or, indeed, inclination—for beauty routines. Then, when my skin feels more like brown paper than usual, I get a glamorous invitation. Isn't there something I can do on such occasions to give my skin, as it were, a quick cocktail? I have read of face-masks, of course, but thought they were drying.

**3.** My two brothers have long, thick eyelashes that sweep the cheek. Mine are scanty and short. Now, to my horror, I find I am losing even some of these. Can you recommend some good tonic I can use to grow and strengthen them? As they are now, mascara makes them look even worse, they are so scattered.

**4.** My hair has always been thin and scanty, but everywhere that I don't want hair to grow, it grows. Unpleasant as it is, I can about stand it on my legs and forearms, but now the shadow on my upper lip is growing into a menace, and the down outlining my cheeks looks terrible. I don't expect miracles, and I won't have electrolysis. Is there a simpler, even if a more gradual, cure?

**5.** Blackheads and open pores are the bane of my existence. I get the blackheads round the nose and in the chin crevices, and the open pores are all over my face. I have tried hot-water fomenting and squeezing for the blackheads, but that seems to leave little craters behind. Astringents do my pores no good. What do you suggest?

**8.** Here is a cry from the heart—how can I get rid of dandruff? After a shampoo and set I am all clear for about two days. Then comes the warning—a sprinkling on my collar. After that comes the attack: my scalp is full with dandruff. I understand that dandruff is only a temporary condition. Can you recommend some good reconditioning treatment to make my scalp healthy again?

**6.** For some time past I have been disturbed by grey hairs which seem to crop up overnight, especially round the temples. I don't want to give in to greyness, but I am not anxious to have it dyed. I think dyed black hair looks awful. Is there some harmless darkening application which can be brushed on between shampoos?

**7.** I believe lots of women have the same trouble as mine—that is, a skin that is both dry and greasy. Mine is so terribly dry that it flakes. Yet, on the other hand, grease and shine seems to seep through about a quarter of an hour after making up. Can something be done to correct this?

**9.** My complexion is neither very good nor very bad, but I can never achieve a smooth, good-looking make-up that has any permanence. I don't expect it to stay matt and fresh all day long in town, but I would like not to have to renew my make-up every couple of hours. Can you advise me?

**10.** My face is absolutely full of lines and wrinkles, yet I am only 37. Two lines run from my nose to the mouth-corners. My eyelids are " crepey " and overhanging, and when I laugh the crow's-feet round the eyes form deep creases. How can I improve this condition?

# Asking Us . . .

**The fierce progress of the war does not stem the tide of letters from readers about their dress and beauty problems—evidence that nothing impairs the fundamental feminine desire to look as attractive as humanly possible, whatever the conditions. We print here 20 of the most typical questions that you ask. These have been replied to personally, but if any of the information in the answers interests you, we shall be glad to send it to you. ★ We know your difficulties about buying beauty preparations. The facts are that you must be prepared to wait for the commodities you want, and, when you finally get them, you must use them as a miser would. It is not such a hardship. Only to-day are we learning how wasteful we once were**

**11.** I make my own clothes and usually prefer belts of the same stuff as the dress. But my buckles always have an amateur look. Is there some place in London where they will cover them for me, and how long do they take? Please let me know if they will do it by post.

**12.** Can you advise me where I can find a good, well-cut range of separate jackets and skirts, with the colours and fabrics co-related, so that I can team them together? I want to see a choice of several skirt styles, pleated and plain, in the same colour as the jacket, or maybe a check or tartan skirt with a jacket in the predominating colour of the check. Not too expensive, please.

**13.** Please give me the address of a good place where I can get stocking runs mended reasonably and fairly quickly. I heard of one where they also clean dresses efficiently for about 2s. 9d. and dye them for 6s. 6d., but I have forgotten the address.

**14.** I want the name of a store where there is still a good choice of inexpensive artificial flowers, veilings, and attractive ready-made hat trimmings, bows, cockades, etc.

**15.** At which London store can I see a good collection of man-tailored jackets, cut with square shoulders and high revers? I do not wish to pay more than £2 2s.

**16.** I believe there is a shop in London which sells suede lengths for making gloves. Do they cut them out for you in your own size, do they supply patterns, do you have a good range of colours, and what do they cost?

**17.** I want to buy a yarn to make a delicate evening jumper. Somebody told me it is possible to obtain a mixture of knobbly wool and metal thread at about 1s. 9d. a skein. Could you locate it for me?

**18.** My problem is to find a really attractive and young-looking maternity dress. I am so tired of all those alleged concealing jabots or cross-over fronts or sack-like smocks. I want something in print, short-sleeved, well cut (about £3 3s.), with one of those new separate fronts that hang full yet straight and tie at the back.

**19.** Is there a London store where I can find a good range of dresses, say in moss crepe, either in a shirt-waist tailored style or something soft with a draped neckline and unpressed pleats, for about 37s. 6d.?

**20.** Could you please tell me where I can have buttons dyed the exact colour of my dress, how much it costs, and how long do they take?

★ *Write to the Editor, Women's Department, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1*

# MAID-TO-ORDER

SOME women are born organisers. They run their homes, unaided, with perfect composure and, apparently, little effort. The servant problem, which, as the great call-up of women accelerates, is becoming more and more acute, is nothing to them. They are independent and self-assured. They have a system which makes light of monotony and gets things done without fuss.

When there is everything to do and only one pair of hands to do it, it is essential to work to a plan. Muddling along, starting on one task and leaving it for another, stopping for a gossip, doing things as they thrust themselves upon the notice, instead of doing them at the appointed time and in the allotted routine is fatal.

There is a relentless repetition about housework. You have to face that. But it only becomes monotonous in your own mind. It depends how you attack it. Get yourself informed of the quickest, neatest, and most effective way of doing each task. For instance, don't wash up in a scrappy, a bit-here-and-a-bit-there kind of way. First, stack your dishes, clean them as you go so that you avoid messy scraps in the water. Don't attempt to wash up with insufficient water. Have lots of it and piping hot. Put soap flakes or some sort of soap powder in the water, plunge the washed dishes into a clean, hot rinse before you set them to drain.

Take the maintenance of furniture for another instance. Furniture must be *clean* under the polish, otherwise you get smears, grease, a filmy, dingy appearance. In the weekly clean-up of the room, take a leather and wring it out in warm water flavoured with vinegar. Go over the polished furniture with this and remove the dust and accumulated polish. Dry with a soft duster, then polish again. You 'll find it twice as easy as the old polish-upon-polish system.

Spotless, lustrous paintwork is something else which gives the house a well-kept, immaculate appearance. Good paint will keep its lustre only if you wash it at intervals with clean, warm water and follow

**Treat furniture scratches with a mixture of turpentine and linseed oil in equal proportions. Rub in gently with a soft cloth. For hot-plate marks rub the stains thoroughly with linseed oil and polish the wood with spirits of wine. Repeat the process several times if necessary.**

**Mix ordinary whitening with methylated instead of water to clean silver. It cleans the stains more easily and less rubbing is required to get a high polish.**

**Keep aluminium implements bright and clean with a solution of hot suds and ammonia. Never use soda or harsh scouring powders for these utensils.**

**Clean windows with a soft dry rag or cheesecloth dipped in turpentine. Very little rubbing is required to obtain a high polish in this way.**

with an application of Min cream. In between times use Min cream regularly because it cleans as well as polishes, and does not clog with grease. Never use scouring powders on your painted woodwork. It should never be allowed to get so dirty as to need such drastic measures. Daily dusting and an application of Min, say twice a week, should see you through with a wash-down about once a month.

Things done every single day and to a schedule, whether or not they appear to need doing at that moment, are things which keep a house spotless, unharassed and easy to manage.

A time-table is the only thing to work on if you are not very sure of your ability to keep a system going. Lay out the day with a certain task for each hour and make a stern effort not to exceed the times allotted. Run the time-table like a railway. No late trains. Or, if you cannot avoid running one job over into the time set aside for another, make up the difference elsewhere.

The time-table for an average household should go rather like this: Get up and do the lounge. That is, sweep, dust and lightly polish. Cook and eat breakfast. Do the front door and step. Tidy, sweep and dust the dining-room, make beds and sweep and dust bedrooms. Also bathroom, landing and stairs. Follow with the front hall. Clean up the kitchen and prepare lunch.

Daily variations of this time-table are adjustable to include, say, Monday, laundry, Tuesday, extra turning-out for the lounge and morning shopping. Wednesday, turn out the dining-room and clean silver and brass. Thursday, turn out one bedroom; morning shopping again: Friday, turn (Continued on p. 77)

The world is divided into two sections—the people who can live at peace with their neighbours and those who can't. In individuals as in nations the same applies. Some have aggression in them like a plague, others have the gift of peace.

Women are serious offenders. Women sharing a home are notoriously a flop, and the present conditions, which have brought about so much unaccustomed sharing, have done nothing to disprove this.

Yet so many quarrels—especially the domestic kind—spring from trifling sources. That is the trouble, for as the battle proceeds, bitterness and recrimination pile up and up until the original cause of the dispute is obscured and the war goes on for its own sake.

This is why we hear of so many households now where a sort of perpetual feud is being waged about nothing very much at all.

I know of a case in which two women sharing a country cottage are estranged beyond all reasonable hope of reunion because, in the beginning, one of them was accused by the other of going to bed and leaving the light in the living-room burning.

It sounds incredible but it is true. Moreover, it is typical. Of course, the real cause of the trouble is not the light at all, but the jealousy and personal rivalry which springs up all over the world at odd moments and leads to all kinds of quarrels, petty and large.

Women are so possessive. They are also, in some respects, quite childishly assertive when the abstract things they call their "rights" are concerned.

These two women living in a charming country cottage with everything to offer each other in the way of companionship and sympathy in the absence of their respective husbands are wrangling because one or both of them wants to prove to herself that she and no other is undisputed mistress of the household. Fear that the other woman is usurping her privileges, robbing her of the power and the satisfaction of ruling her small roost, is leading into these lengths.

There is another case in which a woman with a country house took in another woman and her child as paying guests, blitz refugees. It should have worked out well, because the woman who owned the house was glad of the reinforcement to her income, and the one who enjoyed her hospitality was glad of the refuge. But, oh no. After a while the "landlady" began to complain constantly of the affront to her dignity in "taking lodgers" although she had accepted them voluntarily. She was monotonous, too, in her complaints of the drudgery involved in waiting on another woman and her child. The fact that the other woman was only too willing to assist with the housework was of no consequence. She would not accept assistance. She was determined to enjoy her martyrdom.

Well, you can't do anything about a woman like that you may think. Yet, strangely enough, this extraordinary behaviour came from a woman who in every other respect was a nice, commonsense, kindly sort of creature. She wanted her cake as well as eating it.

Of course, there is another side to the question. Some women accepting the hospitality of another's home imagine that because they pay they buy the place, whereas they buy nothing but the right to share, to agreed limits, the comforts and amenities of the home. The guest has no possible right to express a view as to how the house should be conducted, unless it interferes flagrantly with her personal comfort. Even then she can only say so and leave, if the owner is not prepared to co-operate.

It is difficult to fit into another person's house for any period extending beyond a visit. You have to be tactful, appreciative, self-effacing, and very, very conscious of the other person's point of view. Even then, it takes two to make a comfortable ménage, but if the other person is unco-operative quarrelling is still avoidable.

When it comes to settling a dispute one must be guided by reason, never by emotions. Emotions are pretty tricky things to depend upon when human relationships are involved. You have to use all your good sense and all your strategical ingenuity to get the matter settled before it runs ahead of you and before side issues and hysterical recriminations come in to tangle up the skeins of reasoning.

The very best way in a disagreement is to settle it early. Get down to it and talk it out. Buried resentments and grievances left to fester in the dark are a menace. In a general way people like you much better for stating your grievances clearly and unemotionally right at the start. It can be done in friendly spirit, so that adjustments can be made before quarrelling begins.

There is a very good example of this kind of method in the story of the young married couple who agreed never to sleep (Continued on page 77)

# EMBELLISHMENTS

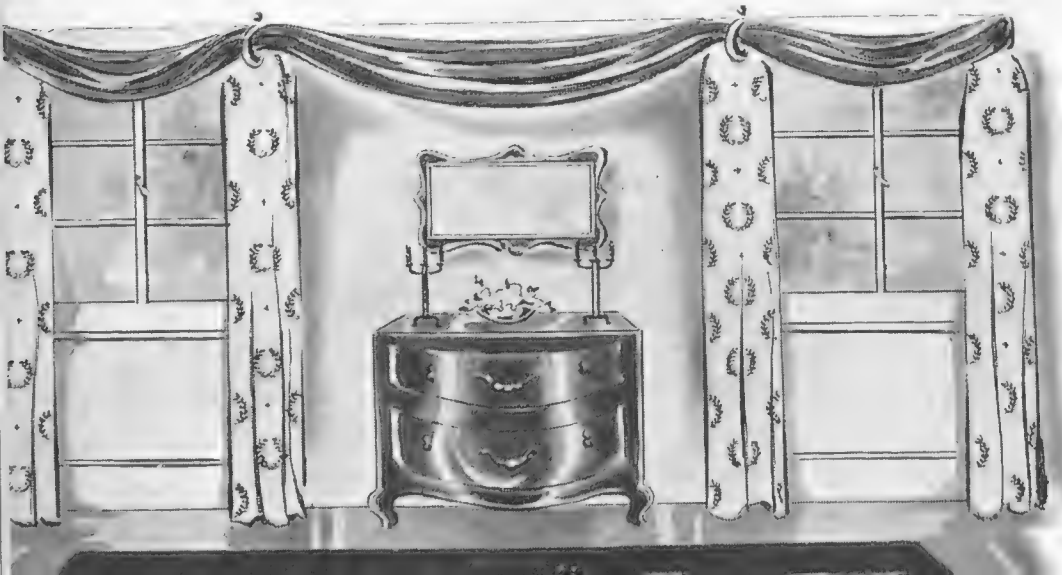
How can I make the old home look fresh and gay and made-over without spending a penny more than wartime economy permits? That is the question that all housewives are asking themselves. Here are some ideas to stimulate your own invention, and start you along the right road

Grand programmes of decoration and refurnishing are out for the count. That goes for nearly all of us for the time being, but there isn't a woman worth her salt who is ready to lie down on the business of making the home attractive even if ways and means are frought with troubles.

Plainly, we can't do big things, but we must do small. Embellishments around the house are still possible for everybody with a few ideas and a lot of ambition. This is a down-to-brass tacks situation we are in and it is up to us women to keep things going by never letting the situation get us down.

We are not all gifted at thinking up clever touches but we don't have to be. All we need to do is to keep our eyes open for ideas, trying out new things, elaborating the old. Turn the house around. If you can't do more, try new colours, new arrangements, dropping in little novel details here and there. Details are absolutely *vital* in this business of decorative interest.

What you can do with a yard or two of fabric, a couple of pots of paint and the will to experiment is something a lot of us have still to discover. Take a look at the illustrations on this page. They are encouraging. They might not be suitable for your house, but they do show what fun you can have working out surprises among the old possessions.



Take the french casement window we have sketched. Very nearly everybody has a french casement. Most of them look out on to pretty gardens at this time of the year and it is not a bad idea to give a frame to your view and at the same stroke to make a new focal point for the sitting-room when there isn't much in the garden to look out on.

Just suppose you decide to try this experiment in your sitting-room. Perhaps you could stretch the funds sufficiently to have the room newly distempered. That is cheap enough, especially if you do it yourself. One roll of figured wallpaper will be more than sufficient to provide the panel around the casement and you may

need a narrow gold edging or, if you prefer it, a thin wood beading to cover the rough edges of the paper.

It depends on what you mean to do about fabrics as to what colours you choose. If you are keeping the old curtains, then your new wall colouring must link up. Suppose your curtains are plain blue. In this case you can choose a very pale cyclamen for the main portion of the wall (we assume that the carpet colouring fits in) and for the wallpaper frame a pale blue ground with tiny sprays of purple, deep blue and light green.

On the other hand, perhaps the curtains are already figured. In this case the patterned wallpaper is out of order, but you can substitute a plain one with polka dots, with silver stars, or just a good plain contrast with the main wall colouring.

It is a plan full of possibilities and easy to carry out, even with your own hands.

Consider the new kind of pelmet treatment in the sketch at the foot of the left-hand page. This gives a dramatic touch to two quite ordinary windows, and calls for no particular skill. A length of artificial silk, wide enough to swathe into rich folds is slipped at suitable intervals through large coloured wooden curtain rings attached to the wall. One could add this finish to existing curtain treatments by choosing a silk which contrasts or tones with the material already in use.

Details like this make your whole background seem new and stimulating. Colour plays the most vital part in drawing attention to a particular spot. The brightly-coloured flower pots, illustrated in the kitchen window, give tone and accent to a simple kitchen colour-scheme. The walls are freshly distempered bright yellow. The gingham curtains are yellow and white. The prim, straight line of painted flower pots gives the window a dramatic touch. They are in any colour you like which emphasises the main scheme. Shrill green, lacquer red, rich blue. You can work out plenty of colour contrasts.

New cushions, new shades, a fresh grouping of the pictures, an amusing way of suspending them are details which count in the improvement of an old set-up. Pictures with velvet, twisted cord, or ribbon chains need not depend upon them for support. These are merely decorative. The practical support can be concealed behind the frames.

A little picture of charming colouring is made up by

*By Winifred Lewis*

the window piece, shown in the photograph below. Here is a simple wooden flap table fitted under the kitchen window. It comes up for scrap meals when you want it and lowers again when you need more elbow room. The window in the background is made more appealing by a plywood frame around the edges. It is painted blue to match the blue and white gingham curtains and screens the window edges from filtering light after blackout. The wall is distempered cream and the shelves on either side of the window are lined with red and hold the blue kitchen tins. Touches of red appear again at strategic points in the scheme and the paintwork everywhere is blue.

Sometimes you can add (*Continued on page 70*)

A french casement (*on opposite page*) is given a charming frame with a surround of figured wallpaper in pink, blue and jade on a pale grey ground. The rest of the wall is grey and the curtains are deep rose. (*Left*) Flower pots painted in shrill colours brighten a kitchen window. These are royal blue, scarlet and deep yellow. The gingham curtains are yellow and white, the walls deep cream. (*Left*) A dramatic link-up for two windows. A continuous pelmet draped through large wooden rings picks up a dominating colour in the general scheme.

Old pictures get a fresh interest from new ways of hanging. In the trio at top of page, an oval gilt frame is suspended with black velvet. Twisted cord in two colours supports the second frame and the third has a bright velvet ribbon contrasting in colour with the wall. (*Right*) A painted flap table under the kitchen window makes a useful point for scrap meals. The plywood frame around the outer edge of the window has a practical value in stopping the filter of light that sometimes shows at curtain edges after blackout.

# Country Cottage Chronicle

**By Sylvia Page**

The Luftwaffe had worked up to a very spiteful mood before I could bring myself to leave the comfort of my centrally heated London home for the country. I like soft living. I like it so much that it took persuasion in the shape of fifteen hundred pounds of explosive on our front doorstep to move me. I did move then, rather hastily, but with very little conviction that a country life would prove more to my taste than the attentions of the Luftwaffe.

We found apartments in one of those villas which spring up irrelevantly among hills and meadows. It was, even of country places, the least ideal, but it had comforts of a kind and it was deeply quiet after dark.

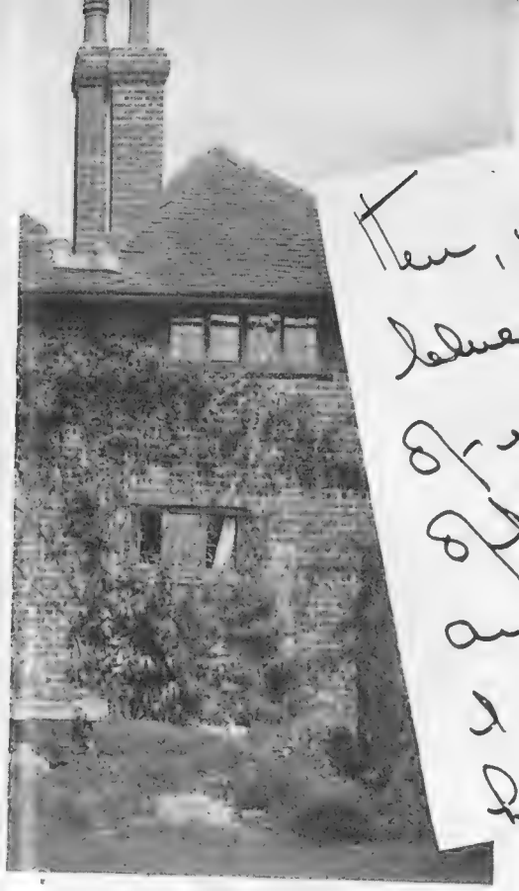
There were three improbable, memorable months at Underwood when, suddenly out of the blue, a cottage of my own was offered to me and I decided to become a householder again. Because my husband was serving I longed to have a home again so that he could come to it on occasional leaves.

On a green slope sheltered by a wood and overlooking the valley was an old cottage which had caught my eye from the first because of its smiling aspect. It was far from grand, but it had a lovable air and was at one with the background of woods and surrounding hills.

It was occupied by an old, old man who found himself too tired for another winter and another war—he had seen so many—so he turned his back upon it all and died. We had often talked over the low briar hedge that separated his house from the lane and I felt glad of this when the cottage became my own because I think he had liked me in spite of my foreign London ways and I am superstitious enough to think that the house took to me more kindly on this account.

It was a strange moment, for the little cottage pulled me unaccountably and yet I saw quite clearly that it was just a ramshackle place, miles from a shopping centre and regular means of transport. It was, in fact, without those amenities which have always been the necessities of life to me.

Plainly I had to work a miracle to endow my country hideout with the comforts it lacked. It was no small task when I came to examine it. There were three bedrooms and a square landing at the top of the stairs. Below, there was a pleasant parlour with casement doors, a stone-floored kitchen, a wash-house, which was a kind



Then, out of the blue, a cottage of my own with a shed to me and I decided to become a householder again

The cottage was far from grand but it had a lovable air though, plainly, I had to work a miracle to endow it with the comforts it lacked

(*Left*) Among other things from home I brought our beds, and for my own I chose a new Vantona cover in a flowered design, because it is so durable and pretty

(*Below*) We pulled out the old kitchen range and replaced it with a simple brick fireplace. The kitchen is now used as our dining-room

(*At foot of page*) Two big easy chairs and my own desk from home help to furnish the lounge. The chairs are modern, but not out of place among the beams

of afterthought, no bathroom and "outdoor sanitation."

Bridget and Peter (aged twelve and fourteen) and myself had been amusing each other with only a fortnightly trip to the nearest movies for relief since we came. Anything new was a thrill.

Cheapness was an important essential of my plans. I looked upon the cottage as a sensible investment apart from its immediate advantages, but we simply could not afford to spread ourselves.

The first step was to make it wind and weather tight. That meant some new tiles, renewed gutters, some attention to ill-fitting doors and windows, support for flapping gates.

After that had been seen to, we began on bigger things.

First, where to put a bathroom. Fortunately there was main water in the house, but no hot water supply.

After considerable thought I decided to convert one of the small bedrooms. The large, square landing on to which the staircase opened with the other bedroom doors upon one side of it would have to come into service as a bedroom. To make this practicable we set up a plywood partition around the top of the staircase. This darkened the winding stairway which had no windows, but it was a disadvantage that had to be met in order to make the landing room draughtproof.

When the screen was completed the room was bright and spacious. There was inevitably a certain amount of publicity for the occupant because of the passage from the stairs to the other bedrooms, but I allotted it to my young son, Peter, who sleeps, anyway, like a dormouse, and is totally unaware of the traffic through his room at night.

The bathroom is simple but comfortable. The walls were too porous for varnish paint, so we covered them with a thick lining paper then distempered over this, then sized it, and finally gave it a coat of varnish. This gave an effect indistinguishable from glossy paint only more suitable to the surface and gratifyingly cheap. The colour scheme is duck-egg blue with cyclamen curtains, black lined.

The bath and wash-basin, also the lavatory, which is fitted in the (Continued on page 78)

MARINER'S SALAD

# THEY DON'T

A friend of mine runs a country guest house. No part of the catering is easy these days, she says, but her biggest headache is something for supper.

They have a squarish midday meal, so I jotted down suggestions. And as it's a pretty universal problem these days, I'm passing them on. For such things don't, as the saying is, grow on trees.

These recipes are intended to form the main dish of the evening meal, which might well be started with a cold soup or ended with fresh cherries, raspberries, or other fruit now in season.

**Mackerel with Gooseberry Stuffing.** 4 mackerel, 2 cupfuls breadcrumbs, 1 lb. green gooseberries, 1 oz. margarine, ½ tablespoonful H.P. sauce, salt and pepper.

Split the fish, and take out backbone. Prepare the gooseberries (top and tail, wash and dry, chop small) and mix them with the breadcrumbs, margarine, sauce and seasoning.

When thoroughly blended, stuff the fish with the mixture. Have four pieces of well-greased paper and wrap up each fish, twisting the ends of the parcels securely. Bake thirty-five to forty minutes in a fireproof dish.

**Mariner's Salad.** ½ lb. left-over fish, 1½ cups cold cooked rice, 1 lettuce, watercress and sliced radishes for decoration, 2 teaspoonfuls grated horse-radish, salt and pepper, Heinz salad dressing or mayonnaise.

Bone and skin the fish, and flake it. Mix rice with dressing, add horse-radish and finally the fish. Season with salt and pepper. Arrange lettuce leaves on individual plates, and pile fish in centre. Decorate with watercress sprigs and sliced radishes. If the left-over fish happens to be salmon, make a ring of thin cucumber slices round each dish.

**Creamed Corned Beef.** 1 breakfastcup cubed corned beef, 1 gill white sauce, 1 tablespoonful chopped spring onion, breadcrumbs (preferably from wheatmeal loaf), pepper and salt.

Make the sauce, using ½ oz. flour, a walnut of dripping and a gill of vegetable water or stock. Add to it the chopped spring onion. Keep hot.

Fork up and arrange the corned beef in a shallow fireproof dish, pour the hot sauce over the meat and sprinkle with crumbs. Cover with a margarine paper, or dot with a few thin shavings of cooking fat, and cook about fifteen minutes in a moderate oven. Or the dish can be browned and heated through beneath a red-hot grill, without paper covering.

This is suggested for a time when your meat ration is made up with a proportion of corned beef. It is equally good with left-over tongue. Try, by the way, to get McCall's Paysandu ox tongue; it has a different flavour.

**Vegetable Brains on Toast.** 1 set sheep's brains, ½ pint vegetable water, little milk, 1 oz. flour, chopped parsley, salt and pepper, 4 slices wheatmeal toast (spread with dripping or margarine), ½ lb. turnip tops, spinach or lettuce leaves, with any other left-over vegetables — a few peas, diced carrot, or what you have.

If they are not already cooked, boil the greens quickly in a very little water, drain and chop, and mix with the other vegetables. Make hot.

After soaking the brains for a short time in salted, lukewarm water, poach them in the vegetable water and a little milk. Ten minutes should be sufficient. Take out brains and chop lightly on a board. Blend flour to a cream with cold water, and stir smoothly into the stock to thicken it. When boiling, add the brains, which you have seasoned well with salt and pepper. Arrange toast on a hot dish, pile some vegetable mixture on each slice, and coat with the brain sauce. Sprinkle with chopped parsley or chervil before serving.

**Riz de Joie.** ½ lb. ox kidney (or left-over meat, tongue or corned beef), ¼ lb. mushrooms (half this quantity will do to flavour the dish), 2 teacupfuls rice, a handful of currants (optional), 1 oz. cooking fat, 1½ pints water or vegetable water, salt and pepper.

Put kidney in pan with water, salt and pepper. Heat very slowly until nearly boiling. Remove kidney; replace pan on stove and bring to boil. Meanwhile, make fat very hot in frying-pan and fry the mushrooms (peeled, but not discarding the stalks) till tender. Remove

By Harriet Muir

RIZ
DE JOIE

VEGETABLE
BRAINS ON TOAST

# GROW ON TREES

mushrooms from pan, and in the fat which is left fry the rice till opaque.

Add rice to boiling stock, and stir. Let simmer, stirring frequently, till rice is tender and liquor has been nearly all absorbed. Then add mushrooms and kidney (both chopped), currants and additional seasoning—and, if you want to zip up the flavour, a little H.P. sauce.

Make very hot and serve with a plain watercress or dandelion salad. Pick the young dandelion leaves, not the coarse outer ones. Prefaced by a cup of Poulton and Noel's vegetable soup, served ice-cold, this makes a satisfying summer supper.

**Salad Dressing.** Here's a useful dressing to make when you are without oil and vinegar. Mix together 2 saltspoonfuls salt, a good shake of pepper, ½ teaspoonful sugar and 1 teaspoonful Worcester sauce. Add ½ teacupful top milk, stir well and dress the salad. This is particularly good with a plain dandelion salad. Add a handful of chopped chervil to the dandelion leaves.

**Garden Hot-pot.** ½ lb. shelled peas, ½ lb. shelled broad beans, 1 lb. new potatoes, a little margarine or dripping, 1 teaspoonful sugar (optional), 4 spring onions, a large lettuce (or its equivalent in outside lettuce leaves), 1 cup stock or vegetable water, ½ teaspoonful flour, bunch of herbs (optional), 6 or 8 baby carrots, pepper and salt.

Chop the onions, green part included. Put them with the peas, beans, carrots (scraped) and potatoes (skins rubbed off) in a saucepan or deep casserole. Put in the margarine, sugar, herbs and salt and pepper to taste. Cut lettuce in quarters, and add it. Pour over the stock; cover closely, and bring slowly to the boil. Boil gently for thirty-five minutes, or until vegetables are tender.

Take out herbs. Mix flour to a paste with a little cold water and stir in to thicken. Cook ten minutes more, and serve with Weston's plain biscuits (if you can get them—if not use wheatmeal bread) spread with vegetable or meat extract.

**Cheese Charleston.** 4 tablespoonfuls grated cheese, 8 oz. stale bread, 1 dessertspoonful margarine or other fat, 1 egg or dried egg equivalent, pepper and salt.

Soak bread in cold water, squeeze out moisture and mash well. Stir in all the cheese except a little which you keep for the top. Add egg, beaten. Grease a pie-dish with some of the fat. Put in the mixture, dab slivers of fat over and sprinkle with cheese and browned breadcrumbs. Bake in the oven. Serve with a crisp salad of cos lettuce.

I am giving an occasional cheese dish—without apologies. Most people find it better to use the small ration for cooking than to give each member of the family a minute portion raw.

**Potato Omelette.** 4 raw potatoes, 2 eggs, breadcrumbs, 4 spring onions, 2 bacon rashers, 1 tablespoonful chopped parsley or chervil, fat or oil for frying, seasoning of salt and pepper.

Peel potatoes and grate them. Add the eggs, well beaten, with salt and pepper, and mix thoroughly. Mix in the onions, which you first chop small (green part included), and the parsley. Add sufficient breadcrumbs to absorb moisture and make a firm mixture.

Put fat in frying-pan and when very hot put in the potato mixture. Cut each rasher in halves and lay pieces on top. Put a saucepan lid over the frying-pan and cook slowly till omelette is brown underneath. Either turn over and fry other side, or finish under the grill.

Decorate with sprigs of parsley and serve with a salad of mixed watercress and young dandelion leaves.

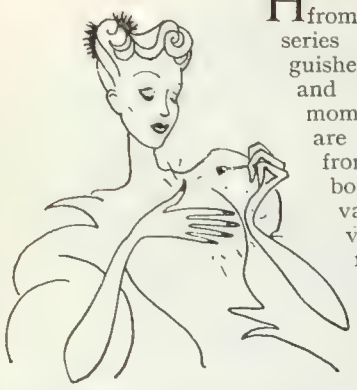
**Beef Salad.** 2 or 3 slices left-over beef (or veal), 6 boiled new potatoes, 1 cup left-over broad beans or peas, a few sprigs of cooked cauliflower (optional), lettuce leaves, French dressing.

Cut the meat into match-thin strips, using a sharp knife. Slice the potatoes and mix in a bowl with the meat, beans and cauliflower.

Make dressing by mixing a small teaspoonful mustard powder, salt and pepper with 1½ tablespoonfuls vinegar; add 3 tablespoonfuls salad oil and blend well. Stir dressing into contents of bowl.

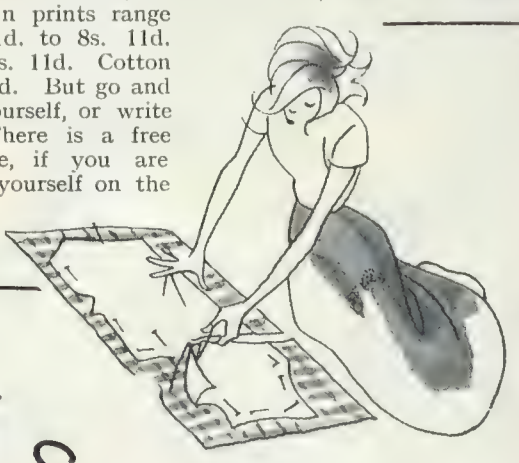
Arrange lettuce leaves attractively on individual plates and heap salad on to each plate. Serve with oatcakes.

# PURCHASE TACTICS

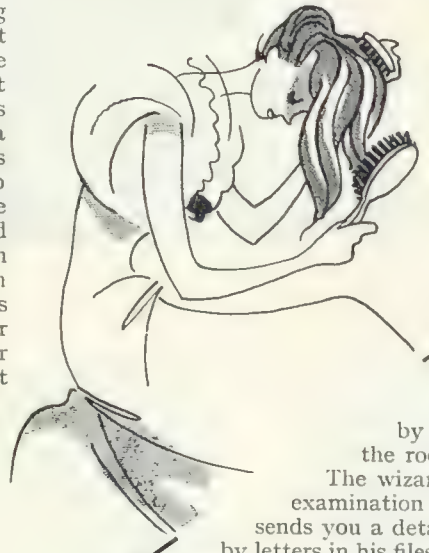


HERE'S some heartening news from the manicure front. A new series of preparations is distinguished by its wide colour range and modest price. At the moment of going to press, there are twelve shades of varnish from which to choose, at 2s. a bottle; outsize oily polish varnish remover at 1s. 3d.; a velvet base for protecting the nail and making varnish last longer at 2s.; and last, but not least, a natural lacquer for the girl in uniform that is guaranteed not to affront any one's sensibilities. Cuticle troubles caused by dryness, are taken care of by an oily cuticle remover (1s. 3d.). You apply with an orange stick night and morning.

IT was as good as a present of onions to find a grand stock of rayon and cotton prints for summer dresses at a London store, plus an optimistic tongue to chat about them. Short of a direct hit, no difficulty is anticipated here in supplying customers with a summer frock. The rayons are really lovely, lots of flaming gipsy colours against dull black; spots against pastels, and an interesting cotton bouclé, in self colours, that simulates fine wool. Rayon prints range from about 4s. 11d. to 8s. 11d. Cotton bouclé is 3s. 11d. Cotton prints, all at 1s. 6½d. But go and have a look for yourself, or write in for patterns. There is a free cutting-out service, if you are weary of doing it yourself on the sitting-room floor.



WE women must take short cuts to beauty in war-time. And, speaking personally, I have found that the best short cut, as well as the most lasting, is a face pack. That is to say, if you can find the right kind of pack. And that's not easy. Bouquets for one, please, because I've just found a honey. It has all the tightening-up qualities of the ordinary mask, plus 100 per cent radio activity, of the kind you find in spas where millionaires used to spend their millions and conserve their beauty. Every type of skin blooms under its influence like a rose in the sun. But the pack is not only meant for your face. It is for hands, backs (don't forget this bit of yourself this summer), gooseflesh on upper arms, and so on.



A HAIR wizard there is in London who has been treating heads, crowned, coroneted and obscure, for over half a century. You send him, by post, a tiny lock of your hair, cut off as near the root as possible, together with a few combings. The wizard then makes a chemical and microscopic examination of your bits and pieces, and in a few days sends you a detailed report and prescription. Judging by letters in his files, results, even among elderly people, are phenomenal. Prices of the various preparations which he makes up in his own laboratory, are no more than you pay for the average hair tonic. Hair that is falling out for no apparent reason, and hair that is discoloured, are his special study. Dyed hair can be treated quite as effectively as hair that has been left to nature.

I HAVE just seen a collection of eye-taking overalls. Trimmed off to make the most or least of your curves; in good colours, they have as much personality as anything in your wardrobe. They range from the bib and brace suit sketched, to a nurse's apron. Boiler suits, in khaki or navy drill, cost 16s. 6d. (send bust size), or if it is a white coat you are wanting for war service, there are ten styles from which to choose, in a wide range of sizes, priced at 6s. 7d. to 18s. 6d. Being something of a gardener myself, my fancy was a new kind of gardening apron in grass green poplin piped with red, with a cute kneeling mat hooked on to the belt; loop for raffia tool pockets and other natty notions, all for the price of 8s. 11d. Also noted were maternity smocks in rich coloured rayon prints. These are yoked and box pleated back and front, and cost 27s. 6d. Slub cotton ditto are 12s. 6d

AND now, ladies, having knitted for victory all winter through, in khaki, navy and in blue, what about doing a spot of tatting for yourselves? Something bright *and* gaudy; the brighter and gaudier the better. Just to show them. If you haven't yet seen the new fibro wool yarn, its colours will dazzle you. And if you are one for mistrusting all new-fangled inventions, let me assure you that fibro wool looks likes wool, feels like wool, and is actually safer to wash than wool on account of the fibro minimising shrinkage dangers. Price is about the same as wool, and you can still get plenty of it.

**By Mary Young**

**If any of the subjects answer your current problems write to me at "Britannia & Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. I shall be happy to send further information**

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Black, Blue, Brown, Green/Wine.
Price - 49/6

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Wine/Blue, Blue/Wine, Green/Red, Black/Red.
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Standing orders for Amazons—slip into a pair of Cool-ees for utter relaxation off duty. What beguiling comfort they bring to busy feet and how bravely they spotlight wartime frocks. Joyce of California styled these gay swashbucklers; they're a superb solace for the less martial moments of a campaigner's life. At leading stores and shoe shops.

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There's more comfort in a wedge shoe than in any other type; the special construction positively assures perfect body balance without foot strain. Cool-ees are as comfortable and friendly as old clothes — you just can't wear them out.

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*At leading stores and shoe shops.*
*For the name of your nearest agent write to:*

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Please be patient if you have difficulty in getting Cool-ees. They're in keen demand overseas — and supplies we send abroad are helping to keep the country's vital export trade well on its feet. You'll understand, we know!

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# MACVITA

Delicious with butter, preserves or cheese but equally satisfying without. The best of English wheat—*at its best.*

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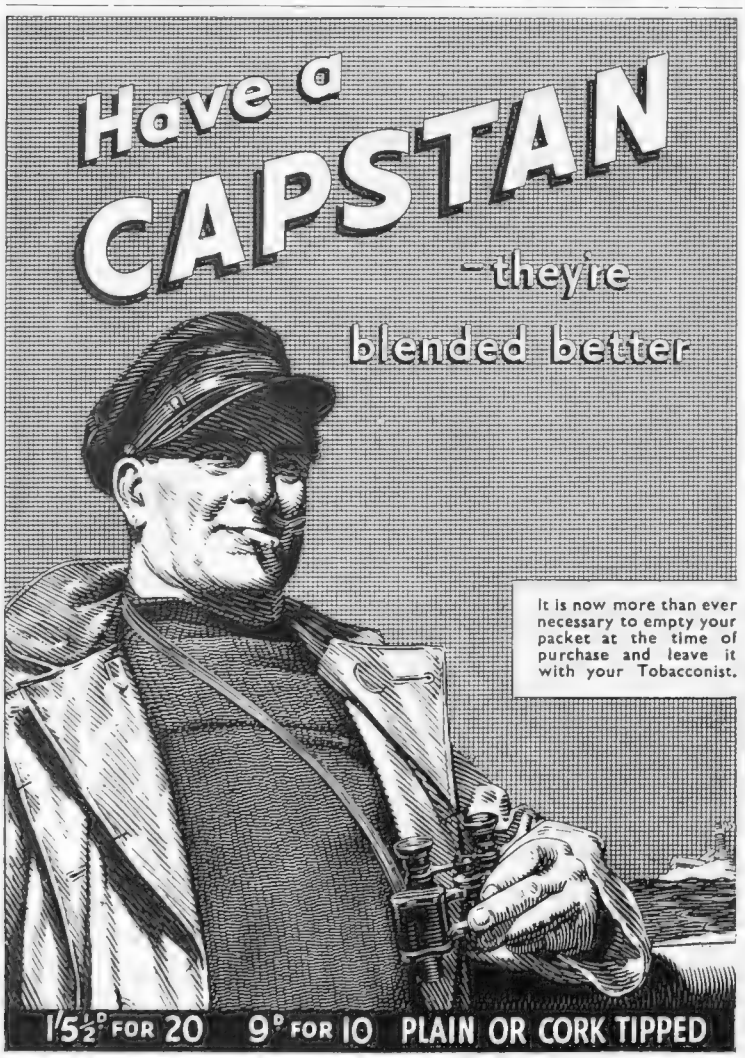
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WAR SAVINGS CAMPAIGN

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Because it is the imperative duty of us all to save and lend our money to the State — for as long as possible.

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It is a full Trustee Security on which you will receive interest at the rate of 3% per annum as long as you hold it. The State has the option to redeem your bonds at par from 1955 onwards and must do so in 1965 at the latest.

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The Bonds are continuously on tap until further notice. Ask your Bank or Stockbroker for prospectus and application form.

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# 3%
# Savings Bonds
## 1955-65

*Issued by The National Savings Committee, London.*

 (*Continued from page 9*)

"Hallo," Hagel answered. "I'm a friend of Harry's; he told me to ring you up when I got to London."

"Harry who?" the voice asked.

"Harry Brown," Hagel said; this completed the formula the consul had given him for making contact.

"Of course, Harry told me about you; where are you telephoning from?"

"A call box near St. James's Park."

There was a pause, then the voice said: "If you walk across the Park towards the Admiralty, I'll come to meet you. Look out for me near the lake, north side."

"Right," Hagel said.

He hung up the receiver, took a look to see if any one was standing outside the box and, having assured himself about this, went out. He walked slowly along the road, looking in shop windows; so far as he could tell he was not followed, but he would not be certain of this until he got into the Park. It is impossible to follow a person unperceived through a park.

Hagel was satisfied with the situation so far; the voice at the other end of the telephone had sounded alert; the directions he had been given were good. The only risk was that the girl herself was under suspicion and her telephone conversations were tapped. If this had happened she would be trailed to the meeting place, but again in an open space like a park it would be easy to see if this had been done.

Hagel's next move depended on the plans the girl had made for him. If the job was of the straightforward sort at which he was adept, she would give him certain information, possibly documents, and tell him how he was to get back to Germany. He crossed the road and entered the Park; then continued along the left-hand path leading to the lake until he was round a bend; here he sat down on a bench and waited until he was certain no one had followed him. That he was not followed reassured him greatly, for he knew from this that he had not been suspected when he landed. He wished he could feel equally sanguine about the girl. He had not recognised her voice on the telephone, but he had only spoken to her two or three times in the past. It must be Irma Larken. He remembered Irma when she had been working for UFA in Berlin; that was the time when she had first got in touch with the German I.S. The I.S. had suggested she could help them in England. The Fuehrer had taken notice of her; he liked pretty girls and like other outstanding world personalities, had magnetism. Had not the beautiful Walewska borne a son for Napoleon, rotund and ridden with gall stones! So, for the Fuehrer's sake, the pretty Swedish film actress had gone to England to work for Germany. She must have contrived to establish herself with a British film company; Swedish film artists were in demand; besides, she could play small parts very effectively and there was the usual talk of building her up as a star.

Now the question was whether she had compromised herself since coming to England; if so, she was now under observation? For example, that diplomat from a pro-Axis neutral country who had come back to Lisbon slobbering with praise of her; their meetings might have been noted. Hagel resolved to make his own contacts with the girl as infrequent and casual as possible.

Having decided this he continued along the path towards the lake. He was level with the stretch of water when he saw a girl coming toward him. There was no doubt that it was Irma.

Hagel gave no sign of recognition when she looked into his eyes as she passed. He wanted to test the natural disguise he had developed; when they had last met he had been slim, rather pale, and never used glasses; he did not know if she had been told who was coming; but he could see that the sight of him now registered nothing in her mind. After she had gone by he got up and walked a short way in the opposite direction; certain there was no one trailing her he turned and retraced his steps until he met her coming back. This time he took off his hat. "I'm Harry Brown's friend," he said, standing in the centre of the path.

She held out her hand at once, giving a smile that counterbalanced the lack of pleasure in her eyes at seeing a rather coarse-featured, thick-set man wearing glasses.

"Let's sit down," Hagel suggested, pointing to the bench he had left.

When they were seated he offered his cigarette case; the girl refused; he lit up. "You did not sound surprised when I telephoned you," he said.

Irma shook her head. Hagel wanted to find out how she had been told he was coming. "How did they get through to you?" he asked; "my journey was only decided on last night."

"I heard," she said; "anyway, I meet all Harry Brown's friends if they telephone."

"What happens when you are making a picture?"

"That does not often happen; there is not much going on at the studios."

"How did you get work here at all?" Hagel asked.

"I came via Hollywood before the war started."

"And you have no difficulty in being allowed to stay."

Irma laughed. "None."

Hagel did not need to have the laugh explained. "You don't remember me, do you?" he said.

She looked him over. "No."

"Hans Hagel; I used to be thin and pale."

"Hans Hagel!" she said. He saw recognition coming into her eyes.

"Well, what do I do?" he asked.

"I think I will have a cigarette," she took one from his case. "How did you get here?"

He described the journey. "I'll be all right till they hear Pedro Diaz did not leave Lisbon on the plane; then there won't be an hotel or boarding-house I can use; they may know by now."

She puffed at her cigarette. "There is nothing to stop you going back any time; I've done my job."

Hagel watched the smoke of her cigarette; the smoke was blowing straight back behind her towards the Thames; as she said, there was nothing to stop him going back.

"Do I take anything with me," he asked.

"You do." She opened her handbag and took out a notebook about ten inches by six inches in size, with a stiff cardboard cover.

"A diary!" Hagel said, opening the notebook; as he glanced through the pages his expression changed. "Whose is this? There is no name inside the cover."

She told him the name.

Hagel's excitement increased as he turned the pages. The diary of this prominent British subject would be worth having. It was strange that such people did keep diaries; yet it was done over and over again. Conversations with other important persons would be put down; decisions taken at conferences, matters relating to international affairs. He thought of some of the diaries of prominent people that had been published—famous or infamous documents according to the point of view.

"How did you get it?" Hagel asked.

"Need you ask; he writes it up every night before he leaves his office; then puts it in the portfolio in which he carries other papers home with him. Sometimes he comes to see me on the way back."

Hagel found this story hard to believe; a man of such importance would be followed by his personal detective; he would hardly risk having it reported to his colleagues that he went to a pretty film actress's flat after office hours, carrying all his correspondence in a portfolio.

"Where do you live?" Hagel asked.

She named a famous hotel. "It was his idea," she said; "all sorts of people stay there whom he might be going to see."

The story now sounded more credible. The man would leave his personal detective in the hall of the hotel and it would be nobody's business what floor he got out at once he had gone up in the lift. Then Hagel thought of something else.

"When did you get this?"

"Last night; as soon as I knew you were coming."

"When he knows it has gone, he will remember you were the last person he was with; he must know it has gone by now," Hagel said.

"Not necessarily. I put a replica in its place. People often don't open their diaries until they are going to write in them. If he does not open his until to-night, he will have been with plenty of people since he saw me."

"That's true," Hagel said. Looking at the Swedish girl he thought it fortunate she was a patriotic agent. This diary was worth money; it was not possible to calculate how much, until everything put down in it had been read. It might be one of the greatest espionage coups of the war, comparable to the capture of the German naval code by the British Navy a quarter of a century ago. He realised now why the German I.S. had chosen their best courier to go and fetch the goods. He watched her cigarette smoke again; it was blowing in the same direction.

"Well, I guess that is all," he said, cramming the diary into a big inside coat pocket.

Irma nodded. He thought again that she had an attractive face; pretty as a magazine cover and she was, as the attaché had said, completely a woman; that was how she got things; no fool-proof means of protection had ever been devised against her type; they had broken through barriers over and over again all down the pages of history.

"How are you getting back?" she asked.

He knew the question was asked from curiosity. He was not going to tell her anything. "A plane is picking me up," he said.

"In daylight!"

There was anxiety in her voice; not for him; for herself. If he was caught with the diary on him they might trace the theft to her; or he might talk. She was suffering from the fear from which every agent suffers of being compromised by a captured colleague.

He said: "You don't have to worry; I always get through."

"You've got the Channel to cross."

"You're telling me!" Hagel said. "Well, I'll be on my way; congratulations on the way you've done your part."

"You'll tell our people won't you?"

"You bet." He held out his hand.

HAGEL was in a train travelling to the West Country. Twice, when the train stopped, he got out and looked first at the sky, then at a chimney from which smoke was coming. So far conditions were right. But what a plan! Supposing the wind had been in the other direction and had remained in that quarter for days! He had pointed out this to the consul before he left Lisbon.

"Then you will have to lie up till the wind changes," the consul said. "I don't see why, you should not be able to. Escaped convicts, whose photographs are in every English police station, are able to remain at large for months. Some Government construction work is being done in that district; men are being drafted from one part of England to another for different jobs; get into a working party."

As Hagel did not seem satisfied, the consul continued: "The idea isn't as hair-brained as it sounds. In fact, it is the safest way. A country that has had a year to prepare for invasion is keeping a close watch on its coast; you would never get off from the shore."

"Can't an aeroplane pick me up?" Hagel asked. (*Continued on page 52*)

## An Acknowledgment

The smiling girl photograph which accompanied a recent beauty article "Spring Surprises," is the property of Anne French, 2-5 Old Bond Street, W.1, whose Cleansing Milk is one of the finest on the market.

The consul exclaimed: "In daylight!" just as Irma had done, and laughed.

Finally Hagel agreed to the arrangements that had been made for him. Certainly the idea was ingenious, with the drawback that in Britain the prevailing wind was not from the north. However, to-day it blew northerly; the sky was clear, and the prospect of a change of weather not imminent.

Looking out of the window again Hagel saw he was nearly at his destination. He took a six-inch ordnance map from his pocket, of the kind that used to be purchasable at any stationers; the map had been supplied him by the consul. This particular sheet showed a sector of Dartmoor; two roads crossed the centre, but no houses were marked; at one point on the map a circle had been drawn in red ink enclosing the cross roads and an area of a few acres.

Hagel had asked the consul about this circle. "Has the pilot tried this stunt before?" he asked.

"He has been trained specially over a similar piece of ground."

"What time will he come?"

"Just before dusk the day after you arrive; the rest is up to you."

It certainly was, thought Hagel, looking at the ordnance map. A crazy scheme, but maybe not so utterly impracticable as it seemed. Anyhow, while the British were watching their skies and coastline so closely, there did not seem to be any other way of getting back.

He spent that night at the railway hotel of a town on the edge of the moor. Next morning he asked where he could hire a bicycle and also for a luncheon packet. He left after breakfast saying he was going for an excursion and would be back for supper.

By tea time he was many miles from the hotel, sitting on a boulder near the cross roads marked on the ordnance map he carried. Petrol restrictions had made Dartmoor more desolate than ever; only one car had passed him all day. At six he heard a machine in the air; looking up, he saw British markings on the wings; it was, in fact, a British plane, one of the few captured intact after the debacle of France.

Hagel watched the pilot circle, then saw something falling to the ground. He hurried over to the spot and set to work unpacking the container. A small folded balloon and an apparatus for inflating it with gas had been dropped. He had to wait till it was almost dark before he dared to inflate the balloon. Three times while he waited he lit a cigarette, comparing the direction of the smoke drift with a pocket compass. The wind still blew from the north but not so strongly as in the morning. The thing he had to fear was a sudden change of wind; but a change of wind generally meant a change of weather and the sky, dark blue now and tinged with sunset red, gave no threat of this.

As darkness came Hagel decided to start. He inflated the balloon, climbed into the harness seat, then leaned down and cut the ropes attached to the pegs he had driven in the ground. Round his waist he had slung a sack of sand, which had been dropped, with the other things, to use as ballast.

High up in the sky in the darkness, swaying gently under the balloon, he lost all sense of direction. Now and again he wet his finger and held it out to get the feeling of the wind; once he risked looking at his compass with his pocket torch. There was very little wind, he thought.

The hours passed. With the first sign of dawn—he began to peer down; he should now be over France.

He could see nothing. As yet he did not know how high he was. In a few minutes now he would have more idea of things; he could feel the balloon moving gently—too gently—it seemed to be almost still; then vision grew clearer and he saw he was surrounded by white mist. Mist! That meant he must be low; the gas was getting used. A moment later his feet struck something. Water! The sea! He tipped his sandbag intending to pour out all his ballast, but decided only to use half. A good courier thinks of everything. The balloon soared up. Now looking down upon the mist Hagel realised what had happened. The wind had dropped during the night; he was floating over the Channel in a dead calm!

A British pilot on patrol saw him first. The pilot circled the strange object, then called his base for orders.

"There is a guy floating about in a balloon over the Channel, what shall I do?" he asked.

"Anything below you?" base asked the pilot.

The pilot looked under him as he banked. "One of our trawlers," he reported.

"All right, sink the balloon and signal the trawler to pick the guy up," base ordered.

Hagel watched the pilot dive on him; he looked down and saw the British trawler below. Working unhurriedly, while machine gun bullets ripped into the fabric of the balloon, Hagel crammed the diary into the sack, still half full of sand, knotted the end and dropped the sack into the sea. He had no other papers on him and in a country that gave even spies a fair trial, it would be hard to prove his profession when he was picked up by the trawler.

END

# "Who Goes There?"

(*Continued from page 20*)

crowded Bierstube were looking at them. They were an unusual couple. The girl was beautiful—like an iceberg, as one observer said, glittering in sunshine with no one knew how much more of it beneath the surface. But it was something about the young man pleading with her that riveted attention—a sort of naïve unguardedness as though he didn't know that they were being watched. That in itself was enough to mark them out. Under cover of the blaring radio a man in uniform standing at the door tossed an order over his shoulder to a subordinate who clicked his heels and began to weave his way in and out of the tables. A queer stillness came over the beer drinkers. Their voices grew louder. They talked faster. But underneath they were dead still. Even those ostentatiously not looking watched with their whole bodies—with the very backs of their heads.

"I gave them what they wanted," Malcolm said. He was pleading with her and he knew that it was futile to plead. Either you gave orders or you took them. He had learned that much. But he couldn't help himself. "I gave five years of my life too, didn't I? What more could I give them?"

"I know, Kleinchen." It was her nickname for him. In the old days it had sounded tender and protective. She was stronger than he was. He knew and didn't care. He was madly in love with her. But she was like his mother too—the mother he'd never really known—telling him what to think, what to do, turning his wild unfocused bitterness against life into action. But now the name sounded impatient. "Look facts in the face, Kleinchen. You muffed things too, didn't you? Carrying my photograph round like a schoolkid."

"I know that was stupid. I was just a kid. I'm not any more. I couldn't be after all that. But I'm still mad about you——"

"You can't afford to be mad—not in our job. It smashed me all right. There isn't a secret police man in Europe hasn't seen my face. They gave me mean little jobs, spying out Jews and small fry who were silly enough to listen in to the wrong broadcasts. Chickenfeed. I've almost starved on it."

He was hungry too. And bitter cold. Even in this hot overcrowded place he kept his threadbare polo coat over his shoulders, fighting the gusts of chill that shook him.

"I know—I'm sorry."

She looked at him as though from a great distance.

"You've got to start again from the bottom up, Kleinchen."

"It isn't fair."

"You still talk like an Englishman——"

He was silent. After a moment he said humbly: "I stuck it out five years."

"I've waited too, haven't I! I haven't looked at another man."

"Then you do care—a bit?"

"Yes—quite a bit," she said smiling.

"You say that as though it were true but as though it didn't matter."

"It doesn't. My country's at war."

"It's mine too, now."

"You've got to prove it."

"Marry me!" he pleaded. "I'll do anything."

She broke a pretzel between her strong fingers.

"On the books you're still an enemy alien. I can't marry an enemy, can I? It wouldn't be safe—for either of us."

The man in uniform stood at their table.

"Your papers, please!" he said.

The radio went on playing dance music. The underlying silence deepened. Malcolm fumbled in his pockets. His hands shook. It looked like fear. But it wasn't. It was the cold. He spilled out everything he had—his passport with the comic lion and unicorn stamped in gold on the dark blue cover, his special police papers, odds and ends that the prison people had handed back to him, like the wreckage of a storm, an English sixpence, a sprig of white heather crumbling between the leaves of a shabby pocketbook. The Gestapo officer glanced them over. He looked at him as the passport official had done—only without the pity. He nodded. He did not bother to salute.

"In ordnung. Don't forget to report yourself."

Among the odds and ends was a pasteboard card. Frieda had picked it up. She was rather like a hound picking up a scent.

"Baronin von Adelsheim. Is she a friend of yours?"

He had so little of his own. He boasted "yes" with a faked casualness.

"Why didn't you say? Her son's a high-up man in the Gestapo. Didn't you know that?"

"Of course," he lied.

Everything in her had changed. She was coming close to him again—feeling for his nerves with secret vibrant fingers. "Maybe he could do something for you. Maybe you could get something on him." She was talking fast now. But her lips didn't seem to move. "There's another son. Nobody knows what became of him. Even 'they' don't know. He used to write things against them—pamphlets . . ."

He listened. He had always listened—sometimes just to her voice, not hearing clearly what she said. When she stood up he stood up with her, tossing his last few marks on the table.

"All right," he said. "I'll try."

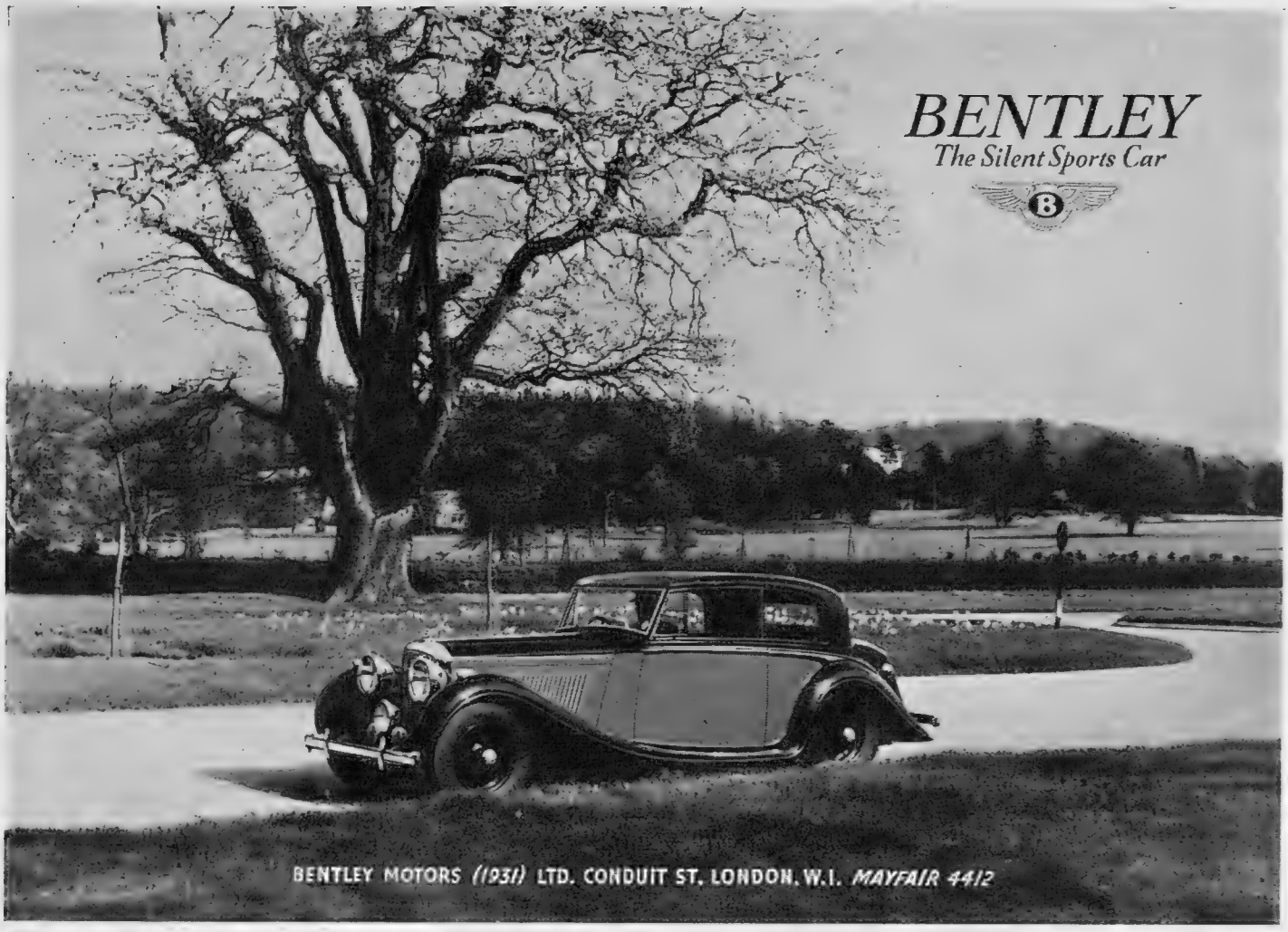
It was raining outside. The core of him was ice but his flesh burned. He remembered something that the prison doctor had said. "Better keep an eye on yourself, Seaford," he'd said. Meaning a lot of things. Blast him, too. What did he know of kids brought up on skimmed fouled milk and not enough of that—with every damned thing wrong in them?

Her hand held his. He knew of old the compelling strength of it. He guessed that she was saying good-bye to him—unless. It was all right. There was no place in the world for weaklings—he'd learned that, too.

Her eyes burned. They set fire to him. But behind their heat was a smiling promise—the look she'd given him that night in the little Soho restaurant when he'd made up his mind.

"Glück auf, Kleinchen. I'll wait for you."

The Herr Baron Otto von Adelsheim bore his mother a strange likeness. He had her fine, aquiline features. But when he smiled the likeness vanished. His eyes were not her eyes. They did not smile at all. They fixed the young man (*Continued on page 54*)

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standing on the other side of the official desk with a hard, specuative stare.

"*Also*—you say you want to serve this country? You believe in her destiny, eh? You're sick of being kicked round in the name of freedom? You'd like to give some of those kicks back? Excellent. Of course, we have your record—except for a little boyish slip with a photograph it is quite admirable. And my mother has spoken a word for you. I understand that you appealed to her." His thin mouth stretched to an ironic grimace—"and she has still a tendresse for her Englishmen."

"I want a chance," Malcolm said. He licked his lips which felt dry and withered as though by fire. He wished this man would allow him to sit down. His legs shook under him. But if he showed weakness he would be lost.

"And you want Frieda Olstadt, too?" the Herr Baron asked.

No use lying. They knew everything there was to know.

"Yes, Herr Baron."

"How natural! A lovely young woman. You're sure it's not just an infatuation? We don't want infatuations——"

"They don't last five years in prison, Herr Baron."

"A good answer." The baron fumbled among his papers. "I am sure your devotion is returned. But Fräulein Olstadt is a patriot. Her knight-errant must slay a dragon or two, eh? Just a very little dragon to begin with, eh? You're not very strong, are you, Herr Seaford? I'll wager you were often hungry in your precious Land of Freedom."

"I'm strong enough."

"No doubt." He scribbled a few lines on a notepad. "Report there to-night at eight o'clock. You will be given the gratifying privilege of broadcasting bad news to your late countrymen, Herr Seaford. Our present English broadcaster is a shade too exquisite—too Oxford. I understand his listeners laugh. Strange what the English laugh at. But you won't make them laugh. Your accent smacks of the soil—the authentic voice of the common people. It should make them wince." He looked up sharply. "You'll like them to wince, won't you, Herr Seaford?"

Malcolm nodded. He wanted to ask: "Where is Frieda?" The desperate demand must have been in his eyes. The Herr Baron stood up, pulling his short military tunic out of its creases. "Your little friend has been sent on a mission. As you may know we are anxious to discover who is sending out those infamous and lying broadcasts to our people. She is a clever worker."

He put his hand on Malcolm's shoulder and walked with him to the door. It seemed a friendly gesture. But the fingers hurt like a steel vice. "No—don't thank me. Thank my mother. She will be glad to see you. And I shall be glad for you to see her—a great deal, in fact. She is a lonely—rather secretive woman. You might become a sort of son-of-the-house. She might confide in you. Or you might—shall we say, observe things—important or trivial things that we should know." He turned Malcolm round sharply so that the hard bright eyes blinded him like two points of strong light. "You understand, Herr Seaford—we have no father or mother or brother in the Third Reich—only our leader and our country. And where there is treachery we stamp it out—even on our own hearth. You understand?"

"Yes, Herr Baron."

The fingers relaxed.

"Excellent. Perhaps your Frieda will be back with you quite soon. It depends on you."

FRIEDA was all he had—all he had ever had—the one lovely thing in his short and bitter life.

He sat alone in the big empty room. Behind a glass partition three men were watching him as though he were some dangerous animal. One, at least of them was armed. He watched them too, furtively, waiting for the signal. In front of him on the table the microphone reared itself like the



head of a striking snake. The sheet of typewritten paper shook a little. He took hold of the snake's base, steadying himself. He knew what he had to read. It was all right with him. He was glad. Now it was *their* turn to suffer.

One of the men signalled to him. He heard his own answering voice with astonishment. It didn't belong to him any more. It belonged to them.

"My deluded fellow countrymen—I have the honour to announce an event to you that has been carefully suppressed by your Ministry of Lies. The battle cruiser H.M.S. *Talbort* was torpedoed and sunk last night . . ."

He read steadily to the end. When it was over three men behind the partition ceased to watch. It was as though he no longer existed for them. Somehow he managed to walk to the door which opened before him automatically. He had a feverish notion that it shrank from him.

Outside, quite suddenly, his knees broke under him. He knelt for a moment, like a poleaxed animal, in an attitude of abject resignation, awaiting the final blow—then pitched forward into darkness.

THE room was so small and simple that at first he thought he was back in his cell. Then he thought that he was a little boy again and that his mother was bending over him, telling him not to be afraid. No one else had ever looked at him like that—with such an unhurtful pity.

"It's all right. You've been ill. You're much better now."

She was sitting beside him and he had an idea that she'd been there a long time—that she'd been with him in the dark lost place whence he was returning. His hand groped over the counterpane and she took it between her hands. He could feel how old they were. Yet besides gentleness they had strength and reassurance. "Don't worry, dear young man. When you were taken ill my son Otto had you sent to me. He had the kindly thought that I might like to care for you."

It was terrible how quickly his mind cleared. He did not want it to—he wanted to creep back into the darkness where he could sleep and not hear that voice, sharp and piercing as a rapier point. "You understand—observe things—report them to us—in the Third Reich—no mother—no mother—we stamp out treachery on our hearth. You understand . . ."

He heard his own voice: "Jawohl, Herr Baron . . ."

Watch and observe. They had made it easy for him.

He turned his head restlessly from side to side. But he could not escape her eyes. They were a faded blue—like an English sky in autumn. He said faintly, stupidly: "I thought you were my mother . . ."

"Do you want me to write to her? Perhaps I could. There are ways——"

"My mother's dead. She died when I was a kid . . ." He had a sudden urgent desire to make her realise all that had happened to him. "She clemmed—that means died of hunger—so they told me."

"That's a bitter memory."

"Well—we're quits now." He wondered, confusedly whether the passport officer had listened in last night. "H.M.S. *Talbort* torpedoed and sunk . . ." Maybe it hadn't been true. Who cared—so long as it knocked that look of tolerant contempt out of his face?

"Franz and Otto were often hungry, too," the Frau Baronin was saying. "They were boys in those years after the war. That was a hard time. Hunger did things to them—" She added almost to herself "—different things."

He turned his head unwillingly.

"Why do you tell me that?"

"I thought it might help you to understand—as I do. You would not hurt yourself so much——"

"I'm not hurt," he said defiantly. "Why should you think I am?"

"Perhaps because I was English once.

Perhaps because you're a little like Franz. It must be the English part of him. He is very brave, too. But some things would hurt him more than he could bear."

"I'm not brave."

"You must be—to give up everything that makes life worth living."

"What?"

She shrugged her thin straight shoulders.

"Old fashioned—stupid things—honour, freedom——"

"They don't grow in the gutter where I come from," he said sneering. "And you'd better not talk about them here. Might think you weren't playing straight."

"They would be wrong."

"You're a German now, aren't you? Maybe you're a traitor, too?"

She smiled faintly.

"Franz and I are loyal to the same country."

He frowned, puzzled and resentful. He wanted to tell her: "Better mind your tongue. I'm going to tell them everything you say." But he did not want her to leave him or change the kindness in her face. Her hands that still held his between them seemed to send warmth into the frozen channels of his blood.

"Otto asked me to tell you—your Frieda is coming to see you. It is to be your reward."

"You despise me, don't you? You think I'm a rotten little squirt?"

"Does it seem so?" She bent over him and to his astonishment she kissed him. He felt something warm on his cheek. It trickled down into the corner of his mouth and tasted bitter. "I think you have been very lonely and unhappy, poor young man."

She stayed by him till he slept. He would not let her go. But when he woke again night had come and someone else sat at his side—someone cold and glittering as a steel blade. He could feel her eyes on his face drawing him back, forcing him to meet them.

"Bravo, Kleinchen!" she said softly. "That was a clever trick."

He lay still, wondering at himself. He had wanted her madly. He would want her madly again. But now he was too tired. Or something in that bare, white room had come between them. She pushed the dank fair hair from his forehead. She had meant it for a tenderness. But her hand rasped him with its impatience. "They're keeping your radio for you, Kleinchen. You must get well very quickly. The day after to-morrow you are to have something big to tell the world."

She bent and kissed him, too. The kiss burnt his cheek like ice. He closed his eyes, pretending to sleep, but between his lashes he watched her. She was moving about the room, quick and furtive as a hunting animal. He saw her pick up a photograph and stare at it intently as though she were trying to memorise a face. There was a writing desk by the window. She went over it with her hands—quick, deft hands like those of a surgeon seeking a hidden weakness.

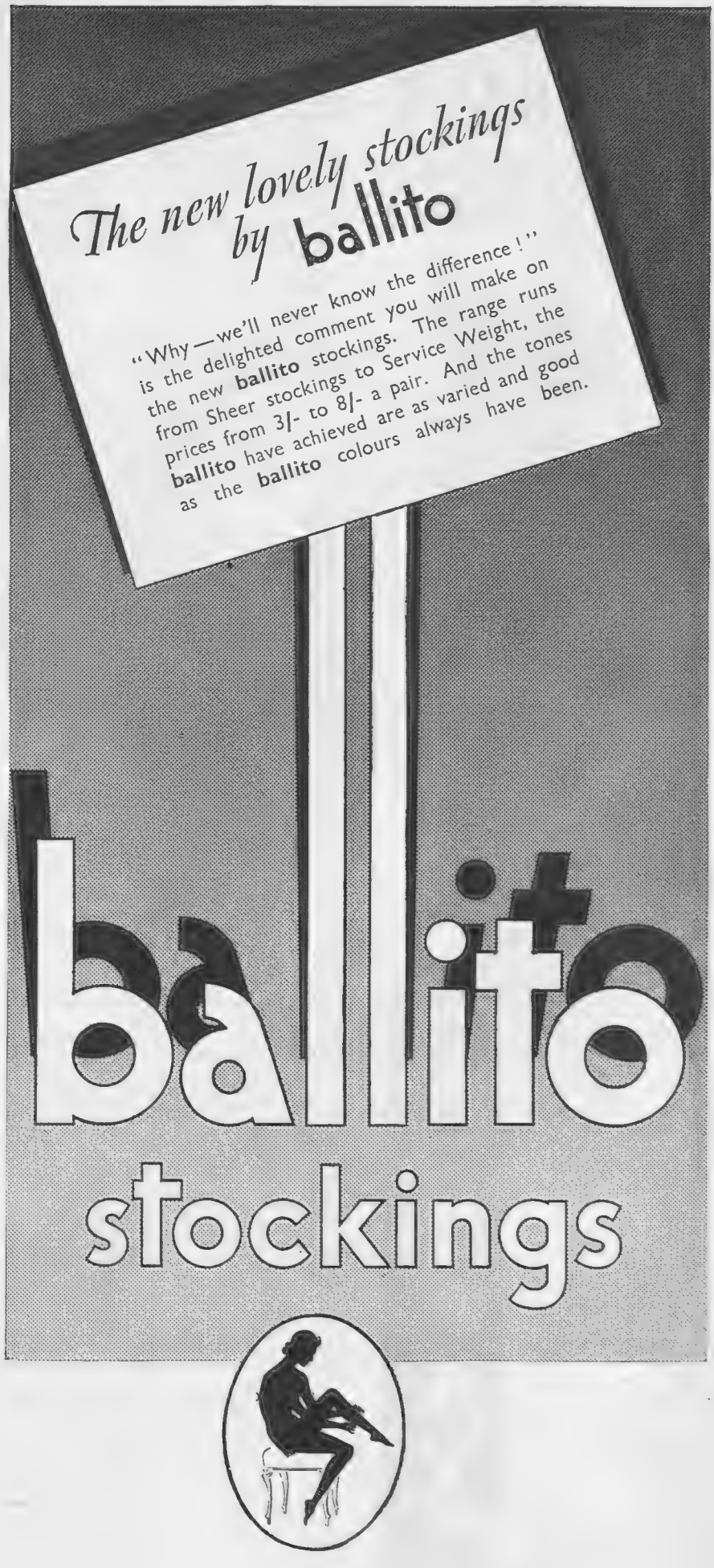
Suddenly she was back beside him. He could feel the heat of her excited body burning her.

"Look, Kleinchen. A secret drawer—papers in code. They may mean something. He must have left in a great hurry."

He gripped her wrist. A formless, unreasoned protest surged in his throat. She laughed softly and put her hand over his mouth. That too, seemed a gesture of playful tenderness. But a deathly fear came over him. He felt how easily and ruthlessly that hand might tighten.

"Hush, Kleinchen! It may be that we shall be married after all."

He lay motionless for a long time after she had gone. The house was very silent. Lulled to a half-sleep it was only gradually that he became aware that the silence had been broken. Someone was speaking. It was a strange voice. It spoke loudly, it almost shouted. Yet it was subdued to an unintelligible murmur. Only a radio, turned down almost to extinction could relay a voice like that. A brave, yet secretive voice. He sat up. What had the Herr Baron said? "My mother is a (*Continued on page* 56)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secretive woman. Observe—report." And he belonged to the Herr Baron. He was a cog in a machine that worked. If the cog failed in its purpose it was scrapped.

He was on his feet now, moving swiftly, uncertainly like a drunken man obsessed by a single purpose. Somehow he dressed. On the bureau was a photograph of a man who smiled back at him with an engaging yet somehow sorrowful youthfulness. So this was her other son—this was his room. Malcolm looked up into the glass and saw himself. The white thin face with its stubble of fair beard might have been that of the young man, grown wild and hopeless.

Frieda had taught him to move softly. When he reached the stairs the voice did not sound much louder. But he knew now whence it came. Holding himself steady by the rails he reached the lower floor. Behind that door was the voice. He could hear what it was saying. "Germans, the hour has come for you. Not your enemies but your liberators stand on your frontiers. Hold out your hands to them . . ." He was aware, too, in the same moment, that in the hall below someone had entered from the street. By moving stealthily forward he could see the newcomer—a tall uniformed figure standing immobile in the shadows. Malcolm stepped back. He opened the door behind him soundlessly. He knew already whom he would find. She could not have heard him. But she must have felt his presence. Even before she turned she had switched the radio into an aghast silence. But she had not been quick enough. He had heard and understood. The knowledge was in his face. It meant death to be caught listening to that stuff. And he had caught her as perhaps he had been meant to catch her.

She stood up, confronting him. Her hands were folded in front of her in an habitual composure, her fine head with its smooth grey hair was held high, without arrogance but fearlessly. Her face had the tranquillity and pallor of death.

"Are you going to betray us too, Malcolm!" she asked.

She had said "us." So that had been her son's voice. He flung back brutally. "Why not? That's what they planted me here for. That's my duty—my job."

"Of course," she said. "I should have known. Otto told me himself. 'He's a gutter rat,' he said, 'but we need gutter rats. They can spy—they can even kill—if the kill is weak enough . . .' I think he was trying to do his duty and warn me, too—against himself and against you. But I did not quite believe . . ."

He couldn't hear the man mounting the stairs, but he knew that he was coming. The door opened suddenly—with the violence of a surprise attack. The Herr Baron stood on the threshold. His military cap hid his eyes with shadow. But his mouth was in the light. It had been tense and quivering like a whip lash at full span. Now it weakened almost to a gape.

"I heard someone talking—a man's voice . . ."

Malcolm knew that she waited. It was for him to answer. She did not look at him She seemed to have withdrawn herself into a last unassailable fastness, leaving him free. A queer thing happened to him. It was like an explosion in his mind. Stray disjointed fragments of memory were flung up out of the darkness—a foul, slatterny back street—children playing—a child's quarrel—a thin boy's voice shouting at him: "Hi there, fight fair, can't yer?" He had a glimpse of their leader's face—a guttersnipe's face, dirt-stained, already wizened with pain and hunger. "You there, Seaford, keep your bloody fists up, can't yer?"

He heard himself speaking, haltingly but as though under some inner irresistible compulsion. "It was mine, Herr Baron—I was just thanking the Frau Baronin. I'm all right now. I wanted to get back to work."

He knew that her whole body had relaxed.

"It did not sound like your voice, Seaford. It did not sound like thanks. I heard the click of a radio being turned off. My dear mother—are you quite sure——?"

She smiled at him—a fine, aristocratic smile, a little mocking and a little pitying.

"My dear Otto, if I were listening to the radio, which you so admirably control, why should I deny it?"

"There might be one good reason." He tossed his cap on to a table, staring at Malcolm with pale cold eyes of a frustrated and fanatic anger. "Get out of here!" he said softly, "get out!"

HIS own room was a wretched place—so narrow that Frieda had to sit on the bed whilst he finished dressing. He had slept for twenty-four hours. It hadn't been a natural sleep. He had been like a man who had drugged himself into oblivion and now he felt sick and feverish. In the glass he could see her powdering her nose, adding a last touch to the full, red mouth. She was better dressed than usual. Her beauty flamed, glittered under the poor light. Oh, God, how he had wanted her! He had wanted her as he had wanted food and warmth and safety. He had loved everything about her—her beliefs, her certainties. He had had none.

"Kleinchen! Think what luck! It was her son. They caught him last night—in a radio car near the frontier. They gave him a chance. But he wouldn't talk. So they beheaded him this morning."

He said nothing. After a moment she stood up. "I couldn't wait to tell you. Think what it means to us. They gave me five thousand marks right on the nail. You'll get your share. Maybe we can be married." She came behind him and put her arms round him. They held his arms to his sides as though they were bound by ropes. She kissed the back of his neck—an ice-cold kiss like the touch of sharp steel. "Schatz after your broadcast I'll be waiting for you. We'll celebrate in a big way."

He did not move till she had gone. Then he went on dressing. On the bureau was the typewritten announcement that he was to read to England. "Fellow countrymen, as an Englishman it is my duty to warn you that you are fighting in a hopeless cause. The whole might of a triumphant Germany . . ."

He was ready now—as ready as he ever would be. He opened the door. At the head of the half-lit narrow stairs a shadowy figure waited for him. In a strange, doomed sort of way he had been expecting her. Without a word he stood aside and let her pass. He closed the door and put his back against it. He forced himself to look at her. She was not paler than she had been—not really older. Yet he had a sense of death about her.

"You know, don't you?" she asked. "It was my son, Franz, whom you gave over to the headsman."

He could have protested. Instead he burst into savage accusation.

"Why not? He was a traitor. You're a traitor, too. You're a German——"

She smiled faintly.

"Didn't you tell me that that was all old stuff? The old frontiers are gone, Malcolm. In this new world there are men of goodwill and men of evil will. The will to good and the will to evil is all that divides us from each other now. Franz and I were people of goodwill. We were like sentries, guarding an invisible frontier." She took a step towards him. Incredibly she put her hand on his sleeve, as though she did not shrink from touching him. "What country do you belong to in your heart, Malcolm?"

He pushed the dank fair hair back from his forehead.

"Where I can get three meals a day." He sneered at her.

"Are you sure? Do men really live by bread alone? Maybe you're right. Maybe you've chosen the winning side. Maybe the men of goodwill are doomed. I think perhaps they are. Do you know what Otto told me an hour ago? He was a little drunk. You see, Franz was his brother. They had been little boys together. It hadn't been as easy or as simple as he had thought. He wanted to hurt me as badly as he had hurt himself. He told me: 'To-morrow at dawn there will be a surprise attack in force on England—on London, on all the industrial nerve-centres. There has been quiet for so

long. They won't be expecting it. It may be the sudden end'——"

"Why do you tell me this? What do I care?"

She did not answer. He felt that she had said all she meant to say. She made a gesture of farewell. "You were on your way, weren't you? You must go—wherever you are going. I will rest a little. I am very old . . ."

He faced her for a last moment. Something passed from her to him—a sort of terrible tenderness and compassion. "I shall listen-in to-night," she said.

HE walked across the big bare room to the table. In the anteroom Frieda waited for him. Afterwards they were to dine at the Adlon like rich successful people. She had kissed him again—recklessly, almost brutally on the mouth as though now he belonged to her in some new and absolute way. Behind the glass partition the control men watched him indifferently. They were used to him now. They knew him for what he was—a cog in a machine that worked.

Men of goodwill—men of evil will, standing guard on the last frontier.

He sat down. His announcer had already spoken and moved away from him. He had his script in his hand. To his astonishment he saw that his hand was steady. He watched the three men, waiting for their signal—wondering a little as though what was to come no longer lay within his choice.

He had a sudden sharp vision of an island wrapped in misty darkness—of a great city—of a mean street where ragged children played and fought and kept their fists up. The man in the control room signalled.

After a pause shorter than a sharp drawn breath he heard his voice speaking. And now it was his own voice.

"Fellow countrymen, as an Englishman it is my duty to warn you that at daybreak you will be attacked by air on all the industrial centres—on London. This is Malcolm Seaford speaking. Defend your . . ."

He stopped. He knew that it was finished. But also that it had been enough. He stood up and hurried to meet the men who were coming towards him. He did not hold up his hands. He was like a sentry who had done all that he could do. He waited, proud and content.

END

## It's Your Headache

(*Continued from page* 32)

you will puff going upstairs, want to sit by an open window, have white gums, bloodless inner eyelids—indigestion, in which case they will be brought on by lack of food, but they will disappear after meals. A headache from a bad tooth will be characterised by a violent localised throb in the forehead, or pain around and behind the eyes. It is always well to dovetail visits to occulist and dentist. Then there is the peculiar headache that occupies the base of the skull and seems to possess the back of the neck as well, throbs and throbs. This head torments women, visits many of them once a month, is due to congestion and what is known as "reflected pain." Rest is the only cure.

Many minor headaches—intense and sudden though they may be at the time—due to noise, hurrying, bickering, tight shoes, and so on—can be cured by removing the cause, a few moments enforced calm and manipulation, self-manipulation or massage from others.

Self-manipulation can be given with the middle fingers of both hands pressing on the bone to either side of, *and half an inch up from*, the bridge of the nose, sweeping this movement up and round to the corners of the eyes. Repeat three times.

Another pain-relieving movement is to apply the three mid-fingers of one hand to the temple, pressing and lifting the scalp from the skull. With other hand engage in a steady circular movement on the veins at the base of the skull. Then change over. Your own sensitiveness will straightway inform you when you touch the pyschological spot.

END

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# Six Days That Shook the World

(*Continued from page* 17)

made known in London before rumours were heard that German troop transports had been sighted in the Skagerrak. Overnight, in Oslo and Copenhagen, shocked, outraged, terrified audiences of Norwegian and Danish burghers had been given, by the German ministers in those quiet, orderly, peace-loving cities, a horrifying preview of *Baptism of Fire*, the Nazi newsreel of the invasion and occupation of Poland.

This proved to be the grim Teutonic substitute for *smorgasbörd*, the Scandinavian *hors d'œuvres*. The *plat de resistance* was not long delayed. It was served up for breakfast the following morning. At dawn there were planes over Oslo, planes over Copenhagen. Innocent-seeming German merchant vessels in the harbours of Trondheim, Christiansand, Narvik and other places opened their hatch covers, unloaded men and machine guns, tanks, anti-aircraft guns, light artillery and all the other weapons of invasion.

German warships entered the Norwegian fjords, German armoured columns marched into Denmark. The warships fired on the Norwegian coastal patrols which opposed them, and sank several ships by sheer weight of gunfire and surprise. Meanwhile an attempt had been made, by faked orders from the government, to silence the coastal batteries. This ruse fortunately failed, and before they were put out of action the Norwegian gunners managed to sink a number of German warships and to damage others.

But exploits of this kind were unavailing. The success of the invasion of Denmark and Norway was a foregone conclusion, once those countries, unarmed and peace-loving, had decided to strain both letter and spirit of neutrality to the uttermost in order not to give Germany a pretext for aggression.

What shocked the world even more than the invasion of these Scandinavian countries was the manner of it. Soldiers hidden in the holds of merchant ships. German military bands playing classical music in the streets and squares of Oslo on the very morning of the invasion, under the bemused stares of the inhabitants. The veiled brutality of the *Baptism of Fire* incident. The corruption of Major Quisling, who was to give his name to the rest of the ignoble band of Nazi instruments. The attempt first to intimidate and then to assassinate King Haakon.

Surely perfidy and cunning, treachery and ruse and guile have never been carried further in the whole history of civilised and uncivilised warfare. No wonder this black day of April 9 shook the world!

## *The Fourth Day—May 12, 1940*

If the invasion of Norway and Denmark caused the then considerable number of American Isolationists to reconsider their attitude, what shall be said about the sequel, scarcely a month later? The invasion of Scandinavia had been followed by the no less brutal attacks on Holland and Belgium, but in this case the element of surprise had been abandoned by Hitler for his other secret weapon—the war of nerves, the daily campaign of threat and denial, rumour and contradiction, accompanied always by the massing of troops along the threatened frontiers.

When the blow was struck at last, its effect on world opinion had been largely discounted. The world had expected this invasion, had regarded it as sooner or later inevitable. What it was not prepared for was the sequel.

At dawn on May 12, when the British Expeditionary Force and the French northern armies had wheeled northwards to meet the German thrust, leaving their prepared positions behind them to occupy an unprepared defence line in Belgium, the Germans suddenly struck at the weakest point in the Allied armies, the pivotal centre at Sedan. There, or near it, the Maginot Line ended. There the French High Command had relied, foolishly as we now know, on the natural obstacle of the River Meuse, a winding, steeply banked river, with swift currents and few bridges, and heavily wooded on both banks.

General Corap's Ninth Army, which I visited a few months before the fatal day, held this vital position. It was one of the weakest of all the French armies, composed of Moroccan riflemen, a brigade of cavalry, and several divisions of disaffected Parisian reservists. Moreover, the Meuse presented little obstacle to modern armoured columns. Its course was too tortuous to permit of enfilading fire from the automatic arms concealed by the French in the woods of the French Ardennes. The bridges had, of course, been mined. But the sappers who guarded them were not prepared for the now familiar German tactics of dive bombing, tank and infantry attacks behind heavy smoke screens, parachutists and flame throwers.

Whether treachery or surprise played the major part in the disaster has not yet been ascertained, but the fact remains that the vital bridges were not blown up. The German tanks crossed the Meuse triumphantly, dispersed Corap's Ninth Army like chaff, and began the break-through which was to carry the Nazis to the sea, to Calais and Boulogne and the Somme, which was to trap the British and French armies in the north, to force the surrender of the Belgians, to drive a wedge between the French northern front and the Maginot Line, and five weeks later drive a despairing Pétain, a fatalistic Weygand, a panic-stricken group of French ministers, to capitulate to Germany.

The fall of France began on that fatal day. It will remain in French memories for centuries as the blackest date in their long and battle-scarred history.

## *The Fifth Day—Nov. 2, 1940*

Here is a date less immediately tragic, a date which will recall heroism rather than dismay and panic. It marks the beginning of an epic struggle, the turning point in the dismal history of the little nations falling unresistingly or after but little resistance into the maw of the Nazi tiger. For on this day the Italians attacked Greece, on this day the victim of aggression struck back, and successfully, and the battle of the Mediterranean, which has now assumed such vast dimensions, really began.

The technique of Mussolini in preparing what he believed to be the facile conquest of Greece was obviously modelled on that so successfully employed in other countries by Hitler. He had begun years earlier by offering the Greeks a treaty of friendship, which was readily accepted. He had followed this up by commercial and diplomatic penetration, by assiduous Italian propaganda, by the expenditure of large sums of money on so-called cultural missions.

When the war broke out, Mussolini reassured Greece of Italy's pacific intentions, and at the same time began the search for Greek Quislings. He was so convinced that he had succeeded in this enterprise that the Italian High Command, when the moment came to strike, was convinced that Greece would be occupied without resistance.

Give the late John Metaxas the credit for that. He had matched Italian cunning with Greek astuteness. The Greeks on whom the Italians were relying for the betrayal of their country were in reality the agents of Metaxas. They reported to the Greek leader every move in the Italian game. And thus when in the early hours of November 2 last year the Italian minister in Athens called on the Greek Premier, with the now familiar Axis ultimatum, he found an old man who looked at him scornfully from under his bushy eyebrows and told him bluntly that this meant war.

Again the world was shaken, but this time with emotion, enthusiasm and the beginnings of hope. The Greek gesture had something of the effect on world opinion of the miracle of Dunkirk. The soul of man had begun to

struggle upwards out of the abyss, and when the Greeks won the first of their staggering successes against the Italians, it was as if to frail humanity grappling with the powers of darkness a Providential hand had been extended.

### *The Sixth Day—Nov. 11, 1940*

Nine days after the beginning of the Greek epic, another great blow had been struck in the battle of the Mediterranean. In the heavily defended, inaccessible-seeming, inner harbour of Taranto, on the heel of Italy, lay the pride of Mussolini's modern battle fleet. Two great battleships of the *Littorio* class, faster and more powerful than anything Britain had at that time in the Mediterranean, and near them several powerful modern cruisers, destroyers and submarines.

Across the star-lit Adriatic, almost skimming the sea, came the torpedo-carrying aircraft of our Fleet Air Arm. The torpedoes were aimed at almost point-blank range and found their targets. One great battleship was struck and mortally wounded. Another was seriously damaged. Cruisers and submarines were sunk. Since Nelson's destruction of the Danish fleet at Copenhagen no such attack had been made on a fleet lying in harbour under the protection of its heavy coastal batteries and hundreds of anti-aircraft guns. In one night the pride of the Italian navy was laid low, and the balance of power in the Mediterranean, until then heavily to our disadvantage, was readjusted.

In naval history the exploit of Taranto will rank as a great feat of arms. A small aerial force destroyed or put out of action an infinitely greater naval force. The success of these tactics in the new aero-naval warfare was repeated some months later in the even more destructive victory over the Italians in the Battle of Cape Matapan.

But Taranto differs from the Matapan battle in this, that whereas the naval forces engaged on either side in the later victory were practically equal, and the role of the aircraft was confined to delaying action against the faster Italian battleships, the destruction at Taranto was entrusted to an air striking force alone.

END

## Old Tales Re-told

(*Continued from page* 24)

of seventeen, even his own mother realised that asceticism had gone too far and was making the prince merely an effeminate young man who might prove unworthy of his high destiny.

She went to the point of engaging some attractive girls to wake him up a little, but the results were negligible.

Alexander held unorthodox views. He adored sport, and he had courage; but on sexual matters he was completely indifferent. He ignored such things, and could not understand why his mother could not also ignore the escapades of his father. He was not to know that fate held in store for him a shock which even he could hardly overlook.

King Philip was by this time forty-six; still a vigorous man, despite his lame foot and the loss of one eye in battle. He fell in love really violently with Cleopatra, the niece of Attalus, one of his generals. She was very young and exceedingly beautiful—also ambitious in the highest degree. When she became aware of the king's infatuation for her, she refused to be satisfied, as others had been, with the position of concubine. She demanded lawful status—which necessitated the divorcing of Olympias. To further her ends, she insinuated that if, as Olympias asserted, Alexander were *not* the son of Philip, the throne was without a legitimate heir. The story of the god Ammon was nothing but a common fabrication covering up the Queen's infidelity.

King Philip, instead of flouting this malicious aspersion on the Queen's honour, was so deeply obsessed by his new love that he believed it, and decided to gratify the girl's request.

Olympias was thus repudiated. This decision was a terrible (*Continued on page* 60)

# When the Sun shines in your Home

How to make a "winter-worn" house fit to face the Summer?

This problem occupies the thoughts of many housewives to-day, when sunshine makes covers and curtains look shabby. If the family budget allows little money to be spent, why not concentrate on livening the bedroom — electrifying it with a bold patterned bedspread to give warmth and colour. The Vantona "Court" bedcovers can do this at a moderate cost. In texture they are firm and heavy; colours are blended in the weaving; they have the clear-cut look which adds to their charm, and which no amount of home-washing can destroy. The patterns are not quite so varied as in pre-war days, but if you decide to have a "Court" bedcover they are still to be found in the rustic types which look delightful with cottage furnishings, the traditional patterns which go with antique wood, and the bold dashes of colour in keeping with the modern flat.

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blow, for Alexander as well as his mother. No remonstrances on their part succeeded in changing the king's mind.

Olympias, stubborn to the last, refused to leave the palace; and there she stayed right up to the day of the nuptials, when a most regrettable scene took place.

Alexander had been compelled to attend the banquet after the wedding. Though feeling the insult to his mother most deeply, he was able to control his feelings.

As the feast went on, wine began to cloud the heads of most of the guests, and it was at this time that Attalus had the unhappy idea of proposing a toast to the king and the new queen, adding that "the kingdom could now hope for a legitimate heir."

In spite of his asceticism and powers of self-control, Alexander was nevertheless that lion-like figure of forceful courage that he afterwards showed himself to be. White with rage, he rose from his couch and shouted: "You miserable scoundrel, saying I am not legitimate" At the same time he flung at Attalus a golden cup full of wine. Pandemonium ensued. Amidst the overturned tables and broken plates, Philip arose, fumbled for his sword and made for his son; but in so doing he slipped and fell heavily to the floor. Alexander pointed his scornful finger at the man prone on the ground in a pool of wine and said: "This is the man who wants to stride from Europe into Asia, and is incapable of passing from one table to another!"

However, the hatred that he had read in the eye of his father made him realise that his urgent duty lay now in providing for the safety of his mother. He left the hall, and shortly afterwards under cover of night—with the help of a few faithful friends—took his mother away from the accursed palace and made for Epirus.

Philip did not, however, bear any real grudge against his former wife. At least, he did not persecute her and they even met at intervals afterwards in an atmosphere of apparent harmony. But it was evident, from subsequent happenings, that Olympias for *her* part harboured a grim determination to avenge herself.

When the young Queen Cleopatra gave birth to a son, there was general alarm concerning the disposition of the heritage.

The logical outcome of such a situation is usually civil war; but in this case fate took a hand and settled the problem in a swift and dramatic fashion. As the king was entering an amphitheatre an attack was made on him by a man named Pausanias. Philip fell, with a dagger in his heart.

Olympias, who was absent at the time, rushed back to Pella. She found that Alexander was also away, and, therefore, she was in sole command of the situation. Now, at last, practically every obstacle was removed. *Now* the usurper was in her power. Without consulting any one, she ordered the young Queen Cleopatra to kill herself. Helpless and weak, not yet having recovered from her confinement, with all her ambitious hopes shattered, the beaten rival acquiesced and hanged herself.

This was by no means the summit of cruelty reached by the jealous Olympias. One other obstacle remained, in the shape of a little baby only a few days old, whom no one dared to protect. She had him taken to the temple, where a horrible ceremony now took place. . . .

Before the ram-headed god Ammon stood a huge bronze brazier. The sacred fire shone with a red glow on the frenzied crowd of priests and priestesses. Flutes and harps accompanied the chorus as a prelude to the sacrifice which was about to take place. When the time came, the victim was held aloft—an innocent baby. High above the head of the officiating priest he was held for one long moment—and then thrown into the flames.

Jealousy, wearing a royal crown, had taken its full toll of vengeance.

END

# The Cabinet Meets (*Continued from page 5*)

it is Spain, or France, or Yugoslavia, in which case Mr. Anthony Eden will be there to say his piece. He will not rise from his seat, nor will his remarks be in any way a speech, but a plain explanation of events and all the information on the question at his disposal. When he has finished, other Cabinet Ministers are at liberty to ask him questions.

The discussion becomes general, and when it is over the Prime Minister forms his opinion from the questions and replies of his colleagues, and says something like this: "Well, gentlemen, it seems that we are agreed that the situation is so and so, and we should do such and such." Just that.

No votes are taken, no showing of hands, no "ayes" and "noes." This method may appear strange at first sight, but it has the virtue of strengthening the idea of the collective responsibility of the Cabinet. No member can say he voted against this measure or that in the Cabinet; he has merely spoken against it.

Even now it is said to be an instruction of the secretary that in drafting the minutes he is to avoid referring to opinions expressed by individuals. The minutes are merely a summary of the various trends expressed in the discussion.

Though the Cabinet meetings are secret, there is only one touch that emphasises it. After the meeting a trusted employee called the Office Keeper enters the Cabinet room, removes the top layer of blotting paper from each pad, and personally burns the lot. Certainly there is a rule that Cabinet Ministers must not make notes at their meetings, but it is impossible to prevent even Cabinet Ministers scribbling on their pads. So the Office Keeper makes sure that nothing will get out, not even a doodle that a clever man might be able to interpret.

Before Mr. Lloyd George introduced the system in the last war, no Cabinet minutes were kept, there was no agenda, and no Secretary to the Cabinet.

Informality, however, has entered the Cabinet in the way of dress. In Lloyd George's time his ministers turned up in morning coats and striped trousers, even the Labour members. Now they arrive in lounge suits, and even the immaculate Mr. Eden has appeared there in a grey suit and brown shoes.

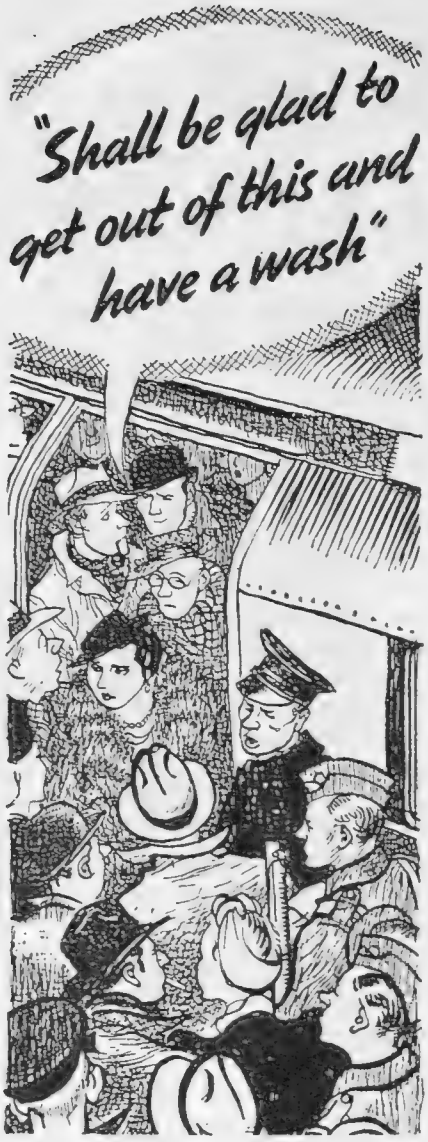
Inside the Cabinet room it depends on the intimacy of the members how they address each other. A "matey" Cabinet may be Tom, Dick and Harry to each other, but however informal they may be there is an understanding that the Prime Minister will not be Stanley, Neville, or Winston to his colleagues. He is always the Prime Minister, not even *Mr.* Prime Minister. Usually the practice is not to say, for example, "Will Mr. Bevin tell us . . ." but to give him his title, "Will the Minister of Labour tell us . . ."

Outside the Cabinet they are, however, almost always Max (Beaverbrook), Ernie (Bevin), and Arthur (Greenwood) to each other. Yet, incidentally, so close have the British Prime Minister and the U.S. President become recently in their Atlantic talks that they address each other as "Franklin" and "Winston."

In handling their Cabinets Prime Ministers vary enormously from gentle to stern, from intimacy to aloofness, from boldness to timidity, depending, of course, on the character of the man.

Lloyd George was a dictator, reducing, it is said, even the haughty Lord Curzon, his Foreign Secretary, to the position of a minor minister. Well, he won the war, didn't he?

Very different was Ramsay MacDonald who, with the exception of his Foreign Secretary, allowed his team to go their own sweet way. He was aloof, inaccessible. He liked the picture of himself standing at the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window, his rather grand profile nicely outlined for the inspection of his colleagues, and to bewail to them "the cares of office." He was, as you may recall, noticeably reluctant to quit them.

Baldwin, too, gave his men a very free hand, and rarely intervened except when his assistance was required. Chamberlain tightened the grip, and ran the Cabinet as if he were the all-powerful chairman of a board of directors.

Lloyd George was a handful in any Cabinet, but when he served under Asquith, the Prime Minister let him have his head. It is "only pretty Fanny's way," he once said.

Political gossip says that when Asquith was bored with a discussion he would calmly begin writing letters, and go on writing until the argument petered out. Then he would say, "Well, gentlemen, it seems we agree, and we shall take the next item."

Sometimes an awkward minister might ask: "On what do we agree?" and the discussion would start all over again. Wonderful days those, when the government of the country could be carried on so leisurely.

It needs a strong Prime Minister to take in other strong men into his Cabinet. Rosebery could not control Morley and Harcourt; Balfour had his hands full with Joseph Chamberlain, and Lloyd George finally proved too much for Asquith.

The strength of men like Beaverbrook and Bevin is a compliment to the strength of Churchill.

What do his colleagues say about him?

"He is hard to satisfy," they say.

So that's all right.

## British History in Stone

(*Continued from page* 3)

the Nawab (which outnumbered his by about fifty to one) by sheer braggadocio. The Nawab fled, and Clive found untold wealth in the prince's coffers. He took a modest £160,000—afterwards referring to this sum (in a famous phrase) as a tribute to his moderation which he marvelled at.

IN 1760 Clive was back again in London. He had a bank balance of £300,000, and was made Lord Clive of Plassey. He was—how could he help it?—the object of much malicious envy. To be so rich at only thirty-five invited suspicion. There seemed to be limits even to eighteenth-century conceptions of public morality. But Clive remained unperturbed. And soon he was on his way back to Bengal to continue the reorganisation of the company's affairs he had started in London.

On August 12, 1765, he stood before a dining-table in a tent at Benares and signed a charter which gave to his company the sovereignty over thirty million people in Bengal, Behar and Orissa. It was the beginning of the real Indian Empire, which was to be consummated a century later by Disraeli's genius for nomenclature. Back again in 1767 came Clive to England, an old man at forty-three, broken in health but ill-content to allow the abuse heaped on him by his envious enemies to pass without defence.

Efforts to impeach Clive failed. And after an all-night sitting, the House of Commons passed a motion (following a somewhat ambiguous first motion) that Clive had rendered great and meritorious service to his country.

What were Clive's real merits?

He had a brilliant brain, yet a commonplace exterior. Perhaps safer to put him somewhere as a man between the first Lord Birkenhead (of "glittering prizes" memory) and the first Duke of Marlborough, who inspired most things except the affection of his fellow men. Clive secured India for England in the decades when Wolfe was challenging the French in Canada. If Lord North had had his way, Robert Clive might have won perhaps even greater fame on the western side of the Atlantic.

But command of the forces assembled against the rebels of the American colonies was a task Clive's health denied him. He died a disappointed man, and was buried in the church of Moreton Say, in the parish in which he was born forty-nine years before.

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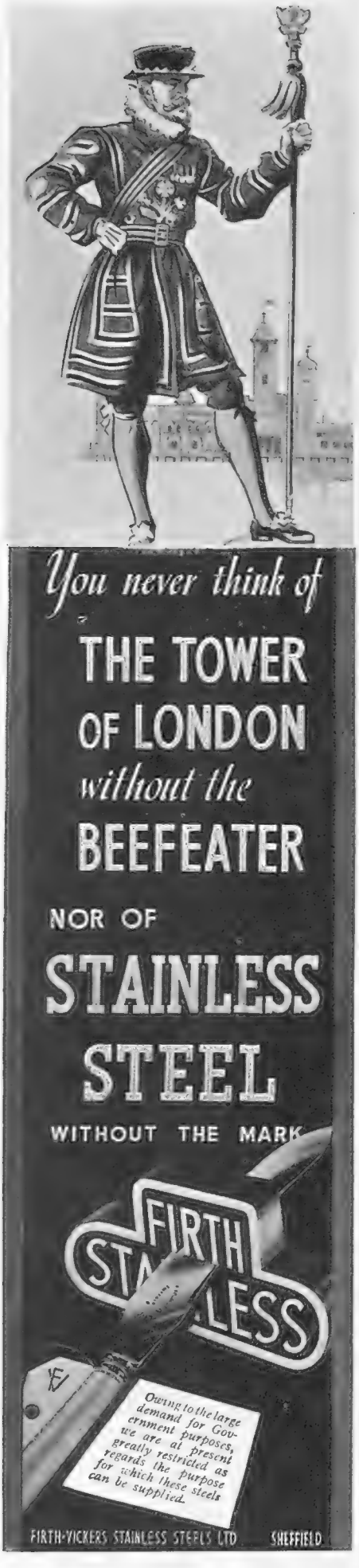


# These Men Form—"Churchill's Gang"

(*Continued from page* 11)

and powerful in the Conservative Party machine which Churchill now leads—is probably happier in the Treasury than he was in his last phase at the Air Ministry, when aircraft production was giving him a severe headache. He went into politics from the law, having, by the time he was thirty, established his own law firm so securely that he could take time off for public work. It was he who got Lloyd George to establish the first health ministry, and he spent eleven years building it up. He has an encyclopædic memory, and an enormous capacity for hard, detailed work. Even when he moves around by car or train, he has his nose buried in some blue or textbook.

Like most men of his build and energy, he makes tissue easily, so he has to watch his diet, and exercise. I used to ride with him occasional weekends over the Sussex Downs. He is not exactly built for horsemanship, and usually he was thinking of something else. One day his horse "pecked," and he landed on nature's cushion. After his spectacles had been fished out of a furze bush, and he had taken a breather, he mounted again. He seemed annoyed. "I nearly had the opening sentences for a very important speech I have to make in the House on Monday," he said. "Now, I've lost the thread."

Back from our canter, we would climb a flight of outside wooden steps to the parliamentarian's library for a pre-lunch drink. It was a family joke that we drank standing, because although the walls of that comfortable brain factory had divans round three sides, besides several lounging chairs, all carried either the debris of the minister's morning toil, or preparations for his afternoon or evening labours—stacks of place-marked books, sheaves of files, bundles of documents. It's still like that with him, although he has given up horses and moved to a Kent place with acres of gardens and greenhouses, and a miniature golf course, and takes things physically more easily.

He has been a great "trouble shooter" in his time. Whenever a department went sick, and the public yelled, the Premier of the day hastily put Kingsley Wood in to set things right. First it was the Post Office, then the Health Ministry, finally the Air Ministry. Swinton and Weir at the Air Ministry had quarrelled with Nuffield over production methods, and Nuffield said: "Count me out."

Then there was a public uproar about production, and an alarmed Chamberlain switched Wood into Swinton's place, and Kingsley invited Nuffield back, gave him an order for a thousand "Spitfires," broke the sod of the new Nuffield factory—but somehow production continued to bump over the cogs all along the line, in the repair as well as the manufacturing shops. However, that story is in cold storage until the end of the war.

Sir Kingsley looks younger than his fifty-nine years, although his curly black hair is flecked with grey. He is friendly, approachable, imperturbable. When he talks, you get the impact of a clear, decisive mind. In the summer of 1939 I took Walter Millis, the distinguished American journalist, to see Sir Kingsley at the Air Ministry. Millis was en route for Berlin. He put some hard questions to the Air Minister, and the talk turned on first-line air strength, and relative air strength—in real terms, for you can make much play with mere figures. Sir Kingsley made the measure of strength depend on a money factor. It wasn't: "How many planes have you?" but: "How much money are you spending on your air fleet this year—and next year—and next year?" He was right. Warplanes are obsolete almost as soon as they get into production. A small fleet of up-to-date fighters can knock off a larger out-of-date fleet as a machine gun knocks off bow-and-arrow savages. Half the story of the German air aces of 1917 and the British air aces of 1918 can be told in a sentence: "He had a better machine than the enemy he downed."

In his present job Sir Kingsley has already achieved a feat which few have detected except the initiates. In his April budget, he reconciled the irreconcilables, Kindersley, the banker, and Keynes, the planned-economy economist. Any one who has tried to mix oil and water, or induce an irresistible force to meet an immovable object, will appreciate this minor miracle.

Margesson and Eden come out of the same kennel, although they are so very different. Back in 1922–23, Hitler in Munich was leading a nationalist revolt against the established Berlin leaders, party-secretary Stalin was burrowing in Moscow against the established bolshevik leaders, Mussolini had already ousted the established Italian leaders, and in England a group of well-born young men with good war records, political connections, charming wives with private incomes, and the right school ties, were lined up to "muscle out" the established British leaders, Lloyd George and his personal adherents.

George at last slipped up, nearly landing the British in an unwanted war with Turkey through backing the Venezelos-Zaharoff imperialist adventure; and Baldwin unseated the Welsh wizard, and the young well-borns were in. Not all of them made the most of their opportunities. Mosley started Right, swung Left, went fascist, and finally landed in jail. But Eden and Margesson managed their respective careers so well, that Churchill put them where they are today.

Captain David Margesson, M.C., fifty, a lean, bony-faced man, with basilisk eyes, but a certain charm, son of the Earl of Plymouth's private secretary (who married an Earl's sister, settled in Worcester, and sent his son to Harrow—you perceive the link with Baldwin?) was put into work harness as party whip by Baldwin when the latter became premier. Margesson had the social qualifications, including a wealthy American wife, and the character qualifications, manifested by his wartime rise to the adjutancy of his regiment, the 11th Hussars (Churchill's regiment was the 4th). Seven years later, the factions fused to weather the 1931 financial crisis, and Margesson was made National Government Whip.

Thereafter, for nine years, he discharged a dual function. He was a government functionary and also chief whip of the Conservative Party. He arranged the business of parliament. All patronage went through him. He was the party disciplinarian. He saw that the members were on hand to vote at important sessions. He kept the party leaders advised of the views of the rank and file, and vice versa. Daily he discussed the parliamentary business of the day with the premier—and he served under four in all.

When new members got to Westminster, Margesson would address them privately. Said one: "He put such a Prussian terror into me that it took me months to find out that, like Pagliacci, his heart beats with human passion." A celebrated political lady once asked him how he mastered those turbulent men, the supporters of the Government. "You must remember," replied Margesson, "I was once adjutant of a cavalry regiment."

One man he couldn't coerce: Churchill. Starting with the India issue, Churchill opposed the National Government on almost all major issues. Margesson applied the principle: "The Government and the party, right or wrong." He never deviated. So the voting legions of the National Government were paraded and marched, and they rolled over Churchill. Thus, the Government changed commanders, but never broke its team ranks. Such implacable, unquestioning loyalty to the Leader and the "Regiment" is rare in political circles; and Churchill is not the man to miss utilising it.

He had given Eden the War Office. But Eden was potted in the Foreign Office hothouse, and wilts in soil less lush. When Halifax went to America, Churchill put Eden

back where he belongs, and gave the War Office to Margesson.

Margesson is titled Secretary of State for War, an obsolete designation. There is only one War Minister in embattled Britain, and he is Churchill. Margesson is Churchill's adjutant, seconded for duty to the land forces branch of the great and growing British war machine.

When I first encountered Anthony Eden, in the forum of the Geneva palace of peace, he did not much impress me. But he is a man who grows on one. Legends have sprouted around him. But they are all very correct legends, as befits a man of the utmost correctness, from his carefully considered clothes and leisurely-Englishman length, to his charming, socially-gifted wife, his handsome sons (at the right school), his exactly perfect house, his influential in-laws, his half-modest, half-complacent air, and his views.

It is told of him that when he returned from his celebrated tour of Europe, interviewing Hitler, Stalin, Pilsudski, and a few more, a socialite lady politician asked him confidentially, what he said to Hitler.

"Oh, nothing of consequence," was the reply.

"I expect you would have liked to say something pointed?" suggested the lady, leading him on.

"Yes, I would," said Mr. Eden.

"Do tell me!"

"Well, I thought someone really ought to tell him to change his tailor."

On another occasion, he was asked what he thought about Stalin, with whom he had talked in the Kremlin.

"Well," reflected Mr. Eden, stroking his moustache thoughtfully, "since you asked me——"

"Yes?"—eagerly.

"I thought him a man of certain charm—of manner, you know."

As he always emerges from transcontinental expresses and aeroplanes with trousers unwrinkled by long sitting, it is rumoured that he carries an extra pair and changes them just before the train stops or the aeroplane lands, thereby upholding British prestige. It is alleged that one day he summoned an official to his F.O. room. The official, a sportsman who had overstayed his weekend, came in feeling guilty. "Sit down, my dear fellow," said Mr. Eden genially. "You've shot elk in Sweden, I'm told. Now, I'm just off on a mission to Stockholm. Tell me, what is the correct attire for shooting elk with the Swedish Government?"

Probably, with his backing, alliances, and cultivated talents, the second surviving son of the seventh holder of the Eden baronetcy would have made a fine career for himself even if the treaties which were supposed to end the Great War had ended it. As it is, he is as much a phenomenon as Hitler is of the times we live in. He rose on the dictator tide, declined when Chamberlain had his pipe dream of appeasement, and rose again when the dream faded.

He rides and paints, but plays tennis best. His athleticism and his æstheticism he gets from his late father, Sir William Eden, a character as richly coloured as a Shakespeare character, and as unrestrained and passionate as his son Anthony is discreet and disciplined: an atheist who hated drink and tobacco, a huntsman who loved flowers and finally abandoned hunting for horticulture.

Is Eden a "great" foreign secretary? Nobody is, or can be, great in that role, although some may play their cards better than others. A foreign minister is what his home government, and people, make him. He cannot start, or stop, anything. He talks in terms of armed power, and the willingness to use it; or he just talks: which explains why, despite the Eden oratory during the Ethiopian crisis of 1935-36, Mussolini got Ethiopia, and in 1941 Britain had to use a large army to reconquer a strategic territory which it could have kept out of Mussolini's hands six years earlier by loosing the British Navy with orders to shoot and keep shooting (an action incidentally which might have stopped Hitler in his early career).

Two formidable members of the gang are Home Secretary (*Continued on page* 64)


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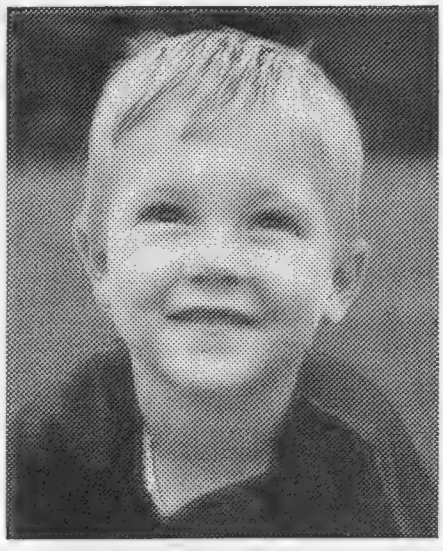

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# MOTHER, DO THIS for FRETFUL BABY

You have seen the difference between babies whose sleep is deep and unbroken and babies who are restless, cross, cry at night. In the former a steady, healthy growth: in the latter, weight at a standstill — perhaps even a few precious ounces lost.

Guard against this, Mother! At the first sign of fretfulness or broken sleep, you can suspect stomach upset. Food is soured. The small bowels are constipated. Cannot get rid of anything. No wonder baby cannot sleep.

The very minute these signs appear, give a little 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid. Nothing else so gently and surely sweetens the little stomach, regulates the tiny bowels, rids the small system of tormenting wind and soured matter. Then, when the digestion is regular and movements healthy, baby falls nightly into healthy, untroubled sleep. You will be delighted with the tale the scales tell — new ounces gained each week.

'Milk of Magnesia' is recommended by Doctors and Nurses everywhere as the gentle and safe laxative antacid for babies. You can get it everywhere, but be sure, Mother, to say 'MILK of Magnesia' which is the registered trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia. Prices, 1/5 and 2/10 (*including Purchase Tax*).

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From the year's beginning to the end there is no break in our work; consequently there is no break in our expenditure. At the present time there is a waiting list of urgent cases for whom training and employment must be provided.

Will you help? Please be extravagant and send a little more than you can really afford. Our blind youngsters must be cared for.

*The Chairman*

SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND

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Morrison and Labour Minister Bevin, neither of whom came out of the Margesson-Eden kennel.

Ernest Bevin, bull-necked but quick-brained, large-paunched but full of driving energy, was born on a farm in the West country fifty-nine years ago, worked for sixpence a week and his food when he was eleven. He went from job to job. Once he sold roast chestnuts in the street for a living. In Bristol he got a job as a carter and jumped into the transport workers' union as a strike organiser for the carters' section of the dockers union. Agitator, champion of a right-to-work movement, organiser, he rose steadily, but remained unknown outside his own trade union realm until, representing all the dockers, on strike for a higher wage, before a special commission, he out-argued the employers' team of high-cost lawyers. When it was all over, a K.C. said to him: "You should read for the bar." "No," said Bevin, "I'd be no good. I can only argue with conviction when I am sincere."

Later, he got a forty-hour week for the transport workers. But he refused to see it as the millennium. "Old Moses gave us six days, 5,000 years ago for nomadic tribes," he said, "surely modern science can give us one day more in seven after 5,000 years."

He mellowed with middle-age. Successfully intervening to stop a rail strike, he said: "There's nothing to be got by striking that we can't get without." Socialism, for him, means orderly evolution and development, with the disorderly things of capitalism gradually straightened out. "If we are going to develop a policy of control of industry we have got to go on with educational work and develop a type of mind that will accept the responsibility of conducting industry," he once stated.

"I hate strife," he said another time.

Before Churchill invited him to join his anti-Nazi gang, "Hustling" Herbert Morrison, dreamer, organiser, administrator, teetotaller, vegetarian and non-smoker, lean, humorous, combative, forthright and a whale for work, governed London through the party machine which he built up, nursed along, and learned how to use as its secretary. Twice in six years Morrison swung it to victory at the municipal polls.

He got no pay as chairman of the London County Council, but that didn't worry him. Thrown out of Parliament in the debacle of 1931, he was offered a big-business job at £5,000 a year. He refused it. He had his permanent party secretary job and pay. "I never wanted money," he said. "As long as I can live in reasonable security and get on with my work, I ask nothing more."

He was not a brilliant boy at the board school. He never won a prize, was often caned, and lost the honour of stair monitor when he was found sliding down the banisters. His home was high-tory. His father was a London policeman from Aberdeen. His mother, before she married, was a housemaid in London's biggest hospital.

At thirteen, Herbert left school and got a job through family influence. His brother had a shop, and there young Herbert worked as errand boy until, a year or two later, the shop went broke. He got another job in a provision store, and, at seventeen, was promoted to the counter force. The shop opened at 8 a.m. and closed at 9.30 p.m. from Monday to Thursday, and at 10 p.m. Fridays, and midnight Saturdays. Morrison's pay was ten shillings a week, and board.

He studied. You would see him after closing time, a pale, thin Cockney youth, going over to a tea shop across the street, a big book under his arm. The waitress brought him his usual cup of cocoa—a halfpenny it cost in those days. He opened his book: "What the bourgeoisie therefore produces, above all, are its own grave-diggers. Its fall and the victory of the proletariat are equally inevitable." He was started on his nightly voyage on the Marx magic carpet into the enchanted land of socialism.

He became chairman—unpaid—of the local branch of the youthful Labour party, got a job as circulation man on a workers' paper, learned to write pamphlets and design posters, worked hard (once, from Sunday

## These Men Form— "Churchill's Gang"

morning till noon Tuesday without going to bed), and rose on Labour's political tide. In the first war against Germany he was a conscientious objector, and in the second post-war year he got elected mayor of one of the big workers' quarter boroughs. He was thirty-two and the youngest of the London mayors. Three years later he got into Parliament, and, later on, as transport minister, he was the youngest of MacDonald's cabinet team.

He has spent a lot of time damping down the hot-heads and outwitting the extremists. "The general strike experiment doesn't encourage us to try that way again," he once told a worker audience—and went on to remind it that there are only five million trade unionists in the kingdom out of sixteen million insured workers and a population of forty-five million. "Don't play with revolution," he warned.

Churchill's combat chiefs are Pound, Portal, and Dill.

Admiral of the Fleet Sir Dudley Pickman Rogers Pound is in some sense Uncle Sam's gift to the British navy. His mother was Elizabeth Pickman Rogers, of Boston. He is a lean sea dog with a big nose and alert, twinkling eyes under black tufts sharp and challenging as a battleship's prow. His job is simple in its purpose, complex in operation. He has to deny the sea to the enemy, secure the seas for ourselves. His war map covers the seaways of the globe, the main defence line of Britain and her sea empire.

Much water has flowed under the bridge since he lived in his sea chest and hammock aboard the training hulk *Britannia*, in the last decade of the nineteenth century. France was the traditional and potential enemy then, and the Mediterranean the strategic centre of the world. The extreme range of fleet actions was only twelve hundred yards, half the British fleet was obsolete and its dispositions those of 1812. Ramming was still in fashion, and midshipman Pound stood by with boarding pike and tomahawk. Pound has been on the inside of all the changes that science, invention, engineering and the shifting of balance of power have wrought since.

He was a captain commanding a battleship when war began with Hohenzollern Germany. His ship, H.M.S. *Colossus*, was the only capital ship to be hit by German shells at Jutland. He wound up the war at the Admiralty as director of naval operations, was the Navy's watchdog at the post-war disarmament conferences, commanded the Mediterranean fleet when Mussolini threatened a war in that sea over Ethiopia, was vociferously in the van of the fight to stop battleships being scrapped on the theory that aerial bombs and torpedoes had made them obsolete, and became First Sea Lord in the summer of 1939, in nice time to get set for Armageddon Number Two.

Churchill thinks a lot of him—and he, of Churchill. The latter fact means something, for few First Sea Lords are enthusiastic about either First Lords, or Prime Ministers.

Sir John Dill, picked by Churchill to replace General Sir Edmund Ironside as Chief of the Imperial General Staff after the disasters of last summer, is *not* the soldier who coined the bus-missing phrase about Hitler's move into Norway which Chamberlain ill-advisedly borrowed. He is an Ulsterman, looking much less than his sixty years, a tall, hawk-nosed strategist who first saw battle action in the South African war, commanded a corps in France, and restored order in Palestine when Jews and Arabs were at one another's throats.

The Arab chieftain, Fauzi Kawkajji, offered five hundred pounds for Dill's head. "If he gets it," remarked Dill, "it will only show that it never was worth so much." Dill took the chief's measure, baited a trap with a small British force, and caught Fauzi's attacking tribesmen in the cross-fire of camouflaged tanks. That finished Fauzi.

Dill has a shrewd eye, a dogged jaw, but a

fatherly smile. He gets on with the troops. He pinned the Military Medal on the breast of a twenty-four-year-old private. "Have you ever seen your comrades march past?" he asked. "No, sir." "Then come over here and you shall," said General Dill, and he kept the young soldier beside him while the troops marched in review.

They knew Air Chief Marshal Sir Hugh Dowding as "Stuffy" when he had the Fighter Command, but, making a tour of R.A.F. stations some time ago, when Sir Charles Algernon Portal had the Bomber Command, I found that the airman whom Churchill made Chief of the Air Staff in succession to Sir Cyril Newall (and who incidentally is the only corporal to find an Air Marshal's baton in his knapsack) seemed to have no nickname. But he might be called "The Falcon." He has an eye and a cast of countenance strongly reminiscent of that game hawk. Besides, he is a falcon fancier, one of the leading authorities on the subject. It was as a youngster, studying the tactics and technique of falcons in the home woods of his fox-hunting father's domain, that he first stuck mental talons into the air war game which he has played now for the last quarter-century, growing with the R.A.F. from the ground up.

At Oxford when war exploded in 1914, he jumped into the war as a volunteer motor-cycle dispatch rider, and got to the battle-field in time to do such good work that Corporal Portal was mentioned in C-in-C Sir John French's first September dispatches. He got his commission soon after, survived a shell which killed half a dozen men in his group and blew him through a doorway, and joined the infant Flying Corps as a volunteer observer.

These observers were known as "the suicide squad." Machines were unwieldy and unweaponed. Portal's first bomb was a hand grenade with bits of cloth attached to provide fins. A first-class shot, he took up a Winchester repeating rifle one day. A German airman zoomed by, the squadron leader, shooting with the machine gun the Dutchman, Fokker, had just fitted to the machines he was giving the Germans. The German was Immelmann, he of the famous lethal turn. Portal aimed his rifle, and hit the machine with a bullet. Immelmann flew off.

It was always hot, close work. Even when machine guns were fitted, speeds increased, and machines gained in manœuvrability, there was no armour to protect pilots, and no parachute. A crippled plane usually meant a dead pilot. Portal survived as much by luck as by the good organs which have enabled him to excel at sports demanding judgment, a quick eye, and lightning reactions. He went bombing later. He bombed with zest, once making five bombing trips in one night. Another time he found himself alone among five enemy aircraft, and surprised them by attacking instead of fleeing. He downed three.

He ended his four years of war a colonel, at twenty-five, with a D.S.O. and bar for gallantry and leadership, an M.C., and dispatch mentions stringing the years across from Mons to the final battles which broke the German armies. Granted a permanent commission in the R.A.F., and given a squadron, he set out to make his squadron pre-eminent in accurate aiming with the new weapon, the aerial bomb. He succeeded so well that he won the Laurence Minor bombing trophy, himself aiming for his squadron. "Bombing is like shooting game," he says. "You go out with your gun, and you find your game, or have it put up for you. But it's a wasted day if you shoot and miss."

Portal's air fleet is growing in size and striking power daily, as the stream of trained airmen steadily increases, and new warplanes flow from the British Empire and U.S.A. plants, equipped with heavier armament and more powerful engines. He is the man who has to turn Hitler's air weapon against him as the old Romans turned the new naval weapon against the Carthaginians, by learning from the big boy, building better, devising new tactics, and smashing the old firm by beating it at its own game.

END


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**But SHOE BILLS ACTUALLY LESS**

***They walked into something good on this wartime week-end . .***

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UH HUH! NEITHER OF US LOOK LIKE FASHION PLATES
PHILLIPS SAVE YOUR SHOES AND KEEP THEM WATERTIGHT TOO - YET THEY ARE QUITE INVISIBLE IN WEAR. MOST OF MY CUSTOMERS BRING IN NEW SHOES TO BE FITTED WITH PHILLIPS RIGHT AWAY; THEN THE ORIGINAL SOLE AND HEEL NEVER GET WORN
OH PEGGY, HOW DO YOU AFFORD SUCH SMART SHOES IN WAR TIME?
YOU WANT TO KNOW ABOUT THE JONES FAMILY'S SECRET WEAPON! COME WITH ME THIS MORNING...
3 MONTHS LATER
THANKS A LOT FOR THE WEEK-END, WONDERFUL TO GET AWAY FROM THE RAIDS AGAIN
THINKS: AND WONDERFUL FOR US NOT TO BE LOOKING LIKE POOR RELATIONS — THANKS FOR THAT MONEY-AND-SHOE-SAVING TIP ABOUT PHILLIPS, PEGGY DEAR!

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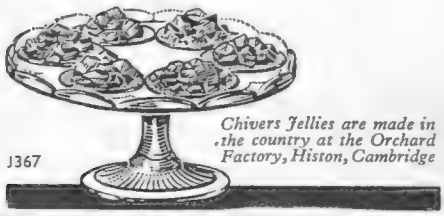
*Potato Cakes and Jelly:*

¼-pint Chivers Jelly (made up in usual way).
4-oz. Cooked Potatoes.
2-oz. Fat. A little Milk.

Rub potatoes, flour and fat together. Mix into a stiff paste with a little milk. Roll out thinly, cut with pastry cutter and bake in hot oven. When cold spread each with a little jam (if desired) and cover with chopped jelly.

Owing to the limited supplies of raw materials you may not be able to obtain your usual quantity of favourite flavours, but of this you may be sure—when you have Chivers, you have the very best.



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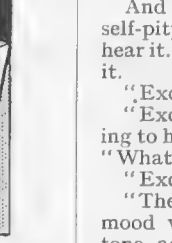


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# The Raft

(*Continued from page 14*)

into the Royal Air Force. He never tried to stop him. In spite of the constant croaking of the pessimist, he never really thought the world would suffer the tortures of another major war and he consoled himself with the thought that his boy would at any rate have the advantages of planes that in no way resembled the early craft with their unreliable engines that had let him down so often in those comparatively early days.

And now the unbelievable had happened. The world was involved in another major war, destined to be, perhaps, more ghastly even than the last. Tom was in the position that he himself had been in 1914. In England, perhaps, for a time, but for the R.A.F. England was to be the scene of greatest action. And he, Harris, D. J. had been called up in the Volunteer Reserve and was committed to a ground job—while his son was flying a thousand miles or more at night over enemy territory. Well, since it had to be, he wouldn't have wished it otherwise. But two generations . . . so young, yet . . . hell. . . .

Always active-minded, Harris liked his job and got on well with the pilots between whom and higher authority he liked to think he operated a smooth liaison. The work was exacting while it lasted but there were many compensations, among others that he was in touch with coastal and through them to Admiralty headquarters and, therefore, got all the interesting tit-bits of information.

As usual the watch had gone quickly and by noon a "flap" had started. A sudden call for the battle flight to intercept and attack some enemy surface vessels, that information received had led the Admiralty to believe were making one of their few sorties into the North Sea.

The operations room was immediately the scene of immense activity. Pilots and crews were to report at once. The navigator was busily working out the tracks. A runner had to be sent to the mess for flying rations. Phone calls to the flight sergeants to have the engines run up. A discussion with the meteorological officer, and a thousand and one small but important tasks.

The crews began to file into the room, and immediately a babel of talk added to the difficulties of listening and speaking on the phone. He started to explain to the pilots, between phone calls, the object of the search on which they were to set out, when a runner handed him a personal telegram. This was unusual and he started immediately to tear open the envelope. Just then one of the phones with a very imperious tone rang shrilly: "An unidentified raider off . . . our guns standing to." Oh, well. That was nothing. That often happened. He turned to the pilots again, then remembering his telegram he tore open the envelope and pulled out the sheet. A pilot and two wireless operators from the crews fired questions at at him. He went into the details of their duties in the event of certain problematical emergencies, found time in between to answer the phone a couple of times, and then looked round for his telegram. There it was, the message still unfolded under a navigation sheet. He picked it up. For a moment he stared at the teleprinted strip as if it had no meaning for him. The eyes saw it but the brain refused to take it in. This wasn't for—no, it couldn't be.

"The Air Ministry regret to announce . . ."

And then a moment of intense bitterness, self-pity, hate. The phone rang; he didn't hear it. It rang again; the navigator answered it.

"Excuse me, sir." He didn't hear.

"Excuse me, sir." An orderly was speaking to him. He turned round almost savagely. "What is it?"

"Excuse me, sir, the receipt?"

"The receipt? Oh, yes." Already his first mood was changing, and in a more kindly tone added: "Sorry. Here you are," and hastily scribbled his initials on the envelope.

He was still dazed as far as his perception of things in the operations room went but quick pictures were forming kaleidoscopically in his brain. Jean . . . Tom . . . the new squash court he had built . . . his job. Suddenly a hollowness, a sense of nothingness filled his mind. This job he was doing. What was it all for? What was the use? My God, it was a bloody job. He couldn't stick it. He'd get out.

The pilots and crews were beginning to file out in their heavy clothes and safety equipment, and a new mood struck him. "Thank God they're going. For pity's sake a moment of quiet. Let me think, let me think."

At that moment a young officer who could have been seen in a far corner of the room for the last ten minutes busily deciphering a signal received by wireless, came up to him and handed him the message. A quick glance showed him its importance and automatically he turned to the phone that was connected direct to headquarters. He gave the handle a vicious twirl. "Hallo. Hallo, controller? No, this is . . . here. S O S from E, sir. Position . . . time of origin 1248."

"Right," came back the answer. "Hold on a minute."

For a short space he had forgotten his telegram, but as he held on to the phone the full force of its portent rushed back on him and filled his senses. Again he felt that awful hollowness, emptiness; self-pity, pity for Jean, what he'd do with his life now—it all meant nothing; was nothing.

The voice of the controller snapped a quick order over the phone. He hadn't caught a word of it. "I—I'm sorry, sir. What was that, sir? Yes, sir. About half an hour . . . right, sir." His mind was right back on the job again. Two more machines had to go out immediately to intercept the raiders on their way back, so the controller told him, while fighter command had in the meanwhile been informed, from which he knew that a flight of "Spitfires" had in all probability already left the ground.

His mind was composed now. He mustn't let Tom down. He must carry on . . . and Jean. Yes, Jean would expect him to carry on. Quickly he phoned the mess for the two pilots, the flight sergeant to get the aircraft out and the engines run up, then he turned to the navigator and together they bent over the chart while the latter marked out the tracks and worked out the distances and the estimated time of arrival back to base.

He longed to get alone to think, to adjust his thoughts, to reason quietly. Mercifully he was kept frantically busy and fully occupied, but even so it seemed as though those last two hours of his watch would never end.

THAT night Harris lay back on his bed, his eyes shut, trying to envelop himself in quiet; trying to deaden the cries of anguish, self-pity—yes, of hate, that were hammering through his brain. That way, he knew, lay madness. Besides it was letting Jean down, Tom. It was against every thing he had ever tried to teach the lad. It was letting himself down. "Thou shalt love thy God." Wasn't that the first commandment? Love! Had his love been possessive after all? No. He'd always tried to check himself there. Children are lent to you. They are put under your stewardship. He'd always tried to keep that in mind. Thankfulness. Yes, that was better. His mind became quieter. A feeling of peacefulness came over him. A picture floated though his brain of himself and Jean and Tom on their first trip together to Switzerland. Tom was only twelve then, wasn't he? That Diavolezza tour. How well the kid had stood the long climb. And the little Alpen hutte where they had slept the night and Tom's face when they had drunk the goat's milk in the morning. That had been a happy holiday. They had all been! That grand week's yachting on the Broads at Easter—by jove, yes. What a happy life the kid had had! School. He'd done well at school, and then the Air Force—that's what

he'd wanted, wasn't it? He muttered a small prayer: "Thank God for every minute of his companionship."

He got up then, put on a dressing gown and turned on the electric heater and began to write to Jean. Jean was probably braver about this than he was. He mustn't let her down.

FIVE days later, the last before he changed to the night shift, he had been kept frantically busy in the operations room, though there had been no event of especial importance. He'd had a letter from Jean every day since that terrible morning. Wonderful letters, full of courage, love and understanding. She was keeping on in her work in the canteen and two Canadians were coming over to spend the day on Sunday. He was glad of that. It would keep her mind occupied.

It was a quarter to three. In another few minutes the next controller would be coming in to take over. At that moment the wing commander came in with his co-pilot. They were due to take off in another three-quarters of an hour to relieve an escort for a convoy up the coast.

"Hallo, Harris. Going off duty? Why don't you come up with us on this convoy. It's a grand day; it would do you good after fugging all morning in the ops. room."

It was a grand day and he had been dreading the afternoon. He jumped at the invitation.

"Good. Glad you'll come. Come over to the flight office and I'll lend you a pair of flying boots. You'll need 'em. You'll find it quite cold."

Once or twice before he'd been up with the wing commander and always found a fascination in watching this coastwise trade of England sailing so slowly, so majestically, to its appointed port. A poor sailor himself he had the profoundest respect for all those who spent their lives upon the sea.

They never flew high on these escort jobs. On a clear day every detail could be seen of coast and ships and it fascinated him to try and make out what comprised the deck cargo so closely packed and stowed, or to watch the small dark figures going about their several duties on deck. This time they were due to overtake a large convoy on its way up to the Firth of Forth and it would take them the best part of an hour to get there, leaving about three hours' escort duty when the next plane would be due to relieve them. The day was remarkably clear and he got a real delight watching the swiftly passing coastline and various ships that appeared to be steaming backwards. Another five minutes and they should catch sight of the convoy.

Suddenly his attention was attracted by the wireless operator and saw him hand a message sheet to the navigator, who immediately started to decipher it. This took but a few minutes when the clear version was passed to the wing commander who was piloting. Immediately the navigator started to plot a track on the chart with his dividers.

Harris got up and walked the few steps to the forward part of the cabin. The wing commander passed him the small sheet of paper. For a minute his heart leapt as he read the message: "Divert to ZAUR 2356. Carry out square search for raft. Remain as long as possible, then return to base." Then in contrast his face saddened as he realised that Tom had come to grief near the eastern shores of the North Sea, and besides, this was a raft, not a rubber dinghy.

He nodded to the wing commander and forced himself to smile: "This is going to be interesting."

It didn't take long for the navigator to work out all the details and in another minute the plane heeled over in a sharp bank and headed out to sea. The position given was a hundred miles almost due east. That would take fifty minutes. An hour and thirty-five minutes since they'd left base. An hour and twenty minutes to get back—that would leave not quite three hours for the search.

They began to climb so as to cover a bigger field of vision. The coast receded into the distance, (*Continued on page* 68)


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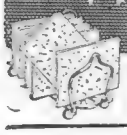

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looking very flat and misty. What ships there were began to look like tiny specks. What chance was there of spotting a raft? He began to speculate on how many there might be on board. How long they had been? Would they be still alive? Some poor wretched fishermen, he supposed, victims of the Germans' particular brand of "warfare." Lucky it was a calm day, anyway, but perhaps it hadn't been so calm when they had taken to the raft. Poor devils. How could they stand the bitter cold?

It was comparatively dull flying over the wide open spaces of the North Sea and the fifty minutes seemed to all of them more like two hours. But long before the indicated point was reached all eyes were peering hard, though only the navigator had binoculars. After all, the position given could only be approximate and it was so easy to miss.

And now they were at the point worked out by the navigator from which the search was to begin. Back and forth they went on tracks designed to cover the biggest possible area. Two hours went by. No sign. In another hour it would be dark. They were in for a night landing anyway. The wing commander decided to widen the search. The wind was westerly and he planned to take in another stretch to the east.

It was the air gunner from his position half-way down the fuselage who spotted them, six miles abeam and astern. It had been a near thing to missing altogether. Had the sea been rough they would never have seen them. The navigator brought his glasses to bear on the small black speck. But on the gunner's word the wing commander had changed course and almost as soon as the navigator had got his glasses in proper focus the plane had covered the short distance and was over them. No need for glasses now. It was quite a big and well-constructed raft with the deck high out of the water and about fifteen men on board. Obviously some small merchant vessel had met its fate at the hand of a U-boat or bomber. In the timber trade probably; hence the well-constructed raft.

It was impossible to guess how long the men had had to make it their home or to distinguish their condition. All that could be seen was that they were wearing fishermen's jerseys and some of them were lucky enough to have oilskins. A small spread of canvas had been stretched across one side and the castaways were sheltering under the lee of this.

As the plane approached all but one of the men were seen to rise to their feet and wave their arms. That gave an indication that they were not all exhausted and the single man to continue lying down was probably hurt.

At the wing commander's word the navigator flashed a cheery message of encouragement on the lamp, while the wireless operator didn't need to be told to signal to base the position of the raft with the number of men on board. In another few minutes a message came back: "Remain as long as you can. Relief plane coming. Nearest destroyer fifty miles bearing 320 from you."

News of the destroyer was flashed to the raft by lamp to give them further encouragement. Dusk was falling fast now and low clouds were closing in and threatening to precipitate the dark.

After half an hour the wing commander gave an order for a flare to be dropped. This would mark the position of the raft and would continue burning for some time. It would give indispensable help to the relief plane to spot the exact position.

Another half-hour went by. They couldn't stay longer than a few minutes more. As it was they would need to use their reserve tank to get home. The pilot decided to drop four more flares, a hundred yards from each corner of the raft.

Five more minutes and the lights of the relief plane were seen. The raft could safely be left now, and they winged their way home in the fast increasing dark, knowing that flare path, beacon, and direction-finding wireless were at their disposal to help them make a safe landing.

ON his return to the officers' mess Harris had little time to do more than have a bath and late dinner before reporting for duty again in the operations room for the night shift. He reckoned the rescued men would be put ashore in the early hours of the morning and could hardly repress a thought for the parents—lovers—or friends of those in whose rescue he had played the small part of spectator.

The night watch was completely uneventful and normally he would have snatched several hours of valuable sleep. All the necessary details for the morrow had been worked out by midnight and the first aircraft were not due to take off till five-thirty.

The crews had reported and left with their instructions at five o'clock and Harris was waiting for the phone to ring which would be the duty pilot to announce the first departure.

The bell rang. He took up the receiver. "Operations room." A distant voice—not too clear—said: "Is that the R.A.F.?"

"Yes. Who is it?"

"Just a minute, sir. The S.N.O. . . ." (mentioning a well known port up the coast) "wants to speak to you."

A long pause.

"Hallo. Hallo. Can I speak to Squadron Leader Harris. It's rather import——"

He interrupted quickly, almost fiercely: "Yes, yes, Squadron Leader Harris speaking."

"Oh." The voice became more distant again, but he thought he detected a lighter tone in it—almost of badinage. Then: "Well, I've got a message for you. Will you hold on a minute?"

Another long pause. He tried to keep calm, but his heart was pounding, racing. "What——?"

"Hallo. Just a minute, sir."

"Dad! Hallo Dad! That you? . . . Yes, Tom . . . Yes."

He never did catch the next words clearly. He felt his heart was going to burst. Pictures of Tom, Jean, passed in rapid succession through his brain. He just caught snatches of what the boy was trying to tell him.

"Brought him down . . . on one engine . . . a hundred miles . . . rubber dinghy."

Then he did get a consecutive sentence clearly.

"Picked up by a lumber ship after seven hours. Torpedoed . . . raft. . . ."

END

# Books (*Continued from page* 30)

with which the book is redolent. And yet don't run away with the idea that the book is technical; it is too well written for that.

I have recommended recently one or two good books from America, notably "Chad Hanna" and "Foundation Stone," and here is another in direct succession, "Nebraska Coast," by Clyde Davis (Collins, 9s. 6d.). At the time of the Civil War Macdougall, a powerful, charming, light-hearted head of a family if ever there was one, takes his family to Nebraska, which is just being developed. He sets about forming a town of the future, though his is the first house, or rather log cabin, on the spot. And, after a lot of adventures he succeeds. He nearly falls for steam traction engines, but eventually it is the steam railway which brings him wealth, The moral behind this book is that every American in those days, if he could be a good citizen, could almost think he might be president, and Macdougall is no exception. And a darn good president he would have made.

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## Books

BUT to come back to the English countryside and "Tadpole Hall" (Collins, 7s. 6d.) in which Helen Ashton describes the effects of the early months of the war on a village, and more particularly on the very lovable colonel. Lambscot might be many villages, but is obviously a very pleasant one even in the midst of the evacuees which invade it with their strange tongue and stranger customs. Truly they might have wondered at the bird-like names of the inhabitants for Colonel Heron heads Mrs. Dove, Finch, Starling, Mavis, Merle and Miss Pigeon, to name only a few. Then there is Lisel, the Austrian refugee cook at Tadpole Hall, regal, human, pitiable, with her tortured husband and unhappy past.

This book is easy to read and comes to an unusual conclusion, which I mean as no faint praise.

IT may seem an unusual time to produce a new book on Keats, but such a book as Betty Askwith's "Keats" (Collins, 12s. 6d.) is always welcome. Betty Askwith clearly is an admirer of his and admits that she has always been, but that has not blunted her critical faculties. It has, in fact, given her insight and understanding which makes this book so much more readable than most, and much more accurate, though the chronological order of events once or twice got me muddled. His friendships with Leigh Hunt, Wordsworth, Haydon, John Hamilton Reynolds, Charles Dilke, Charles Brown, are fully dealt with, and the author has used so many letters of his that I can almost read Keats's own style invading Miss Askwith's in its freshness and challenging nature. She has dealt kindly, too, with Fanny Brawne, and perhaps this is the best portrait yet of Keats's unhappy lady love.

But what a curious thing that Keats nearly wrote "A thing of beauty is a constant joy," and what a world of difference! Incidentally I like the Fontana type face in which this book is printed, a very clear and artistic type.

AND now for two books about the Empire, the first by an American, the wife of a British colonial official, "Mad Dogs and Englishmen" (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.) by Erick Berry. I do not intend to describe this book fully. Whether you have the slightest interest in Nigeria or not you will enjoy this travel, guide, vade-mecum or diary. It is amusingly written and so planned that chronologically and subjectively it is easy and fascinating to read. What is more, the sense of humour is always there without being too prominent, and the really unusual has been noted. She went where white men had never been on the back of her husband's motor bicycle and kept house in heart-breaking places, but always with the most delightful servants, which is surely a tribute to the author, or her housekeeping abilities. Anyhow it is all great fun, and most instructive.

"INDIAN Harvest" (Collins, 16s.) I found by contrast not so light to the touch. Pamela Hinkson travelled India and found herself in Government circles, and staying at Government House, or officially welcomed and that must have affected what she wrote with a sense of seriousness. This, admittedly, is a serious book, and deals with such a vast subject that there is little wonder that there is little room for humour. The descriptions are well done, and her search for knowledge and desire to expound it are both widespread and praiseworthy. Eighty-nine per cent of India lives in villages, so she wisely devotes much space to village life, and much to the great problems still to be solved. She praises the work of the thousands of unknown British officials who give their lives in service in India, and she is right.

There is no mention of the war in this book. The part played by India will give Miss Hinkson a chance to add a sequel.

END

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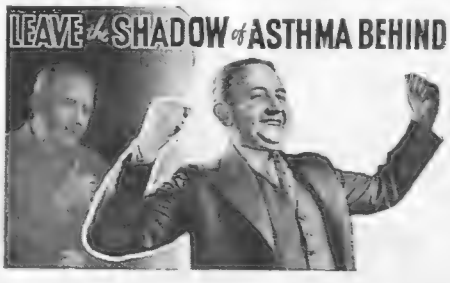


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*(With apologies to Lewis Carroll)*

## *'You are old, Father William,'*

"You are old, Father William," the young man said,
"Yet your eyesight all others surpasses;
You pick out a Messerschmitt hundred-and-ten
At seven miles high without glasses!"
"It's a fact," said the sage, "that my brain-power's great,
And my intellect towers o'er the crowds,
I'll tell you my secret of picking out planes—
My head's always been in the clouds!"

"You are old, Father William," the young man said,
"And yet you have caused great surprise
By spurning the ear-plugs the warden brought round;
I ask you, dear sir, is that wise?"
"In my youth," said his father, "my parents had hoped
I'd embark on a music career,
But the first report issued on my aural aims
Stated briefly, 'This child has no ear.'"

"You are old, Father William," the young man said,
"Yet you set an example to many
By sitting in dug-out in air-raid alarms
Without chatt'ring your teeth. Have you any?"
"I've them all," snapped the sage as he cuffed his son's ear,
"Without charge I'll reveal this great truth
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# Dimples in Wool

*(Continued from page 36)*

**14th row.**—As 12th. **15th row.**—As 13th. **16th row.**—As 12th. **17th row.**—As 13th. **18th row.**—As 12th. **19th row.**—*P. 1, p. 2 tog., w.rd., p. 2, k. 8, sl. over the st. just worked as previously described in row 9; repeat from * to end. **20th row.**—* K. 5, p. 1; repeat from * to end. Repeat from 1st to 20th rows throughout.

**THE BACK**

With large needles cast on 53 sts. Work 1 row p. with them. Change to No. 9 and the patt. When there are 4 rows of dimples on the 20th row of patt., work as follows: k. twice into first 15 sts. then * k. 2, p. 1; repeat from * for 23 sts. at centre, then k. twice into last 15 sts. (83 sts.). Work k. 2, p. 2 rib on first and last 30 sts. and the dimple patt. at centre, and m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 6th row, until there are 12 inc. each side. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 13 dec. each side. Work straight until there are 8 ins. round curve of armhole. Cast off straight across.

**THE FRONT**

Work as back until armholes are 5 ins. round curve, ending on 19th patt. row. On 20th patt. row, work 29 sts., cast off the centre 23, work 29. Continue on these last sts. until armholes are 8 ins. round curve. Cast off. Work other side to correspond.

**THE SLEEVES** (both alike)

Cast on 65 sts. with No. 9 needles. Work k. 2, p. 2 rib on first 24 sts., then patt. on centre 17, and k. 2, p. 2 rib on last 24. Work for 4 ins. M. 1 st. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 5 inc. each side. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are only the dimple st. left. Cast off.

**TO MAKE UP**

Sew up side, sleeve and one shoulder seam. Pick up 76 sts. round neck. Work k. 2, p. 2 rib for 6 rows. Cast off. Sew press studs to fasten shoulder. Sew in sleeves, easing at shoulders.

END

# Knocking Spots Off

*(Continued from page 36)*

**THE FRONT**

Work as back until 2nd line of spots have been worked. Now work 4 rows green st.st. Then work 24 sts. green, cast off 32, work 24, p. 24 green. Now work a spot on shoulder exactly above spot near shoulder in first line of spots, then continue in st.st. until armhole is 5½ ins. round curve. Cast off 6 st. at armhole edge on every other row 4 times. Work other side to correspond. Pick up 32 sts. along front of neck with No. 12 needles, work p. 2, k. 4 rib for 6 rows, k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row. Cast off. Pick up 20 sts. down each side of neck and do the same, dec. only at front corners. With No. 12 needles, pick up 32 sts. across left front shoulder with right side facing and point of needle towards neck, and work p. 2, k. 4 rib for 2 rows. Now work buttonholes as follows: p. 2, k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 2, p. 2, k. 4, p. 2, k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 2, rib to end of row. Work 2 rows more rib. Cast off. Pick up 32 sts. across right front shoulder with point of needle towards shoulder, right side facing. Work p. 2, k. 4 rib for 2 rows. Now rib until there are 5 sts. on left needle. K. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 1, p. 2, work 2 more rows rib. Cast off.

**THE SLEEVES** (both alike)

With white wool, cast on 44 sts. with No. 12 needles. Work p. 2, k. 4 rib for 2 ins. Now change to green wool and No. 10 needles, and work the rib on reverse side, (when k. 4, p. 2 in white is towards you, work k. 2, p. 4) so that the white cuff will turn back and show k. 4 to k. 4 green, m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 4th row until there are 64 sts. Work straight until side seam measures 11 ins., including rib. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 32 sts. Cast off.

**TO MAKE UP**

Sew up side and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew in neck rib. Sew on buttons.

**SUN SUIT**

Cast on at waist with No. 12 needles and green and 80 sts. Work p. 2, k. 4 rib for 1½ ins. Change to No. 10 needles and st.st. and m. 1 st. to make 81, and work 2 rows having k. side to k. 4 of rib. Now work spots as in jersey, and at same time inc. a st. at beg. and end of every 8th row, but not making more than 4 spots in a row, as the inc. are to stop at 97 sts. Then continue to work spots, but k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 21 sts. Now increase at beg. and end of every row until there are 97 sts. Now k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 80 sts. Work the rib as in back. Cast off. Sew up side seams. Pick up 88 sts. with No. 12 needles round legs and work p. 2, k. 4 rib in white for an inch. Cast off.

**THE STRAPS**

Cast on 182 sts. Work p. 2, k. 4 rib for an inch. Work a buttonhole by k. 2 tog., the 3rd and 4th st. from one end, w.fd., work to end of row. Work ½ in. more. Cast off. Work another the same. Sew up side seams. Sew tape inside straps. Sew straps to back, and buttons to front.

END

# Embellishments

*(Continued from page 43)*

embellishments to a perfectly plain existing wall treatment.

Choose a simple decorative wallpaper border in the right colouring for your scheme and paste it all round the door frame. Cut out some flower sprays from a large wallpaper design. Paste them on the door panels and varnish them over carefully. It is a very gay effect when you link up colours prettily.

Another simple notion is to paint the outer door frame a different colour from the rest. Say, for instance, you have cream walls and woodwork all over. Pick up one of the colours in the room, either from the carpet design or from the window curtains. Use it to paint the wainscot and the door frame. Introduce it again into new cushions, a single effective ornament; add velvet bows of the same colour to your parchment lampshades.

Cupboards give you scope for imaginative alterations. Dress cupboards, china cupboards, even kitchen cupboards become exciting and amusing if you distemper them inside a bright contrasting colour to the main scheme. Imagine the room is done out in apricot shades with brown accents. Now you open the cupboard door and there is a dazzling new colour note of deep turquoise. It is a suprise note, and stimulating. If it happens to be a cupboard with shelves you paint the shelves a different colour from the lining, or edge them with a tiny coloured fringe, a brilliant braid, tacked to the edges of the shelves.

The same sort of treatment applies to a kitchen dresser, if you have one. A patterned wallpaper lining the walls between the shelves is very effective if you are displaying plain coloured china on the dresser. If your china is of floral design, make the background complimentary by painting the woodwork of the dresser in a suitable colour, with the wall in between the shelves to match. Imagine pale yellow walls: the dresser is painted pale jade and the wall between the shelves is coloured to match. Against this background hangs yellow china.

Don't be discouraged by your inexperience in figuring out embellishments. Keep your eyes open for notions, read and watch out for other peoples inspirations and adapt them to your own use. It grows easier as you go along.

END

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# Wet or Fine

(*Continued from page* 28)

the moon lies on her back in the third quarter; hence the old Wiltshire adage:

"The bonnie moon is on her back,
Mend your shoes and e'en your thack."*
(* Thatch)

Another versifier has told us:

"When the moon lies on her back,
Then the sou'-west wind will crack;
When she rises up and nods,
Brisk north-easters dry the sods."

A further indication of rain to come is the obscuring of the smaller stars on a clear night. In the north, they still believe that—

"'When the stars begin to huddle
The earth will soon begin to puddle."

On the other hand, excessive twinkling of the stars is also held to indicate heavy dews, rain, or snow in the near future.

Sailors and fisherfolk, whose livelihood is so dependent upon the weather, naturally have interpretations of their own for common manifestations.

Thus, they say:

"Mackerel skies and mares' tails
Make great ships carry low sails."

As might be expected, much weather-lore derives from sources connected with agriculture in one form or another. Thus:

"If the oak be out before the ash,
The summer will be but a splash;
If the ash be out before the oak,
The summer will be all a soak."

In country districts they will tell you that when the leaves of the lime or poplar curl with the wind from the south, it is a sign of rain.

When the hawthorn shows signs of blossoming, a bout of cold weather is to be expected, while an unusually abundant blossoming in autumn of whitethorn or of wild roses, or a superabundance of red berries on the hedgerows is also taken to indicate a hard winter ahead. Country folk also stand by the couplet:

"September mild, October gold,
Are followed by November cold."

There is no branch of farming in which the weather plays a more vital part than fruit-farming. It is only to be expected, therefore, that those engaged in that pursuit should be guided by a comprehensive collection of weather-pointers peculiar to their own products.

Thus we find such rhymes as the Kentish

"Cherry year,
Merry year;
Plum year,
Dumb year."

The belief that a good plum-harvest never goes with an abundance of other fruit is held in most English counties. Similarly, in the south of England a heavy crop of pears is said to be inimical to good loads of other fruit: but in Surrey and Sussex they say that "A good nut year is a good corn year"; also, that "A year of mushrooms is a year of poverty."

Finally, I invite you to put to the test any or all of the foregoing examples of weather-lore—but don't blame me if they let you down, for personally I believe in the old Cornish saying:

"Those that are weatherwise
Are seldom otherwise!"

END

# I Adopted a Baby

(*Continued from page* 31)

in my arms I loved him as though he were my very own.

I had gone to my mother's from the moment we had definitely decided on the adoption and I travelled up to London when it was necessary, meeting my husband there. I didn't have very long to prepare for the baby's arrival. I decided on a very reliable and well-known baby food and was given full instructions for feeding and all manner of helpful booklets and hints on the care of the baby by these people. A London store gave me the details of the necessary layette and I had the delight of choosing the essentials. (*Continued on page* 72)

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## I Adopted a Baby

My husband and I had to visit the society twice; we had the necessary forms signed by the local medical officer and our vicar.

My mother and sister became guardians, and we also fixed an annuity on the baby, but this is not necessary. No one, apart from those actively concerned in the adoption, knew that Peter was not my own child, and we had sworn those to complete secrecy.

So one sunny day I returned to my surprised and delighted friends with my new baby.

Peter's helplessness, his utter dependence on me made him essentially mine. I was his whole world and he was mine, so much so that when, at the end of a three months' "probation" period, an officer of the society came down to see that both baby and adopter were satisfied, I was quite upset by this reminder that he was not mine by birth.

There is an inclination to believe an adopted child might have hereditary faults that would be worse than those he might inherit from your own family.

I realised the foolishness of this when I considered children who have grown up in a most wholesome atmosphere, from solid sane stock, and yet have gone completely astray.

I learned not to judge the child's faults more harshly because they are not replicas of mine or my husband's faults. There is such a tendency with an adopted baby, to fear that tiny baby faults may be the beginning of greater ones, just because one is not cognizant of the parents' faults or virtues.

Again, there is the danger of being over-sympathetic, so that the child runs the risk of being spoiled, while you waste compassion, thinking him a poor little outcast who has already had a pretty raw deal. Spoiling a child, any child, is giving it a more raw deal.

When Peter grows up a bit I hope that I shall be able to provide his playmates myself, and that will make the necessary lesson of unselfishness very simple. I don't want him to grow up as an only child. But I have pledged that never shall he or any future children of my own know that Peter it not my own flesh and blood.

If you do adopt an older baby, your attitude should be one of devoted mother, his whole world, but do not let him down by keeping the truth from him until he is older; never attempt to deceive the child, let the truth about his birth be an accepted part of his life, in the same way that sane mothers let the truth about the ways of birth come naturally and unimportantly to their children. In this way the truth will retain its real, not very important, perspective.

END

# Facing Up To Fame

(*Continued from page* 15)

being hailed as yet another Cinderella Girl, and that thousands of frantic fans write in, imploring her to tell them the true secret of *how to become an actress.*

It took her seven years of very hard work to amount to anything in the acting line herself, so she finds it more than a little tricky to answer those insistent fans. She comes from a small town in Missouri; a town with a total of 800 inhabitants. Martha Scott is her real name, and she is the only member of her family who ever wanted to act. When she went to school in a big town she wore home-made dresses, and her hair was firmly fixed into two thick pigtails. The other girls made fun of her, and she was such a social outcast that, in her misery, she started to hate herself. She became horribly clothes-conscious, and her thick black woollen stockings were almost a form of torture to her. She thinks she would have become a wistful, boring child if she had not developed a crush for a certain boy who was going to act in a high school play. To be near him, she simply *had* to get into that play.

Which was the beginning of the end, so far as Martha was concerned. She found that her supposed great love meant nothing at all—instead, all ready for her eager hands to snatch it, was a far greater love, acting! So she played every part that came her way in school shows, losing herself, and her hatred and fear of herself, in the characters she acted; those glorious figures that were allowed to dress and look exactly as the author desired them to look. The professional stage took her to its heart, when she left school, and now films do not want to let her go, ever.

James Stevenson looks so much like Ronald Colman and sounds so much like him, too, that they might well be brothers. Their only link is the fact that both are English. Mr. Stevenson looks like a character out of a Somerset Maugham novel; and that's as it should be, since it was in the screen version of Mr. Maugham's play, *The Letter,* that he jumped to overnight fame. Bette Davis, who starred in the film, took and still takes great delight in wandering up to James Stephenson, and waving a bunch of Press cuttings under his nose, exclaiming dramatically: "Look how you stole my picture from me, you thief!" He has a deep, clear speaking voice, very like Mr. Colman's in timbre; it does something to the hearts of the females who listen and watch, as he acts on the screen.

James Stevenson is tickled to death by his sudden success in Hollywood. He went out there from Warner Brothers' English studio; they put him under contract because he played in the stage version of *Storm in a Teacup* in London. Then he was sent to the Warner Brothers' "Lot" in Burbank, outside Hollywood, and had been there for close on three years, knocking about from picture to picture and never getting the part for which he was pining, until *The Letter* came along. After that, the rest of his career was written on the sky; and he and his wife, who have never before stayed as long as three years in any one place, look like spending a great many years in sunny California.

At heart, I fear James Stevenson must be described as a roamer. He began roaming at a very early age. He was in the army, and became a captain. He was a clerk in a bank, and finally found himself in the cotton business. He has lived in all the most picturesque lands in the world, in connexion with cotton and other businesses far removed from the theatre. With a certain nostalgic look in his eyes he talks about China, Japan, Egypt, Italy, India—and then breaks off to admire the view from his house close to the Pacific Ocean, at Pacific Palisades, some miles outside Hollywood. The Liverpool Repertory Theatre, where he went through his stage breaking-in, has every reason to be proud of Mr. James Stephenson. See *The Letter* and you will agree.

Laraine Day believes, firmly, that you can get anything you want if you only think hard enough and work hard enough for it. She is not quite twenty-one years old yet; but that has always been her fixed belief, and it has landed her with her name in big winking lights and a grand contract to star in future films. So there must be something in it. She knew she wanted to act, from the time she knew anything at all. She comes of a Mormon family, and her real name is Laraine Johnson; but at the time she went to the sprawling Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios to play opposite Wallace Beery in *Sergeant Madden* another actress named Rita Johnson was already on the lot. So Laraine was given a new name, and became Laraine Day from that instant.

She went with her family to Long Beach, California, which is less than thirty miles from Hollywood. She haunted the studios, and finally landed a stock player's contract with Metro. Well, that was a step in the right direction, anyway. But weeks went by, and though Laraine had that contract neatly filed away at home, inside the big busy studio she was still just a little stock

player, undiscovered and unwanted. Then suddenly she was told she had been chosen to play opposite Wally Beery; and as the film went on its way she ventured to whisper to herself that she was "all set," and that her career would roll along on oiled wheels.

It did nothing of the kind; for in spite of a good performance with Beery, three more weary months rolled by, without even a nod from the casting office. But Laraine kept telling herself that any one can get anything they want by thinking about it hard enough—and after many more months of thinking and wishing, the studio planned to make a film about two doctors, named Kildare and Gillespie. And lo and behold, there was Laraine Day, cast as the young nurse, Molly Lamont, in that same film. At the time, nobody had any idea that the "Kildare" films would become part of screen history; there was to be just one, and finish. But the public soon put that false notion in its right place. They demanded more Kildare pictures; and more Kildare pictures have duly been made, all of them with Laraine playing Molly Lamont, Dr. Kildare's charming sweetheart.

When, early this year, I saw the new Gertrude Lawrence stage show in New York, a crowded house gave an involuntary gasp of surprised delight when one of the three leading men in the play, Victor Mature, strode on the stage clad in a press agent's idea of a film star, in complete polo kit. The clothes were gleaming white, and round his waist Mr. Mature wore a wide brown leather belt. He looked so striking and so masculine and so doggone-handsome that after that first gasp every woman in the house went on gasping away quietly to herself for as long as Mr. Mature remained on the stage.

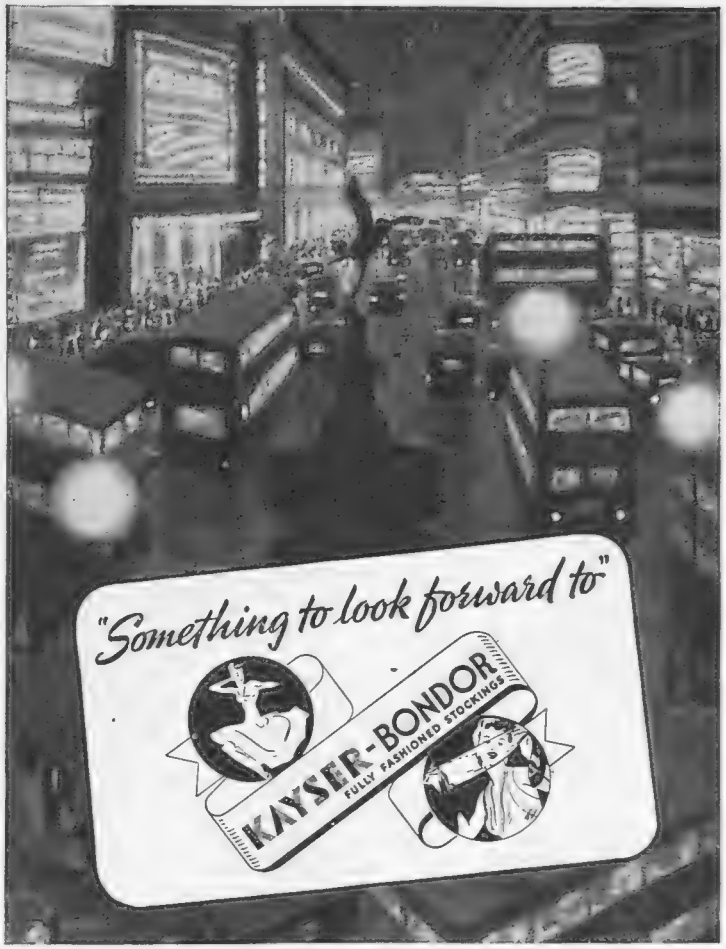
I had heard a lot about this good-looking young man, who has pulled himself to the top of the film and stage tree inside the past twelve months. Tall, dark and dashing, young Mr. Mature left his home town of Louisville, in Kentucky, and planted himself in Pasadena—which is a little over a stone's throw from Hollywood. There he attached himself to the Pasadena Community Players; and he says that some bold posters, drawn by a local artist, really put him into the picture business. The Pasadena players were acting *To Quito and Back* when these posters were plastered round the town. They were seen by Frank Ross, who was then vice-president of the Hal Roach studios.

Struck by the appearance of the young man whose fine head decorated the posters, Frank Ross went to see the show. Victor Mature lived up to his posters so well that the next night Hal Roach saw the show, at the insistence of Mr. Ross. Next day, Victor Mature was signing a contract with Hal Roach, and not long afterwards found himself playing a role called Lefty, in *The Housekeeper's Daughter*, with such big-shot stars as Joan Bennett, Adolphe Menjou and William Gargan. Well, this Mr. Mature, on his first appearance on the screen, hit the film public with a good hard wallop. He is an exciting boy and no mistake!

Very dark, with teeth that are almost blue-white (translucent may be the word I want), he stands six feet, three inches, in his socks, and weighs two hundred and eight pounds. His skin is deeply tanned, and his eyes are a clear, bright blue. Quite some something, is Victor Mature. So far, he is unmarried, but he goes here and there with lovely lady after lovely lady—and they all adore him. Hollywood thinks that in Victor Mature it has another Valentino.

Diana Lewis is known to her friends as Mrs. William Powell. She is the young actress whose surprise wedding to Bill Powell was one of the astonishments of 1940; they ran away to Las Vegas on January 5 of that year, and were married at an improvised altar set up in a grove of trees. Diana is another graduate of the stock company at Pasadena; that community playhouse has produced Robert Preston, Victor Mature, Diana Lewis and several other youngsters who are now tearing down big salary cheques. Little Miss Lewis belongs to a theatrical family; her parents and each of their four children—Diana (*Continued on page 74*)


* * * LIGHTS O' LONDON * * *

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| | |
|---|---|
| 4 ozs. lentils | 2 OXO cubes |
| ½ pint water | 1 oz. grated cheese |
| ½ oz. dripping | 1 teaspoonful chopped parsley |
| 1 oz. Breadcrumbs | 1 yolk of egg |
| ½ teaspoonful mixed herbs | Salt and pepper |

Dissolve the OXO cubes in the water and simmer the lentils gently in this stock for about 1 hour, when they should be quite soft and the liquid absorbed. Beat in the dripping, cheese, crumbs, parsley and herbs. Bind with beaten egg yolk. Season well, spread on a plate, and when cold form into cutlets. Coat with flour or egg and crumbs and fry in hot fat.

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being the youngest—lived their entire lives behind the footlights.

Diana is an elf of a girl; she has the most exquisite figure, light auburn hair, a skin that is literally the traditional schoolgirl complexion, and the most expressive, sky blue eyes. She began her acting work as one of the family troupe who did a "rube" show; then she became a dancer, and it was in a revue called *Shim-Sham*, written by her brother, that she made her début before a Hollywood audience at the Music-Box Theatre. From that revue she won a contract at Paramount, and then at R-K-O; but nothing happened in either case, and her option expired without Diana Lewis having done anything to set the town on fire. Metro was the next studio to engage her, and she played a good part in Eddie Cantor's picture, *Forty Little Mothers*. There came a day when the publicity boys at Metro wanted some cute bathing pictures of Diana; and to get them, in the best possible background, they asked Mr. William Powell if they might borrow the swimming pool in his garden, and send up the necessary cameramen, publicity men and actress? Oh, by all means, said Mr. Powell.

So up went Diana, with crew and publicity boys. The pictures were made, and during the hours that were occupied in getting them just right Mr. Powell emerged from the house, and stood watching the scene for a couple of minutes. That couple of minutes spread out into fifteen, then into thirty; in short, Mr. Powell was definitely interested in the pictures that were being taken of Miss Diana Lewis, with his swimming pool as background. So interested, briefly, that he married Miss Lewis not so many months later. See her in *Bitter Sweet*; that lovely girl is a darned clever little actress, believe me.

When audiences see *Kitty Foyle* they come out talking about Ginger Rogers; but this time it is Ginger *and* . . . The "and" is Dennis Morgan, leading man in the film, and a young actor who is headed for the top of all Hollywood has to offer. Up to two years ago, nobody in the film business could see that Mr. Morgan was a star handing himself to them on a dish. His name has been changed three times, by three studios, and in two years he played in nine pictures without making any sort of dent in the mind of any beholder. He was seen as everything the scenario department could think up, from a dock labourer to a Philadelphia society man. But until *Kitty Foyle* nothing he played made any difference.

Dennis Morgan wanted to be a singer. He has a fine voice, and worked for several months as a vocalist at a radio station in the Middle West. After a time, he did announcements as well as songs; and soon he was doing sports reviews, and news bulletins, and the entire works. Now that he has hit the big time and the big roles he still prefers music to acting. So when he has had a long day under the lights he goes back to his very modest, rented house in the San Fernando Valley (near Warner Brothers' studios, where he is under contract) and listens to recordings of Tschaikovsky's fourth, fifth or sixth symphonies, or Beethoven's ninth symphony, or songs from grand opera by the world's finest singers. That's what he calls fun—and perfect relaxation. Personally, I hope they let him sing on the screen, one day.

Blonde, brown-eyed Virginia Gilmore, one of screenland's newest stars, is about the only girl in Hollywood who complains steadily and emphatically because Nature happened to give her a gorgeous pair of legs! She wants to be an up-to-date Bernhardt, and all the studios bother about is her legs. She wanted to play the part Martha Scott played in *Our Town*, and the producer turned her down because she was "a legs girl." He said it was not a legs girl they needed, but a good actress. After that Miss Gilmore tried for Joan Fontaine's part in *Rebecca*, and got another "No, thank you," for exactly the same reason. So she set to work to live down her legs. It took her quite a number of months and a lot of patience; but in the end she played an acting part in *Tall, Dark and Handsome*, with Cesar Romero; and since then she has no need to worry.

Betty Grable knew Hollywood very well indeed before she turned herself into a first-class star. She had danced and frolicked her way through many musical pictures; she had been Mrs. Jackie Coogan, and then had called the whole thing off, via the divorce court. But it was not until the luscious Miss Grable, with the million dollar legs, took herself and the legs to Broadway, and did a play there, that Hollywood realised what it had lost. After Betty set New York on fire in *Du Barry was a Lady* every studio sent messages that shouted "all is forgiven; come back at once; we need you." She kept the studios waiting quite a number of months; then back she came; and the red carpet went down in her honour. *Down Argentine Way* and *Tin Pan Alley* are only the beginning; Betty is going on and on, and up and up. As she so truly says: "Success is wonderful!" Especially when you've worked for it, the way she has.

George Sanders worries Hollywood a great deal. He is one of those reserved Englishmen who keep the boys in the studios guessing until their hair falls out. He is awfully nice—when you know him; but awfully hard to know. That's what one worried publicity chief whispered to me. George Sanders can play a Russian, an Austrian, a Frenchman, a Greek; and you would swear, from the way he speaks English as any of those persons, that he had been born a Russian, etc. Actually, he is half Russian, half English; he was born in St. Petersburg, when it had that name. His sister married a German, and from frequent visits to her home in Berlin, in happier days, he acquired that perfect German accent he uses so effectively in films.

George Sanders made films in England, and came to Hollywood on what he calls a hunch. It was a good hunch, for Hollywood wants him more and more insistently with each picture he makes. Remember him in *Rebecca*, and *Foreign Correspondent*, and in *The Saint* series, and in *Bitter Sweet?* Many more pictures with George Sanders in them are on the way to our screens.

So many more new names should be recorded here. Brenda Marshall, dark haired, with olive skin and thick eyebrows, who has become so popular as heroine of several Errol Flynn pictures. She is going to marry young Bill Holden, who became famous not so long ago in *Golden Boy*. Hollywood watches their romance with eager and sympathetic eyes. Dean Jagger is something new in pictures; New York sent him to Hollywood, and one day he will startle us all when *Brigham Young* is seen in picture form. He knew ups and downs on the stage until 1936, when he struck one Broadway hit after another. Then Twentieth Century–Fox made a test of him for *Brigham Young*, and he was on his way to conquer fresh fields.

Gene Tierney comes from society, with a great big "S," to the screen. In *Tobacco Road* she gets the part every girl trying to break into a new job would give her eye teeth to win. She played on the stage, and was grabbed for pictures—that was inevitable. She might have been a journalist or a social service worker, if there had been no place for her on stage or screen. But there is—no two thoughts on that subject.

Paramount points with pride to Stirling Hayden, who is one of the biggest finds in films to-day. He is six feet and four inches tall. He looks like a Viking, and has a real-life adventure story that is better than any adventure novel. He made film fans like him in *Virginia*, and they will go on liking him, as long as he cares to give up adventure for acting. But at any moment I have a feeling he may be off on yet another world cruise, in any sailing vessel that will let him sign on before the mast.

END

# Destroyer Duty

(*Continued from page 6*)

engine- and boiler-rooms the stokers sweat as they work, their backs glistening under the lights. When they come on deck at the end of their watch they run forward so as to avoid catching pneumonia. In the ward-room the first lieutenant and the gunner lie back in armchairs, their feet on the club fender, and steaming cups of tea at their elbows. The gunner has been mined twice since the war started, and he knows that the ward-room is a dangerous place to be in if it should happen again, but that does not worry him very much as he warms his hands on his cup. He hopes the trip won't be too long as his wife will be waiting for him when he returns. Behind their chairs the lighted pistol cupboard, with its padlocked chain running through the trigger guards, shines and sparkles like a jeweller's window in peace time. Forward on the mess-decks one watch of the hands still sleep in their hammocks, slung close to one another and swaying gently and the ship begins to move. Their companions, who have been called an hour before to cast off the ship, lie on lockers and tables, their heads resting, for the most part, on rolled-up overcoats, enjoying that brief sleep between spells of duty which none but sailors can achieve so comfortably or so completely.

Above them, on the flag-deck, stands the signalman of the watch, his lamp held ready, and his eyes searching the darkness for any signal. Above him again is the bridge, with its silent figure shrouded in a blackness only relieved by the faint rosy glow of the captain's pipe.

Two look-outs stand at either side, peering through their binoculars, ready to give warning of any other movement on that sea. The captain has told them that theirs is one of the most important and responsible jobs of the ship, and although they are usually bored and nearly always cold they are proud of doing it well. Suddenly one of them speaks.

"Ship on the port bow, sir!"

The captain and navigator focus their glasses. It is one of the convoy they are going to escort. The signalman has heard the report, and is waiting to call her up with his lamp.

"Tell her to form astern of me," says the captain.

The light stabs out into the darkness, and after a few seconds is answered from the other ship. The message is passed, and in less than an hour the whole convoy is formed up and steaming slowly out to sea.

The captain turns to the navigator.

"You take her, pilot—I'm going down for a spot of tea."

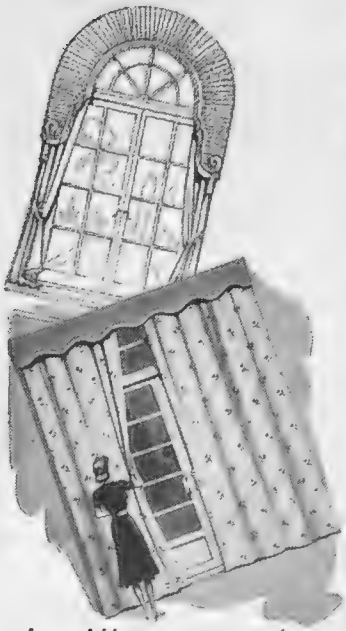
In his little sea-cabin directly below the bridge he takes off his duffel coat and lies down on the bunk.

He has almost come to hate this tiny cabin, with its wash-basin, narrow bunk, tarnished mirror, and one shelf. Well, he will have to live in it for at least a week now so he had better make the best of it. With a sigh he leans over towards the voice-pipe and hails the bridge. The navigator's voice answers him.

"Nothing in sight, sir, the sun is just rising."

As he lies down again he hears the helmsman at the wheel say to his relief: "If we don't get a ruddy U-boat this trip I'm joining the Air Force." He smiles again. You would never get men like that in Germany, he thinks, and is suddenly glad he is captain of this little ship in spite of having to live in this cramped cell of a cabin.

The first day is uneventful. No one expects anything else. The convoy sailing has been a closely guarded secret. It is calm, too, and life proceeds much as usual except for the never ending procession of men keeping their various watches in every part of the ship. Watches (*Continued on page 76*)



YESTERDAY

# TODAY

tomorrow

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# FLIT

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1 *. . so I do her daily shopping and cook her evening meal with mine. It's no harder cooking for six than for four in my opinion.*

2 *After the meal she and her husband do the washing up. It's a very good arrangement because it gets everything cleared away early.*

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that must be kept, in some cases, for four out of every eight hours for the remainder of the trip. At four o'clock the following morning the first lieutenant arrives on the bridge to relieve the navigator. They drink a cup of cocoa together, before the latter goes aft to turn in. He has been very tired for the last two hours, and now that his relief has arrived and there is an immediate prospect of rest, he likes to wait a little on the bridge and talk. One of the worst things about watchkeeping alone is the difficulty of keeping awake. As he leaves the bridge he notices that the wind is getting up, and the ship is beginning to roll slightly. Once, years ago, he used to be very seasick, and thanks God he has got over it. By noon there is a gale blowing and it is impossible to eat anything but sandwiches. They are well salted because the water seems to get into everything. It is quite useless to try to stand without some sort of support. Coming forward to the bridge from the wardroom, the officers cling with both hands to the wet lifeline. It is appropriately named. The captain curses under his breath as a curtain of water sweeps over the bridge into his face and runs down his neck. By evening it is a little better. One can at least boil some water. A group of officers round the wardroom fire, are preparing to enjoy their tea. They never do so, because of the alarm bell. It has a particularly piercing tone, calculated to wake the soundest sleeper on board. Within two minutes the ship is at "action stations."

Every one on the bridge is straining his eyes in the direction of a little speck in the sky. It gradually grows larger, breaking up into more specks as it comes nearer, until at last: "Dorniers!" says the captain briefly. "All guns stand by."

The order flashes round the ship and men turn their streaming faces to the sky, wiping salt water from their eyes with the backs of their hands. There are a few tense moments of waiting, and then the captain turns to the first lieutenant: "Open fire!" He speaks as casually as if he were asking him to have a cigarette. His voice is calm and quiet, but his eyes are very hard. The anti-aircraft guns clatter into action as the first bombs begin to fall. There are three planes, swooping and diving over the convoy, trying to keep out of the range of the destroyer's guns. And they are succeeding. A sudden spout of flame from one of the merchant ships tells of a direct hit.

Almost at the same time the first lieutenant shouts above the noise: "I think we are moving enough to give them the low-angle guns."

The captain laughs: "By God number one, you're right—let 'em have it as she rolls!"

And as the little ship heaves in the big sea, so her main armament roars into action. They have not long to wait. One of the bombers, diving low over the commodore of the convoy, suddenly seems to disintegrate in the air, and then plunge in flames towards the sea. For a moment there is silence in the ship, and then a sudden roar of cheering. It is their first blood of the war. The captain speaks to the signalman at his elbow.

"Make to the commodore—lower a boat to pick up survivors." The signalman is a cockney. Last time he was in port, a cryptic telegram from his wife had told him that they no longer had a home on account of the blitz.

"We're too bloody decent, that's our trouble," he mutters under his breath, as he flashes the message. The other two aircraft have seen the fate of their comrade, and have turned for home. One of them sprays the destroyer's bridge with his machine gun as he passes, but is shaken by the answering barrage, and his shooting is wide of the mark. The bombed ship has fallen astern of the others, and the captain signals her to ask her if she needs assistance. The reply comes back almost at once: "Bomb in wine store, would be grateful for a drink. Speed O.K. No casualties."

Next morning there is the submarine. They know it is there as certainly as if they could see it. The captain makes signal to the convoy and to the other escorts and then rings down full speed ahead. In the main engine-room the "chief" stands and watches his engines spring to renewed life. It is his boast that he has never yet failed in an emergency. Leaving a furrow of white foam behind her, the ship leaps ahead like a hound on the scent of a fox. Somewhere in the stern the depth charge party are at their posts, ready at a moment's notice to send their little round barrels of death spinning into the water. The captain is aiming to pass over the submarine. There is silence on the bridge as they near the spot. Silence, until: "Stand by!" orders the captain, and then a little later: "Fire!" and again after a few seconds: "Fire!" The charges hit the water with hardly a plash. There are a few moments of waiting and then the sea astern of the ship is hurled upwards like some gigantic fountain. Now there is another fountain, and then another. The ship shudders slightly with the force of the explosions. "If he's there," says the navigator, "we've got him. Anyway there will be fish for supper."

The ship is swinging round, turning back towards the swirling, foaming water. As it gradually subsides one of the lookouts sees a small patch of oil appear on the surface. The patch spreads slowly until it becomes an enormous black circle. In the middle of it a piece of painted wood bobs like a cork in a bowl of dirty water. The destroyer circles slowly round it. The stillness is almost uncanny after the noise of the explosions. It is like the quiet after battle. Every one on the bridge seems to see the body at once. A great concerted shout goes up as it appears. Quickly it is followed by two more. There are eight survivors in all, two officers and six ratings. They are picked up by the whaler and hoisted in board at the davits. The first lieutenant salutes as the two officers scramble out of the boat on to the deck. They smile a little uncertainly and return his salute. He is glad that it is a naval one. None of this Nazi stuff.

The next morning they enter harbour and edge alongside the jetty. As the first wire is secured on the foc'sle the signalman steps up to the captain.

"Signal from C.-in-C., sir. 'My congratulations on a splendid double.'" The captain smiles.

"See that it is pinned on the ship's company notice board."

END

# The Homer Pigeon

(*Continued from page 27*)

seen aeroplanes before but never in such numbers and performing such erratic evolutions. He was like a minnow among whales, too insignificant even to be noticed, but likely at any instant to be destroyed. A fighter plunged past him from above, screaming and roaring, with hot flames trailing banner-like behind it. Stupefied with terror and fatigue, the pigeon laboured on, rocked and buffeted by winds that seemed to come to him from every direction. The swift currents of air set up by the circling planes tossed him helplessly about; he could preserve no course. Yet in the midst of bewilderment and fear his sense of direction never failed, and when the fight had passed, leaving him miraculously unharmed, he flew steadily again into the north-east. Somewhere ahead was the goal he sought—would continue to seek while his heavy wings sustained him and his strained muscles performed their mechanical duty.

IT was noon when he passed across London, the wilderness of streets and houses familiar from many homeward flights. Over Hyde Park he was barely clear of the tree-tops, toiling through the lifeless air that had been used to lift him so buoyantly in all the joy of vigour and health. His foot ached, there was a tightness in his breast and the thought of cool water racked him with torment.

In Oxford Street a naval officer, walking with a woman, stopped and pointed. "Look, Gwen, there's a homer pigeon. It may have brought an important message—looks pretty far gone, the way it's flying."

"It looks like any other pigeon to me," said his companion indifferently. "It's probably one of those fat frauds that live in the Park. Do let's hurry, dear, or we shall never get a table for lunch."

Out in the Atlantic sixteen men sat silent and suffering in the heaving boat. Two had died of exposure during the night; the survivors were wet and half-frozen. In the minds of several was the picture of a little blue-grey bird as they had last seen it, flying fast into the gathering murk.

Among the cluster of roofs Joey saw one that was for him the beacon of all desire. He could not mistake it, though his sight faded and a mist seemed to be thickening the heavy air. He came down in a clumsy swoop on the landing-board, fluttered feebly a moment to preserve his balance, and then lurched through the narrow opening. The trap shut with a soft clap behind him.

Inside it was warm and dim; beyond wire mesh a score of birds cooed and strutted.

Joey could not stand, he fell sideways. But the water trough was near, he dragged himself to it and dipped his beak. As he drank, the soft voices of his friends, the warm familiar atmosphere of home, removed all terrors and the agony of effort. It was as if he dreamed he was on flight, had half awakened, and now was falling asleep again.

Bert Wright was in his kitchen reading the Sunday paper when from the corner by the door came the sharp ping of a bell. "Bird's come back, mother," he said briskly. He crossed the yard and climbed to the loft over the old bake-house where were kept the pigeons that formed his chief interest in life.

A few minutes later he came rushing back, crying: "It's Joey. Henry's ship's sunk; he's afloat in one of the boats—eighteen of 'em. He's given the position and everything. Where's my shoes? I must telephone the police."

Mrs. Wright was a woman of resource. "Police, be blowed!" she said. "Phone the Admiralty; they're the people as deals with ships. They'll send aeroplanes and warships."

"Not 'arf!" yelled Bert, and the front door banged behind him.

A month later Henry stood in his brother-in-law's parlour, drinking bottled beer and inspecting a small case on the wall which contained the stuffed effigy of a grey-and-blue homer pigeon. Henry had that day been discharged from hospital.

"That's him," Bert was saying. "The gamest pigeon I ever bred. What he come through no one will ever know, but I found him dead by the drinking bowl. Some swine shot him, I reckon, 'cos his foot was smashed and there was half a dozen wounds in him. But he got through, Henry. There's pluck for you!"

"Yes, he got through," said the steward, slowly. "And pulled us through—we couldn't have stuck much more of it when the plane found us." He fumbled under the lapel of his coat, withdrawing a metal object which he slammed down on top of the case.

"What's that?" asked Bert curiously.

"Something you don't know nothing about—something I got ten year back." He picked up his hat. "Let's go to the movies, Bert—all of us. Make a night of it, eh?"

Bert nodded briefly. He realised the sailor was home from the sea. He was staring at the stuffed body of his favourite, who stared back with foolish glassy eyes. Then he felt for the thing Henry had put on top of the case. It was the Royal Humane Society's Medal for saving life at sea.

Bert was very pleased. There were tears in his eyes as he went out to tell his wife they were all going to the pictures.

Henry, gazing at the glass case, saw a nightmare picture of a crowded boat wallowing amid grey heaving seas, and a round-eyed little bird waddling clumsily along athwart.

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STOP THAT COLD WITH
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From your Chemist 2/3 & 3/4
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He shivered. "Gawd bless you, chum," he whispered hoarsely.

For a moment he thought to hear the swift dwindling clatter of wings as the messenger of hope sped forth. Then through the window he saw a flight of Bert's birds go whirling over the chimneys, the sun flashing on their strong pinions.

END

## Peace Work

(*Continued from page* 41)

before a quarrel was settled. They gambled heavily on the time factor and they burnt some quantities of midnight oil at various times but it *worked*.

If you are sharing a home, even with people you feel fairly certain of getting along with, it is a good scheme to run things on a strictly business basis. That is to say you eliminate the margin of misunderstanding by anticipating possible difficulties and having a ready-made, mutual plan for dealing with them.

One of the mistakes so often made, particularly between women sharing a home, is in showing too much early enthusiasm and an initial readiness to plunge straight into each other's confidence in a way that cannot humanly be maintained.

Restraint is a very good thing to start out with on one of these sharing experiments. You *don't* know people until you have lived with them. They may seem marvellous at first and worthy of your most intimate confidences, but after a while you will probably regret it, terribly.

You are less likely to quarrel later if you hold your most friendly impulses in check at the start. This does not imply an ungenerous, uncompanionable attitude towards the other members of the household, but it does suggest a steady, experimental progress towards the solid structure of mutual confidence and respect.

LOUISA KAY.

## Maid-to-Order

(*Continued from page* 40)

out remaining two bedrooms. Special clean-up for kitchen and cupboards.

The careless scattering of possessions about the house makes an atmosphere of muddle and uses up valuable minutes and even more valuable energy. Untidy cupboards and drawers are a deterrent to efficiency. Worn out and faulty implements are just as guilty. Brooms should be stiff and clean, dusters plentiful and immaculate. There should be a tool for each job. The organisation should bear the stamp of efficiency and co-ordination.

Conserve energy in small ways. Think, before you go upstairs and tidy bedrooms. Collect all the necessary implements and cleaning materials. Save unnecessary trips up and downstairs. Try to arrange upstairs work at a time when there are fewest calls to tradesmen at the door. These extra jaunts seem infinitesimal at the time but they add up to formidable proportions at the day's end.

Some women find that shopping takes up too much of the time available now that the food situation is so complicated, but a good understanding with your tradesmen stands you in good stead in this regard. If you treat your shopkeepers well and fairly they can, as a rule, be depended upon to respond in the same spirit. At the same time, personal shopping is more than ever important now and the daily time-table must be adapted to allow for the time spent in shop hounding.

The final and absolute test of efficiency is in the mood in which you go to work. Outlook is as important as method and a cheerful, capable temperament will cleave through difficulties like a hot knife through butter.

Drudgery does not exist in the household where there are sensible, labour-saving gadgets and a common sense system.

Homemaking is our job and a light or an arduous one as we choose to make it.

END

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**'PERM' at HOME**

Any woman can give herself a permanent wave at home with this amazing scientific discovery. Just three simple operations and, while you read, work or sleep, your hair can be transformed into fascinating curls as lustrous and as beautiful as naturally curly hair. This priceless secret process is so efficient that **an Endura Permanent Wave will last as long as the most expensive permanent.** Natural, bleached, dyed, grey, white and even children's hair can all be given a beautiful permanent wave with Endura.

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**NO MACHINE**
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Figures 1, 2 and 3 show the simple steps to a beautiful Endura permanent. Apply Endura lotion, wrap the strands of hair on curlers, cover with foil, remove, rinse, set your hair. It's all so very easy

*During Air Raids*

in times like these, Endura is a boon. If the Air-Raid Siren should sound, and you have applied Endura as directed, you can go to your shelter and within a couple of hours, while you read, knit or sleep, you will have given yourself the grandest "perm" you have ever had.

With the Endura outfit, consisting of fifty curlers and other necessary materials, there is brought to you the means of obtaining a beautiful lustrous head of natural curling hair—your CROWNING GLORY! Endura gives you lovely, lasting waves, unaffected by wind, rain, sea water or atmospheric conditions. Saves you time and money and is actually good for the hair.

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*Meltonian Cream*

MELTONIAN WHITE CREAM
*for all colours of polished leather*

# Country Cottage Chronicle

(*Continued from page 45*)

bathroom, were heavy items in the budget, but unavoidable. I was fortunate in securing a bath which is slightly chipped in two or three unnoticeable places. This reduced the price considerably without impairing its efficiency at all. An electric storage heater gives us hot water for the bath and basin, and I had a small electric heater installed over the kitchen sink.

Downstairs the big task was doing over the kitchen, which I had decided, much against the scruples of my building handyman, to convert into a dining-room.

In this room, which had a heavenly view across the valley, there was an ancient range, a very sordid sink, and a huge dresser. The wash-house beyond was roomy enough when we had removed the crumbling copper, a variety of mouse-ridden cupboards and replaced the ancient back door with a new and solid one.

We removed the sink from the kitchen, pulled out the old range and replaced it with a simple brick fireplace.

The dresser remains. Large cupboards underneath it are useful for storing china and glass and the whole is painted to match the walls which are cream, making a refreshing background for my reproduction Spode dinner service.

In the wash-house—which is now my kitchen—we repaired crumbling plaster and covered a multitude of defects with a three-foot-six dado of black and white tile linoleum. This is attached to the wall with cement. A new sink with plywood cupboards built around it and an electric cooker completed the equipment. At one end of the room, which is narrow, are long cupboards for brooms and utensils. Black and white check gingham curtains are lined with black and we have cemented the tiled linoleum upon the uneven brick floor.

These alterations, simple enough in their way, had used up the money, and so at this stage I found myself with a bare minimum on which to decorate and furnish.

All through the house I kept the background simple and matching. Excepting the bathroom, all the walls are cream. Where there were signs of crumbling plaster we used the lining paper size and varnish principle. Paintwork is cream except in the hall where the nice old oak which had been badly stained is now stripped down to its natural colouring and all the happier for it.

Oak floorboards, newly scraped and waxed, made a good background to scatter rugs. I have brought one carpet from storage for the lounge which is evenly shaped and involved no intricate fitting.

Curtains in the children's rooms and also in the lounge are of the new Rosebank chintz which is lined with rubber. This has saved me expense and thought in blacking out, as they are completely lightproof. They hang very neatly on account of the Rufflette Tape which I used in the making.

Among other things of my own brought from storage are two luxurious easy chairs, my own bed and one each for the children. I bought a new Vantona cover in a highly flowered design for my own bed. It was more suitable for a cottage than my satin one and so very durable and pretty. I bought also a writing desk, a gate-leg table, silver, cutlery and china as well as kitchen equipment.

The rest of the furniture I picked up at second-hand shops in nearby towns. There were several pieces more, including a nice old chest and some good Windsor chairs which I was lucky to find at the sale of the old man's furniture.

There was also a useful but old-fashioned chest of drawers and wardrobe which I have since stripped of varnish and paint and repainted lacquer red. These are in Bridget's room and very much approved.

Peter's landing, as we call it, is a sort of playroom, too. He has a divan bed which disappears behind a tailored cover in the daytime. There is also a painted flap table and a pair of basket chairs picked up on my travels.

Peter is enthralled with the farming activity that goes on in these parts. The ploughing up of every available acre has become a matter of personal ambition to him, and I see little of him except at mealtimes. He is, I understand, quite usefully employed on or around the nearby farm.

Bridget too, is happy. She has a companion of her own age from the house down the lane, and there is much to interest them in local first aid practices, Keep Fit classes, and various war charity happenings. I, too, share these new and satisfying interests.

It must be mainly in their contentment that I find my own, so far from all the things that formerly seemed so indispensable. In some slow, quiet way the pleasures and preoccupations of my little house, the responses of the eager, bursting garden, the resting quality of it all have entered my soul so that when the time comes to part from it I shall be sorry indeed.

END

# On Duty—and Off

(*Continued from page 29*)

## *On Duty*

London dance orchestras make it their business to outplay the sound of both barrage and bombs, and when these are out of hearing they are out of mind, so long, of course, as the building remains intact. By the same token, if you are spending a raid at home a gramophone is a very pleasant thing. Certain types of music, such as rhumbas, congas and Russian gipsy music make gunfire sound almost attractive. "Six Lessons from Madame Lazonga" is a particularly good example. The gramophone, unlike the wireless, refuses to become temperamental during a raid.

I was introduced the other day to a drink which might have been invented for fire-spotters. It consists simply of a large soup cup of boiling hot Bovril to which you add one coffeespoonful of Lee and Perrin's Worcester Sauce and one teaspoonful of sherry. It is simple to make. If you take it when you come off duty you will not be kept awake as you will be if you have a cup of tea, yet the tang of the Worcester Sauce will warm you in the most delicious way. Really, this is an eleven o'clock drink. It is, however, quite one of the nicest I have come across for wartime purposes.

In the piping days of peace two fresh egg yolks went to the making of my shampoo rinse and a very nice rinse they made. Nowadays, it makes one feel quite guilty even to think of eggs in connexion with a shampoo, and anyway an egg shampoo is illegal, so that's that. London water, though doubtless excellent for the stomach, is not so good for the hair and unless you follow a soap shampoo with some form of rinse you will find your hair left with a matt surface which, though admired on the complexion, does not add to the beauty of your hair. If you have no objection to the smell nothing is better than a vinegar rinse. However, you can still get herb rinses. These are pleasant to use and leave the hair in a really soft shiny condition for your set.

Are you having difficulty in getting face lotion? If so, try this recipe. Take two parts rosewater, two parts witch hazel and one part distilled water—you can get all three at your chemist—mix in their correct proportions, bottle, leave for forty-eight hours and the lotion will then be ready for use. Lately, I have only been able to get very small bottles of my favourite eye lotion. If the supply runs out temporarily I shall have to use a home-made lotion.

## *Off Duty*

her manner was a little shy, almost apologetic. I can imagine that she would be a good woman to have with you during a blitz. So would a lot of American women I know for that matter.

Clare Boothe has told us that we are "Joans of Arc," which only goes to show how distance lends romance to the view. It is a pity that Miss Boothe cannot come back and pay England a visit this season because she would have an excellent chance of making real friends with real women. When she was here last time we were all worried to death and therefore the women were a little strained and a little unnatural. Not only that, but most of the women whom I saw with Miss Boothe are not those who have stayed to face a blitz. Joan of Arc was, without a doubt, the greatest patriot and the finest woman who ever lived. But you cannot imagine her as a wife or a mother because she was not that kind of girl. I cannot believe that there is a woman in this country who has ever for one moment thought of herself as Joan of Arc. We are more inclined to see ourselves as Alice in Wonderland. Come to think of it Alice would have fitted into London life very well. She had all the qualities that it takes to make war as pleasant as possible. Nothing ever surprised her and she could adapt herself to any situation. As you will remember, she had the nicest manners and only got cross on rare occasions. She put up with a lot of nonsense, much of which must have tried her sorely. Nevertheless, her correct upbringing stood her in good stead. And this is exactly what is standing us in good stead now. We have been brought up by nearly nine hundred years of history which even the hard-working psychologists of the last twenty years have failed to spoil.

It is nice to know that women have stood up to bombing so well. Many people say that they take to it better than the men, and this opinion is even voiced by high-up officials. Personally, I think that women do well during a blitz because they have not been spoilt as children. English family life tends to sacrifice the girls to the boys. It has been this way for generations and one result is that the civilian woman is often made of sterner stuff than the civilian man. In America it is the women who are spoilt and I cannot help thinking that this fact will make them suffer more than we do during bombardment. The things that seem to matter most during a war are good manners all the time, a cigarette at the right moment, a cup of tea if you've been badly shaken, and warmth if you've been hurt. Our police force knows far better than the Wykehamist that "manners makyth man," and no one has ever accused the police of being "sissies." Neurologists would have done better if they had thought of studying the psychological effect of good manners and learnt how to instil them in their neurotic patients.

END

1.6.41

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When any Weston Biscuits are to be had the nursery is the first place for them to go. And 'go' they most certainly do! The pity is that so many days there are none—even in the nursery.

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